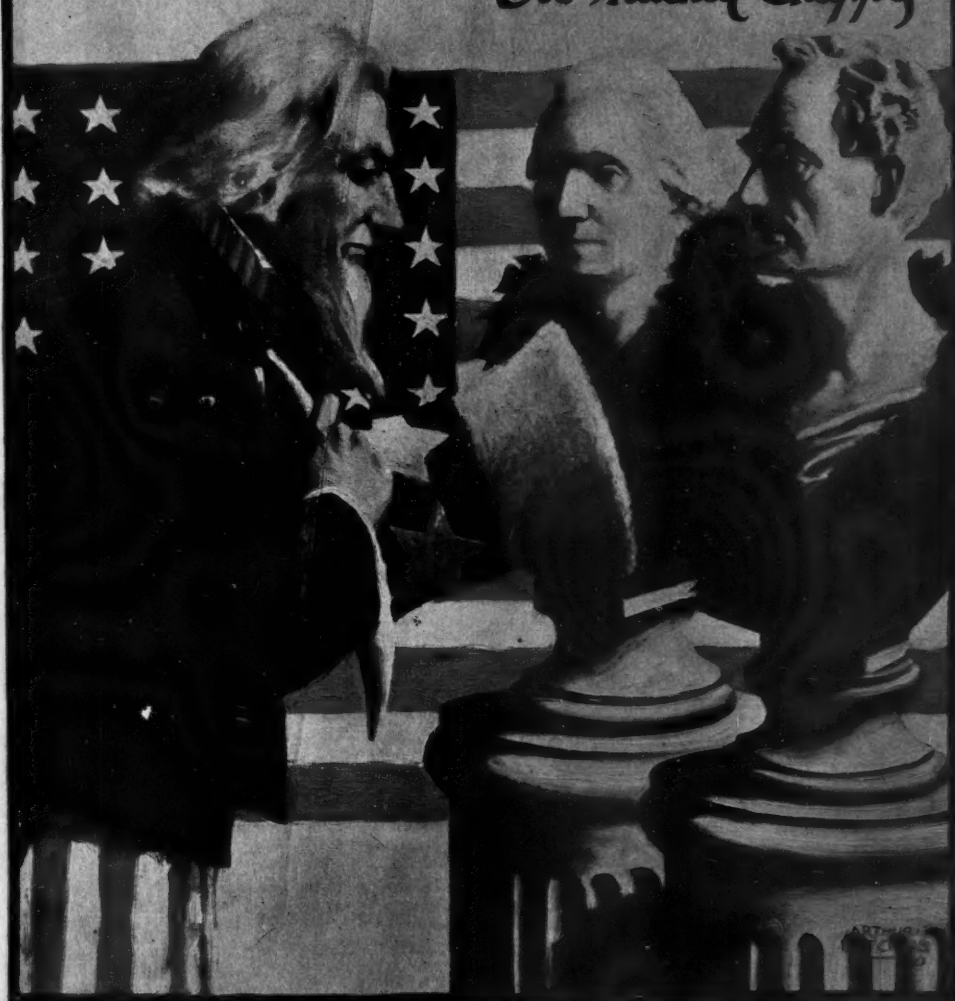


FEBRUARY, 1910

FIFTEEN

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY *Ive Mitchell Chapple*



CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON, U. S. A.

THREE

GRACES

HEALTH, BEAUTY, ECONOMY

To ensure the health of your skin
and the full natural beauty of your
complexion, nothing will serve you
so efficiently and so economically as

PEARS

which is Matchless for the Complexion

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."



INTERIOR OF POHICK CHURCH, NEAR MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA
Restored as in Washington's day

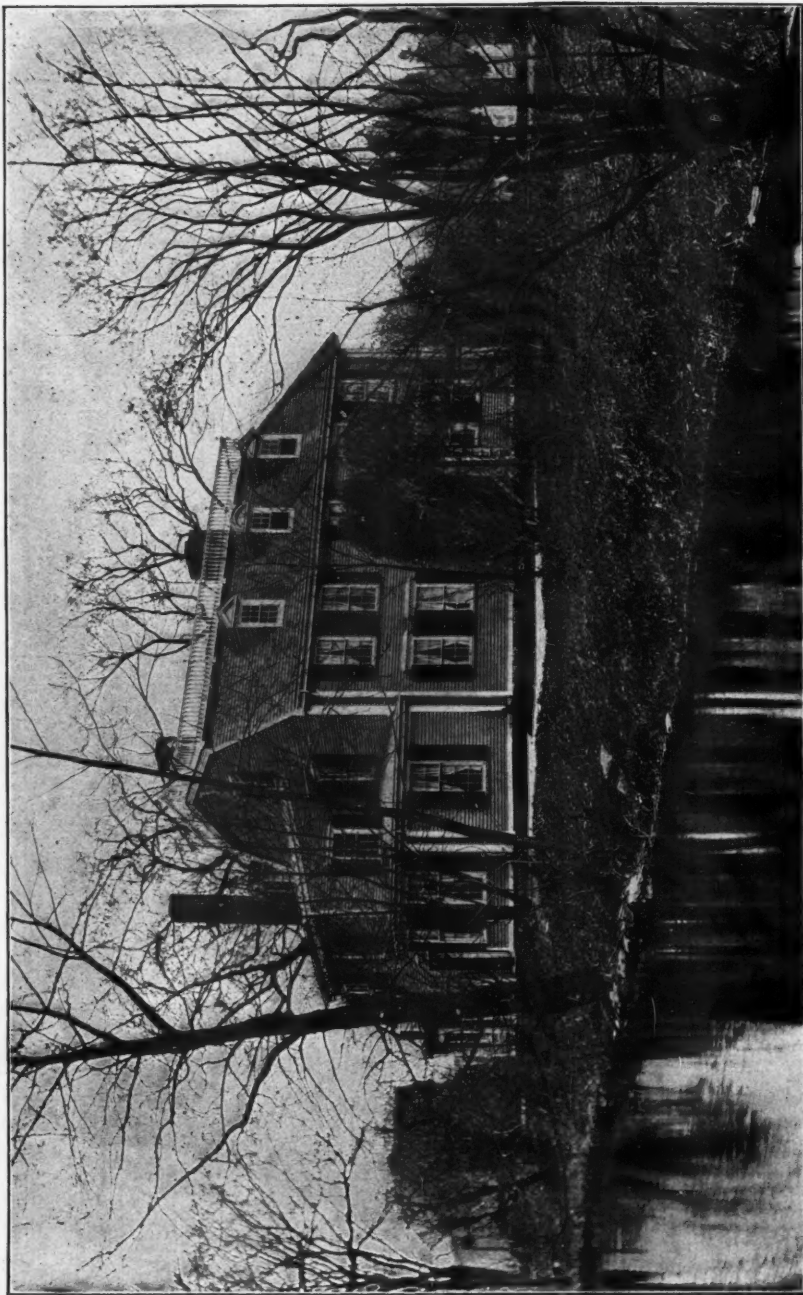


Photo by Ryder

THE "DOROTHY Q" HOUSE, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

The back part of this house was built in 1635, and at the beginning of the Revolution was the home of the Quincy family. It was here that John Hancock, Samuel Adams and other patriots were wont to meet to discuss England's policy toward her colonies, and this house was really the birthplace of American independence

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FEBRUARY, 1910

NUMBER FIVE



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

AT least once every year the nation pauses to do honor to Lincoln and Washington. On the twelfth and the twenty-second of February the memories of these two great men are perpetuated in speeches which have, more than any other one thing, forecast the future policy of the nation. In the Lincoln and Washington memorial addresses public men usually find opportunity to give the people renewed pledges of fidelity to the great and never changing principles of honesty, integrity and patriotism represented by the characters and public services of these two noble leaders.

Trace back the notable utterances of public men for the past twenty-five years, and it will be found that, during the month of February, many new panaceas and many stirring banquet speeches are given to the people that crystalize later in the various political platforms or in the regular routine of state and national legislation. At dinners, public banquets and on all those occasions wherein public men sparkle and effloresce, occurring at this time of the year, there has been a general hustle for speaking appointments among rhetorical Senators and Congressmen, who court an opportunity to launch their new ideas and enthusiastic utterances for or against some important measure adorned with the halo surrounding the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln. The secretary of many a great man is now sombrely announcing in the anteroom that his chief behind the closed door is engaged on a speech for Lincoln's birthday, or Wash-

ington's birthday, and even the page comes cautiously in on tiptoe that he may not disturb the birthday flow of ideas.

A sub rosa reward has been offered for several months to those who will bring in a perfectly new, unpublished, authenticated anecdote of Lincoln, or even a perfectly original phrase that would well express the grandeur of the character of Washington. The Congressional Library has been ransacked by the secretaries of public men to find some novel bit of personal history or forgotten utterance which might add to the charm of a Lincoln or Washington address, and make it notable in the general display of forensic pyrotechnics.

Most important of all these memorial observances are the exercises held in the schools throughout the country, commemorative of the lives and achievements of these two great citizens of our country. As long as the high character and integrity of Washington, the human sympathy and kindliness of Lincoln, remain as the ideals of our children, so long is the unity of the nation and the stability of the republic assured.

* * *

THE official career and activities of President Taft suggest the central figure in a moving picture—he is here, there and everywhere and always moving. A scene that went direct to the hearts of all present was enacted when the President of the United States, leaving Carnegie Hall in New York in evening dress, wended his way down the "great white way," known as Broadway,



WHERE ABRAHAM LINCOLN TRIED HIS FIRST CASE
Court House, Macon County, Illinois

through the myriad vehicles that were taking home theatre-goers. Passing through silent, spectral and deserted side streets, he soon reached the heart of the Bowery, where the steel skeleton of the elevated overhangs dance halls, vaudeville shows and numberless saloons and resorts. Hundreds of people crowded about the door of the little mission, braving the storm to get a glimpse of the President as he waded ankle deep in mud and water. He was suffering from a severe cold—but that did not prevent his keeping his appointment at the Bowery.

A hearty greeting awaited him, and a stirring chorus responded to the question as to whether the audience knew what it meant for the President of the United States to come to see them. "We do—we do," they shouted. The walls of the mission house fairly trembled with the hearty response. There was something in the kindly way in which Mr. Taft met those men, when introduced by Dr. Hallimond that evening, which will remain a bright spot even in the illustrious career of Mr. Taft.

"As I look into your faces I see in you earnest American citizens," said the President. "Some of you may be down on your luck, perhaps, but you respond in every fibre to the same sentiments of loyalty, decency and aspirations for better ideals that animate every man in the country. If by being here I can convince you that the chasm between

you and those who seem for the time being to be more fortunate is not so much of a chasm after all, and that there is a feeling of comradeship and a desire to help you to get upon your feet again and support families—these are the sentiments that we hope to inspire in every man who loves the Stars and Stripes, and these are the privileges that every American citizen ought to enjoy."

The President expressed the hope that the work of this mission would "help you and others over the hard places at times when the Lord and everybody else seem to be against you, and aid you at such times to believe that there are people in the world who sympathize with you."

After three more rousing cheers, he left



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MISS FRANCES CASSEL
Daughter of ex-Congressman H. B. Cassel
of Pennsylvania



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MISS RUTH WYNNE

Daughter of Mr. Robert J. Wynne, former Consul-General to London. She is one of this season's debutantes

the mission to inspect the "bread line," showing hundreds waiting for a loaf, where emphatic tokens of the irresistible



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SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH
Chairman of the United States Senate Finance Committee
going to the opening of the second session
of the Sixty-first Congress

humanness of the President of the United States were given. Nothing is more significant of his character than such tours as these through the country and the dingy haunts of the great cities, keeping in touch with the

people, even at the cost of being hailed to scorn by snifty critics; who would thereby attract attention to themselves by decreeing just what sort of dignity and deportment should prevail on presidential tours.

* * *

WE are often confronted with the fact that the most modern and up-to-date appliances are merely a repetition of those known in ages gone by. Many women firmly believe hooks and eyes, and especially "see that hump," are strictly modern. Information has come to Washington that in examining antique garments these important little fasteners have been discovered still remaining intact. In Westminster Abbey there is a table of articles which were worn by ladies of high degree in ancient times, and hooks and eyes were there for the gallant Raleighs and patient husbands to fasten.

The origin of familiar expressions hangs on the suggestion, apparently, of hooks and eyes. "We will do it by hook or by crook" might hint at fastening of a lady's gown, but in reality it refers to two prominent lawyers, who lived in London before the great fire some three hundred years ago. Ascertaining the exact sites of the burned houses engendered many quarrels about property. These troublesome cases were taken either to Hook or Crook, two legal gentlemen, who were so successful in untangling titles that their names became a proverb for all time.

* * *

IT is mysteriously whispered from time to time in Washington that there is something akin to a revival of that old-time poker spirit which ought to bring cheer to Sader Schenk in his unique position as the highest authority on the rules of the game. At one of those symposiums which had rather broken the record of stimulated human emotion, a certain Western gentleman—known to be curious in the matter of "jack-pots" and "lucky in the draw"—had for some time "passed," "dropped out" and otherwise failed to take any special notice of the proceedings. One of the company thereupon related the story of a Scotch Presbyterian farmer who carelessly put "twa shillin'" on the plate, having mistaken the piece of silver in his pocket for the ample British copper penny. Needless to say this vital

error was speedily regretted by the pious "canny" Scot. By vigorous signs he recalled the collecting elder and explained the case in a loud whisper—but the collection had been handed in. However, it was agreed that Sandy should pass him by and not offer the plate until twenty-three Sundays had gone, and thus the superfluous amount would be worked out.

Sunday after Sunday the silent, hard-visaged man in one of the front pews was passed by, until finally he almost forgot that there was such a thing as a church collection. Sandy had him in mind, however; and on the twenty-fourth Sunday following the error, the plate was presented as of yore, but the penny was not forthcoming. The keen blue eyes of the occupant of the pew were fixed upon the beams of the roof, until he was aroused by a penetrating whisper, heard throughout the sacred edifice.

"Jamie, mon, the time is up the noo; oot wi' yer collection; the plate winna pass this time."

After this story had been duly told, the man from Passerville took the hint and entered with spirit into the game.

* * *

OVER one hundred and fifty cats—just plain, ordinary, drowsy, purring cats—are on the government pay roll. Where the original cat came from, no one knows, and whether they now have the traditional "nine lives" has not been discovered, but it is certain that they cost the government one hundred and fifty dollars per year to feed. There were only two cats in the beginning—a number that has steadily increased. They were first brought into the service to kidnap the rats in the Post Office Department, and it was believed that they ought to be glad of a chance to distinguish themselves by serving their country in this way. Now that they have rid the department of the rats and lost their occupation, all they have to do is to doze away the sunny hours on the threshold and eat such good things as the chief provides.

African rats have been sent to this country by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, for the purpose of eating up all other kinds of rats. While some people think it a mistake to import these, in view of the object lesson afforded by sparrows and the brown-tail moth, all

are agreed that nothing is so good and safe a means of getting rid of rats and mice as the old-fashioned cat.

The repulsive features of rats seem less



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SENATOR R. M. LA FOLLETTE

Rushing up the Capitol steps to be in the Senate chamber when the second session of the Sixty-first Congress is opened

marked since ladies began to wear "rats" as a part of their coiffures. The latest question in scholastic circles is: "What is the origin of the term 'rat' as applied to hair-dressing?" Ladies of seventy state that this use of the

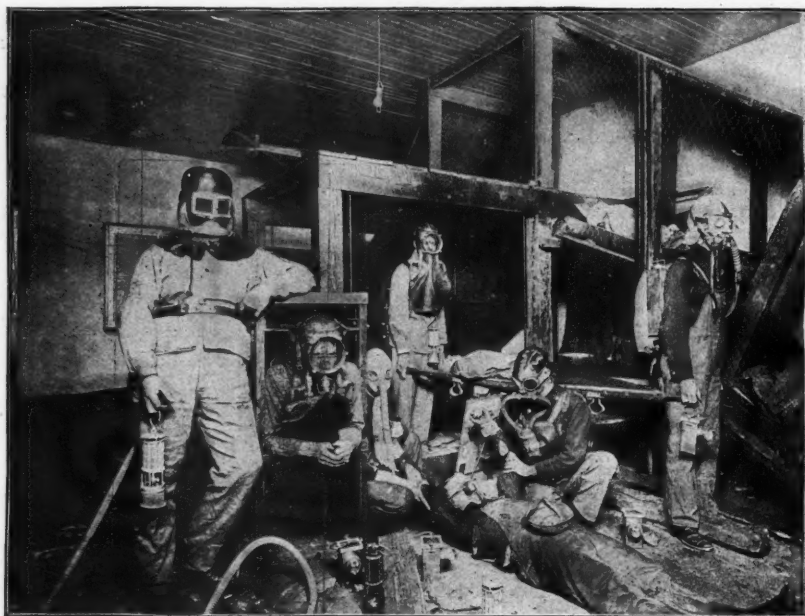


Photo by Clinedinst

MEN WHO FACE DEATH, READY FOR RESCUE WORK AT THE MINES
 Helmet and oxygen tanks used in entering shafts filled with gas and smoke

word is not new—in their girlhood “rats” and “mice” were worn in the hair, and on state occasions the lady who had the greatest number of both on her head was considered most complete in stylish array.

* * *

IN spite of the fact that affairs at Washington involve a succession of explosions, political and personal, the geological survey has never lost interest in seeking to prevent explosions of another nature, and has issued a primer on the dangers and hazards of the use and abuse of explosives. Mr. J. A. Holmes, in charge of this branch of the work, has made an especial study of every phase of the cause of explosions. He insists that the misuse of giant powder and other explosives, while considered of least importance in causing mine accidents, has much to do with many fearful casualties which furnish heartrending narratives for the front pages of daily newspapers. Over five hundred million pounds of explosives yearly are used for various purposes in the

United States, showing that far more powder and high explosives are expended in peaceful pursuits than in war or hunting. Over four hundred people are killed and injured in the transportation and use of explosives each year, to say nothing of three million dollars' worth of property destroyed by these accidents. An investigation of mine explosions has shown that the new type of quick-flame explosives, designated as “permissible,” can be used with greater safety than any other where gas or inflammable dust exists. The heavy toll of life represented in the death roll of American mines is a list of woeful occurrences that has awakened more popular interest in the work of geological survey than could have been aroused by a thousand lectures on the general resources of the country. Mr. Carl Scholz and Mr. Thomas F. Walsh of Chicago have been very active in urging the necessity of a mining department with a representative in the President's Cabinet, that will give this great industry the proper attention it deserves from the federal government.

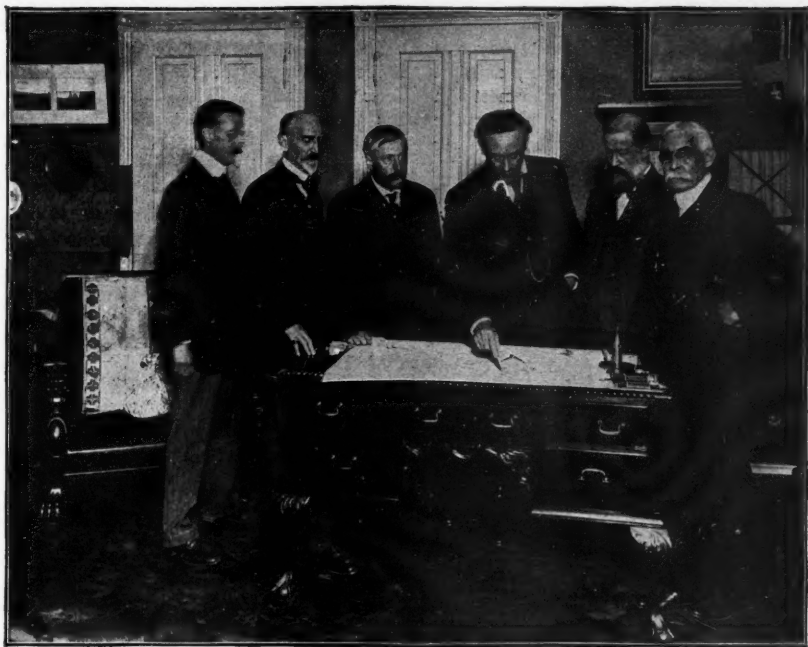


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COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY EXPLAINING HIS NORTH POLE DATA

Before the Research Sub-Committee of the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C. From left to right, Gilbert H. Grosvenor, editor of the *Geographic Magazine*; Otto H. Tittmann, Superintendent Coast and Geodetic Survey; Willis L. Moore, Chief Weather Bureau; Robert E. Peary; Henry Gannett, Chairman United States Geographic Board; Colby M. Chester, Bureau of Equipment

ONE hot afternoon in August, when Secretary Hay was hard at work at Washington cultivating his "open door" policy, he had been receiving a delegation of ambassadors and charges d'affaires in Room 212. As he sat down, after bowing the party out, he whirled around on his desk chair, and someone asked if the secretary knew the name of the young man who wore a monocle, or single eyeglass.

Yes, he knew his name and could describe his long line of ancestors accurately, until it came to his mental equipment, when the kind-hearted secretary mildly shook his head, and sat silent.

"Mr. Secretary, why do these Englishmen always wear a monocle instead of the regular double eyeglasses?"

"Seriously, one lucid explanation occurs to my mind, and only one. Perhaps these gentlemen of distinguished ancestry can see with one eye all that their brains could pos-

sibly comprehend, or perhaps if they were to use both eyes, their bewilderment would be all too embarrassing and produce a mental pandemonium which they avoid by using half the vision only—a very wise economy of anatomical powers, don't you think?"

* * *

WHEN in Milwaukee recently, many were the stories I heard of the days when "young Shaughnessy" was connected with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad as purchasing agent and how he handled his work like a true-born executor. Today there is a feeling of pride in the city that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the distinguished president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose personal influence extends from coast to coast, was born in Milwaukee, in the year 1853. Meeting Sir Thomas today in his office at Montreal, one notices that he stands as straight as a soldier; though his

moustache and imperial have also a military suggestion, he looks every inch the great industrial commander that he is, and yet he is a man from whom those who meet him expect absolute justice. It is no surprise that he has been a great potential power in the development of Canada.

Whether he is found in his office, or in his

owner of real estate on record in the world. On its property roll are mines and farms, hotels and myriad telegraph wires and great fleets of steamers. The Canadian Pacific has played an important part in the development of the country to the north of us, to say nothing of its influence on the international traffic belting the globe. Singularly representative of "the mother country" is it in its widespread interests. When the clear, blue eye of Sir Thomas rests upon a report, or when he strokes his moustache and quietly gives an order, he represents a remarkable conservation of human energy in handling large projects in a masterly, executive manner. It is this indomitable energy and ceaseless activity that have won for him a leading place in the front rank of empire builders of whom our English cousins are rightfully and naturally so proud.

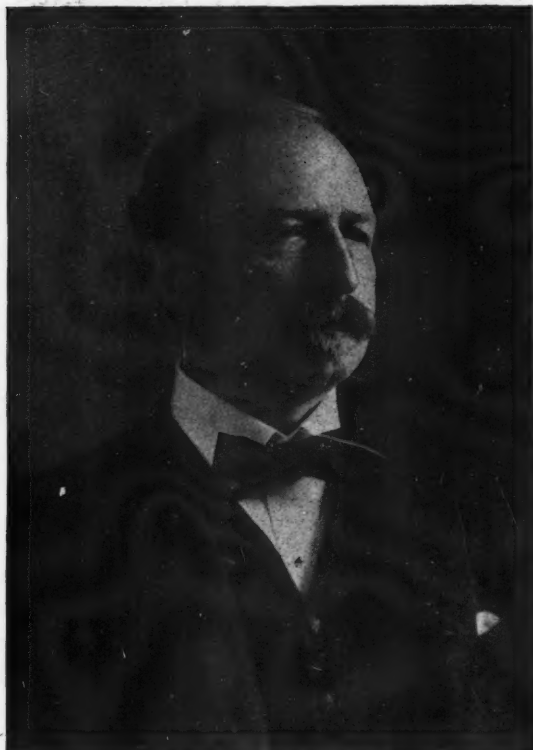
* * *

THERE may be something in a name, even when it appears on the Civil Service examination lists, or the muster rolls of the army and navy. In the Napoleonic army a young man of outlandish patronymic was listed for promotion. The emperor heard the list of qualifications, and nodded cheerfully after each one, until at last the name of the young soldier was given in full.

"Impossible—impossible to promote a man with such a name—a man so afflicted could never be promoted to a high position."

One of the emperor's habits was to browse among the pages of ancient and modern history, looking for euphonious names. He observed that popular statesmen often had long appellations, whereas military heroes usually had sonorous and dignified names, somewhat short.

In the past century Biblical names have been less popular than they were when it



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY

President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Milwaukee-born and world-reared

home, where he indulges in his favorite recreation of music, during which he does a heap of thinking, or whether he is busied going over real estate plats as a diversion, there is always the kindly glance of his eye, which has an added twinkle when Milwaukee is mentioned. Sir Thomas is the executive head of the greatest railway corporation landowner, which has done much toward the development of the Dominion, and has the distinction of being the largest

was customary for the parent to close his eyes, open the Bible, and christen the heir of the house by the first name which met his father's eye. On Cape Cod scriptural names are even now often heard, and Eliphalets, Hezekiahs, Joabs, and even Mephibosheths are to be found among the older relatives of the present generation.

Not very long ago a wealthy Washington gentleman had a new valet, whose name was somewhat of a puzzle to him. The initials were V. D. C. Cheney, and his employer wondered at times what Cheney's name could be. One morning he inquired.

"It's like this, sir," replied the valet, who happened to be an Englishman. "My mother dearly loved to read novels when she was young, and some of the names stuck in her memory. One was valet de chambre; she never knew just exactly what it meant, but the French sounded well, and she had me christened that. It fits me—don't you think so, sir?"

* * *

THE plan of President Taft for the reorganization of the government of Alaska is to put it practically on the same basis as the Philippines. This would include a governor appointed by the President, and a com-



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MISS ALICE BOUTELL

Daughter of Representative Boutell, who will make her debut this season



Photo by Clinedinst

THE NEW WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

The exterior has just been completed. The new section is built on ex-President Roosevelt's tennis ground

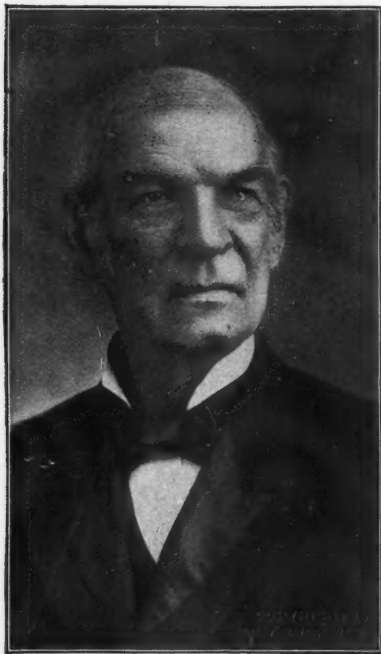


Photo copyright, 1909, G. V. Buck

REPRESENTATIVE NEHEMIAH D. SPERRY
Of Connecticut

mission of five also chosen by the chief executive, who would unite in exercising the legislative powers. Both the governor and commission are to be answerable to one of the departments at Washington. The President expressed his belief that conditions are not ripe for regular territorial government in Alaska.

This was the essence of a speech delivered at the Seattle Exposition in the Natural Amphitheatre, where the great crowds were seated tier upon tier, reaching almost as high as the tree tops. That immense concourse of 20,000 hung in silence on the words of the President, and could hear his lowest tone, owing to the peculiar acoustic properties of the place. In front were the Seattle school children, clad in red, white and blue, making a thrilling, living flag, with stars in their caps to represent the stars in the color scheme of the flag.

* * *

A SON of one of the great number of unidentified heroes of the Civil War, whose very graves are unknown, William Ashley Sunday has come into prominence as one of the most successful evangelists of his time. Born on a farm near Ames, Iowa, where the great agricultural college is located, he made a brave struggle to assist his

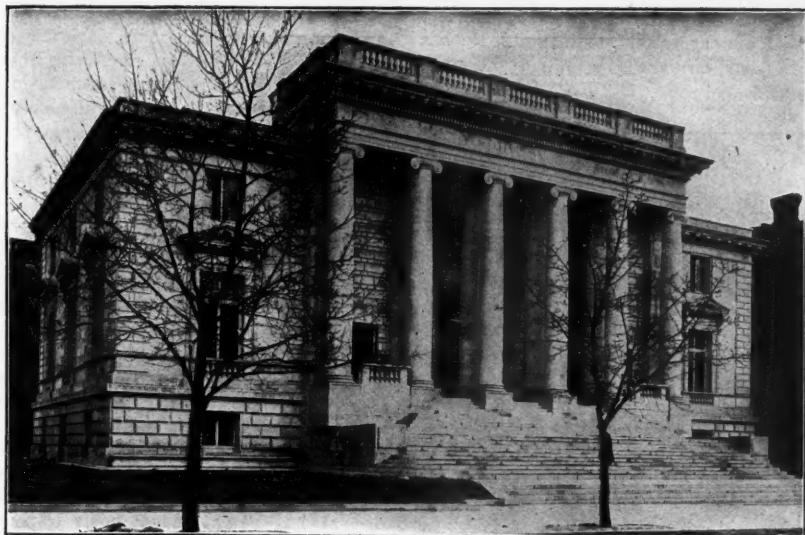


Photo by Clinedinst

CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON

\$12,000,000 was given by Mr. Carnegie to build this magnificent temple, and encourage investigation, research and discovery to the improvement of mankind

widowed mother after the death of the husband and father on a southern battlefield. The mother still remains the inspiration of the great evangelist, whose words move thousands to rally under the cross. He made his way through school by cleaning blackboards, sweeping floors and doing other janitor work, never hesitating to do anything that would help him to obtain an education. He was a locomotive fireman on the Chicago & Northwestern Road, and retains the hearty and affectionate regard of his old railway associates.

An ardent lover of baseball, his career on the diamond was launched on the vacant corner lots, where he gained experience and prowess in the national game, until "Billy" Sunday became widely known as a star player. Captain "Pop" Anson soon secured the young Iowa lad for his famous baseball team, and "Billy" was chosen as one of the party to make the notable trip round the world, but an accident interfered with his going. Known and admired by fans all over the country, he continued to break all records in speed around the bases, and was without a superior as a fielder. While in Chicago on a ball-playing expedition he attended a religious service; the story of



Photo by Clinedinst

W. J. CALHOUN OF CHICAGO

Appointed minister to China by President Taft

"Billy" Sunday's conversion has been told and retold and never fails to interest. He has steadfastly continued his evangelistic work at a meagre salary and has refused various



REV. WILLIAM A. SUNDAY
The noted evangelist

offers of five hundred dollars a month to play ball, because his heart and soul is in the great evangelistic work. True, he speaks brusquely at times, but he always has something to say that goes direct to the hearts of his hearers. He is a great admirer of the work of Mr. Chapman, though the latter handles his audiences in a different manner. "Billy" Sunday knows humankind thoroughly, although it is said that he had a hard time when he tried to pass the examinations necessary to become a Presbyterian minister. If the number of converts count, it may be said that the former baseball champion has more earned runs to his

credit than any other living evangelist. The same concentration, the same singleness of purpose is evinced in his evangelistic work as when making his record in baseball. In one town in Iowa, the number of converts brought in by "Billy" Sunday in a single sermon at an afternoon service surpassed all records that have ever been made at a single evangelistic service.

* * *

THE new story of how a Congressman really "got the hook" is being diffused through cloak room circles. He was under the spell of Rooseveltian hunting theories, and believed that the one thing lacking to complete his statesmanlike make-up was that he should be a real sportsman. He had never caught a fish, killed a bird, nor taken life in any form—except possibly in the case of a buzzing mosquito or a droning fly. It was a serious blot on his 'scutcheon that he had never brought home trophies of the hunt. An invitation came to join a hunting party, and he accepted it with grate-



Photo by Clinedinst

TWO EASTERN SENATORS

Elkins of West Virginia and Rayner of Maryland going to the opening of Congress December 7

ful haste. Excitement rose high at home while packing supplies for the trip. There were things to eat and drink, and, above all, ample supplies of bait and guns. The ambitious sportsman was told just what to get; he merely endorsed the order and sent it to the store to be filled.



MISS GEORGIA KNOX

Daughter of the Secretary of State. She is considered to
be one of the most beautiful women in this country

The party was soon ready to sally forth after game in the marshes. Getting into the boat they paddled along in the cool of



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SENATOR W. MURRAY CRANE

Going to the opening of the second session of the Sixty-first Congress

the morning, watching the sunrise; the embryo sportsman became absorbed in the beauty of the river banks and the sun coming proudly up above the hilltops. Suddenly the nose of the boat twisted around a curve

into the midst of what looked like about a million ducks.

"Get your ammunition—get your gun ready—now steady," whispered the friend, in a frenzy of excitement.

The statesman came hastily down from the clouds and groped in the bottom of the boat for the right package. He found his gun, and racking his brains for the many instructions as to the proper methods of loading, he fumbled with the package, keeping one eye on the ducks, while his friend was carefully "sighting." At last the paper was opened, the bag inside untied—plainly disclosed to view were twenty-five dozen assorted fish hooks—ferocious-looking hooks!

With a glance more expressive than any words, his sportsman friend indicated that this time for sure the statesman had undoubtedly "got the hook."

Ex-President Roosevelt has one less ardent follower in sportsman ambitions than he had a year ago.

* * *

JINGLE, jingle goes the telephone bell. No quiet seclusion nowadays. Yet there are compensations—watch the profiles of the people through the glass of the public telephone booth, at the railway station. The expressions come and go—you can discern when a man is talking to his wife, and when he is talking to the customer he wishes to propitiate or enthuse, or when the young swain is talking to his Juliet; there is no mistaking that fixed little smile directed at the black trumpet. Everyone who uses a telephone has some peculiarity, some pet word, which comes as naturally to the lips as the familiar "hello." Some men say, "Well, well," others "What is it?" In fact, the telephone is coining new words—"wa'tis't?" for instance.

One afternoon I happened to be in a drug store when a man at my end of the wire was evidently trying to order flowers. Apparently the "hello girls" at the other end had been at a ball and were describing the gowns. The gentleman mumbled words that were not blessings as he listened to the details of "that blue empire," and "the pink directoire," while the "little white China silk" was about the last straw. For the sixth time, in a tone of long-suffering patience, he said:

"Kindly give me the line, if possible.

"What? What line do I want—I have told you six times—oh, what line do I *think* I have? Well, I *thought* it was a telephone, but judging by the conversation, I should say it is a clothes line."

* * *

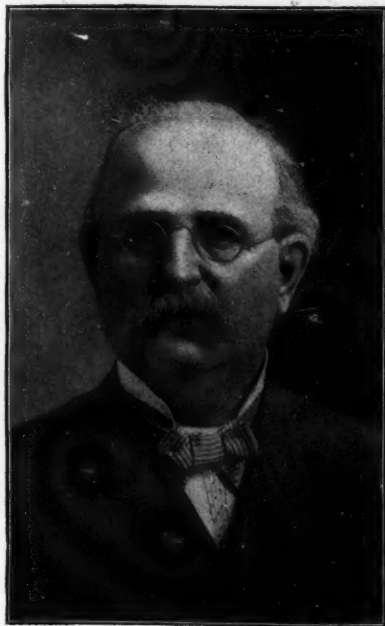
A HEARTY response to the opinion of President Taft concerning a central bank of issue came from Mr. George M. Reynolds of Chicago, at the meeting of the American Bankers Association. Mr. Reynolds occupies a prominent position in financial circles, and has a strong following among the constructive banking organizations of the country. The President called attention to the fact that the trend of monetary evolution inevitably points to the establishment of a central bank of commerce, which will manage the national reserves and exercise a sort of governmental supervision, enabling it to meet any casual stringency that may occur

It has been generally agreed that it would be well to make such an adjustment of the monetary issue as would eliminate the Wall Street influence, and preclude all possibility of the monetary supply of the nation being manipulated in any way for political or speculative objects. The whole matter is simply



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G. M. REYNOLDS
President Continental National Bank of Chicago



B. F. McMILIAN

Whose novel ideas on the monetary situation have attracted widespread attention

in the United States. Such an arrangement would also protect legitimate business from dangerous stock and manipulation speculation.

a question of the confidence of the people in themselves and in the tribunals chosen to maintain and wield power, directly in the interests of the people, all the time, rather than allow preparations to stand in abeyance until the panic is on.

* * *

AS an ardent advocate of having the next state admitted into the Union named Lincoln, Representative Kinkead of New Jersey has begun his session campaign. He insists that the name of the Great Emancipator ought to be preserved as that of one of the commonwealths that make up the sisterhood of states.

Elected to the Sixty-first Congress by a handsome majority of over five thousand, the Congressman has never failed to look sharply after the interests of his birthplace, Jersey City. He represents a lively constituency in his state, which includes

Hackensack and Passaic, and has done a great deal of work through widening the Hackensack and Passaic Rivers, toward the improvement of Jersey City, Newark, Kearny and Harrison. He has also been actively at work on another bill which permits subordinate posts of the American

is much milder than the climate of the southern Norwegian coast, and that the habitable area of Alaska is far greater, being over 120,000 square miles. Norway, with its lesser tract of habitable land, has a population of 2,250,000, occupying not over 30,000 square miles. It is prophesied that the territory to the north will some day have two or three million inhabitants and be one of the important portions of the Pacific Coast.

When President Taft has completed his four years' term, none can gainsay the fact



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ADMIRAL W. W. KIMBALL

Who is in command of the American forces in Central America

Veterans of Foreign Service to use the rifles and belts now stored in the arsenals of the United States, provided they give a bond for their safe return.

* * *

PLANS for the President's travels during the present year include a trip to Alaska. Now that Walter E. Clark has been inaugurated governor of that wonderful country great progress is anticipated in exploitation. The climate and resources are every day better understood. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the southern coast of Alaska



CONGRESSMAN KINKEAD OF NEW JERSEY

that he will be the best-informed and most widely traveled ruler that ever presided over the destinies of the United States. In three continents he has personally studied character by meeting persons in all classes of life and has grappled with great problems under the most varied conditions. His grip-sack is always ready to go—and goes count for much in these days.



FLORENCE SMITH AS "KOKOMO" IN "THE TOP O' TH' WORLD"

THERE are examples of great achievements in the business world that furnish young men an incentive to choose a mercantile career, even though by education they may be fitted for professions.

It would be difficult to take the full measure of such a man as Mr. E. C. Simmons, who is easily the Nestor in the jobbing hardware trade. Mr. Simmons has been over fifty years engaged in business, and most interestingly recounts the developing changes that have occurred and of which he might truthfully say, like pious Aeneas of old, "of these I was a great part."

When Mr. Simmons began at thirteen years of age as an office boy, almost everything in the line of "tools" was imported from England. Files were wrapped, two dozen in a coarse paper package, and packed in casks; hand-saws were also brought from Sheffield; horseshoe nails being all of English make and coming in twenty-five pound bags with points protruding "like quills upon the fretted porcupine." The price was from twenty-five to thirty cents per pound.

Gradually American industries sprang up here and there. File-making was introduced in Providence. In 1868 hand-saws began to be manufactured in Philadelphia. It is indeed almost a history by itself that the hardware trade reveals, as recalled by Mr. Simmons when he grows retrospective.

One of the most notable was the vocation of the traveling salesman now so closely identified with almost all lines of trade. This began with the hardware business; and, be-

sides, they were not salesmen at the start but "collectors." As such they were sent out to collect for the goods already sold, and it was only by gradually taking an "accommodation" order now and then that they passed from collectors to alert, aggressive salesmen.

The development of the National Banks later with their system of checks, drafts and exchanges, quite fully supplied the growing needs for a collection service, and stimulated general distribution of merchandise.

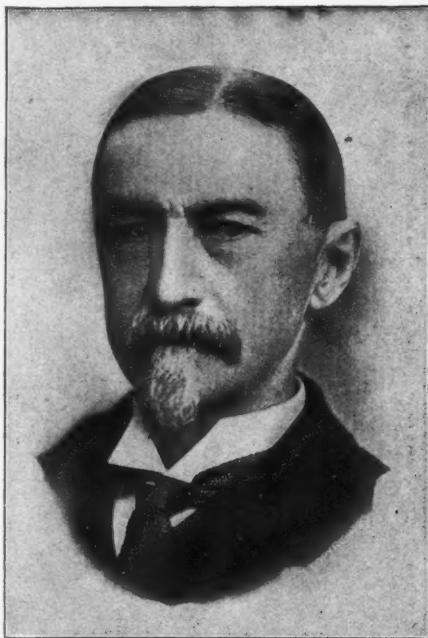
Mr. Simmons has probably employed more first-class salesmen on the road than any other individual or corporation in the world. He has also probably developed and disseminated prosperity among retail merchants more by his trade-marked goods, intelligently advertised, than any other factor in the business. He has seemingly been blessed with prophetic vision, and has perceived the openings for broad avenues of trade through fields while yet pathless.

His company was the first mercantile house to incorporate. He paid his salesmen what they

were worth on a profit-sharing basis, and so stimulated them into their fullest endeavors.

It was his house that issued the first complete hardware catalogue which was published in 1880. For eighteen months the work had been pushed on without a precedent or a guide to go by. The first edition cost over \$30,000, but the result was worth the cost, for the business during the subsequent twelve months increased over \$1,000,000.

That book was the making, also, of the



E. C. SIMMONS

Founder of the great hardware company which bears his name;
President of the Prosperity League of America



Photos by
G. V. Buck

MISS MARY DAVIDSON
MISS CLAIRE WRIGHT

MISS KATHARINE CRANE
MISS EDITH SUTHERLAND

retail hardware merchants. The company's present catalogue contains more pages than the International Dictionary, and describes 79,000 separate articles.

It was interesting to hear Mr. Simmons relate the changes and improvements that have attended the growth of the hardware

CURIOUS things come to light sometimes in Washington, indicating the confidence which exists between people in the conduct of the business of this country. A torn linen collar was shown, which had been turned in instead of a check; there was also a piece of lath, and a piece of shingle hanging over the desk of a bank teller as tokens of the peculiarities which occur in the banking business.

"When this piece of lath was presented," said the teller of the bank, "I was startled, but on it was written clearly a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, in the handwriting, and bearing the signature, of the owner of a large sawmill; he was at the plant with his son and they had neither paper nor check book with them, yet the money had to be obtained for the payroll without delay."

* * *

NOW and then the dramatic incidents of the historic campaign of 1884, when James G. Blaine was defeated for the presidency, are recalled. When Mr. Blaine expected to receive a delegation, he was accustomed to ascertain in advance from the spokesman just what was to be said in order that he might make a fitting reply. The late Mr. Devine, a newspaper man associated with the New York papers for many years, was usually entrusted with this preliminary

work. Mr. Blaine attributed his defeat to the single instance when this rule was not rigidly adhered to during the campaign. This one lapse gave an opening for Dr. Burchard's unfortunate epigram.

In the morning of that day Mr. Devine was obliged to absent himself, in order to attend the funeral of a member of his family. Mr. Blaine was notified that a delegation headed by Dr. Burchard would call on him—the delegation arrived and addresses were duly exchanged. On Mr. Devine's return the first thing he did was to look over the afternoon papers of that day; he was horri-



Photo by Buck, Washington

MRS. J. B. McCREARY

Wife of the former United States Senator from Kentucky

business. Every ten years fully one-third of the whole line becomes obsolete or is superseded by improved designs.

Demands are not simply supplied, they are created; and each new demand created is like a dragon's tooth, in that it causes a want to spring up which can only be supplied by new things and more of them.

Mr. Simmons will need no effigy to perpetuate his memory when Father Time has cut him down. But if a monument be erected, let it be as big as the Vulcan of Birmingham, that typified the growth of the iron industry at the St. Louis Exposition.

fied to see the perilous words uttered by Burchard: "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." He hastened to his chief and showed him the account. Mr. Blaine was surprised:

"I did not hear Burchard use those words."

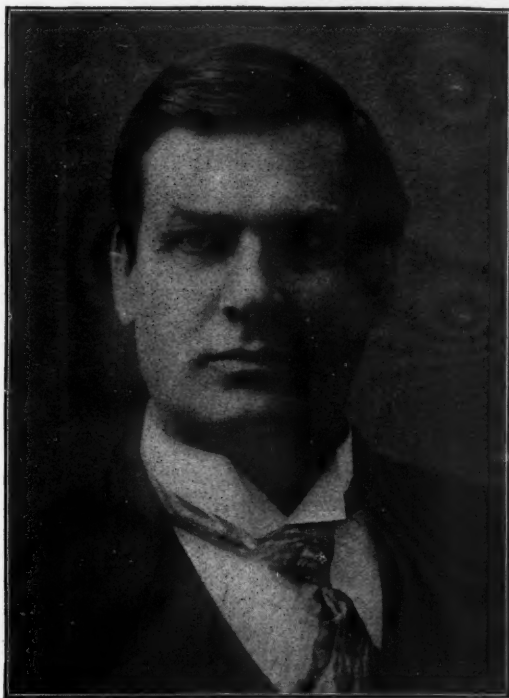
Then he told how he had gone out and met the delegation on the stairway; how the Doctor had made his speech in a sing-song voice, while Blaine was preoccupied thinking what he should say in reply, and failed to observe the alliterative (and for him and his hopes fatal) words, until they were called to his attention by Mr. Devine, after they had been published and spread broad cast on the eve of election.

* * *

THE Post Office Department has been the center of the firing line for the opening month of the session. First there was the question of the \$69,000,000 deficiency to be considered, and now comes the protest that this charge ought not to be shouldered on the second-class matter, for it is felt that a thorough investigation as to the use of the frank and the rates paid to the railroad would reveal conditions presenting quite another aspect of affairs. The very fact that private companies are able to furnish this second-class rate in competition with the Post Office indicate that the price paid the railroads for mail carriage must exceed express rates. No department is of so much importance as this in regard to all forms of publicity and in solving the many vexatious problems that have to do with helping out other departments of the government.

One of the recent decisions of the department is that if the words, "Not to be opened until Christmas," appear in ink or pencil on any packages, first-class rates of postage must be paid, while if the words are affixed with a rubber stamp, the package so decorated is permitted to pass through the mails on the lower rates. This seems about as fine a distinction as that between "also" and "like-

wise," but it proves the efficacy of the rubber stamp, and hints that corporations are given an advantage over private individuals, as business firms are more likely to use rubber stamps than the persons who write letters from the home writing table. Some of the printers of the country have protested against the appropriation by the Post Office Department of the business of printing envelopes, which they regard as their own prerogative. Altogether this department is a tempting center of attack for those who wish to criticize, because it is the one function of the government that comes directly in contact with the people when they "get the mail."



SENATOR WESLEY L. JONES OF WASHINGTON

GOVERNMENT clerks in Washington are allowed so much time every year for vacation and so much for sick leave. The improved health of the capital city has eliminated the sick leave requirements, and of recent years clerks have been somewhat worried as to how they should continue to

secure it in view of their robust health. A conversation overheard in one of the corridors throws light on the situation.

"You bet I was up against it last August."

"Thought you had a fine vacation—what was the matter?"

"Vacation was all right—it was before I started. You see I secured medical certificates from two different doctors—the first was an insurance doctor who gave me a clean health bill to obtain a policy. The



SENATOR DOLLIVER OF IOWA

other doctor was a friend of mine, and he gave me a certificate that would help out on my vacation for extended sick leave."

"Well, what of it? Lots of us do that. Does your conscience prick you now?"

"Well, I shuffled the two certificates and sent the insurance doctor's assurance of good health to my chief, with a note asking for extended leave; the paper making me out desperately ill, I sent to the insurance company."

"What on earth did you—I see you have not lost your position?"

"Well, I lay awake all of one night worrying. In the morning I had an inspiration—I told the chief the truth."

THE old tradition of regarding every hotel guest arriving with bag or trunk as perfectly solvent is rapidly losing ground at Washington, and respectable-looking luggage is no guarantee nowadays that any reasonable bill for board and lodging will be paid.

Some time ago a guest made some stay at one of the principal hotels, and at first seemed to have an abundant supply of greenbacks. After a while, the only bills in his pocketbook seemed to be for board, which began to run up from week to week; finally the gentleman suddenly disappeared. There was a great deal of talk about his reason for sudden departure, and the landlord consoled himself with the thought that he held his customer's trunk. Time passed; the guest could not be traced by the detective who took up the case.

"He has gone for good, evidently."

"Yes," sighed the landlord.

"Well, don't be discouraged," said one of the clerks. "You can take what is in his trunk to pay his bill. Everything must be there, because he never carried any parcels out."

Alas! like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, the trunk was bare.

"I remember," said the landlord sadly, "that he was forever writing letters, and he no doubt sent off all his effects in the hotel envelopes he so industriously mailed."

* * *

THERE have been a number of diplomatic posts which the President has had difficulty in filling. One disappointed candidate took the situation philosophically, though he considered himself beforehand "just the man" for the position.

When his friends learned that he had been rejected, someone asked:

"How was it that you did not secure the post of ambassador to England?"

"The only logical reason I can present, sir," said the gloomy candidate, "is that I do not speak the language of the country. And yet, think of it, I spent six weeks in England, and every Englishman I met thoroughly understood me when I whispered, 'Come and have one on me!' Talk about the language of the country; after one night at a 'Pub' I was fairly soaked in English accent—'Hs' and 'hall.'"

THE most conspicuous opponent of Senator Aldrich in the tariff struggle was Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa, but despite that senator's wit, eloquence and undisputed talent he found himself outnumbered in the votes which carried the bill through to a brilliant finish. Senator Dolliver is a born orator and seldom writes an address, preferring to deliver it straight from the shoulder in massive periods. He more closely approaches the giant stature of Webster in this respect than any man now on the floor of the Senate. The Iowa boys always remember Jonathan P. Dolliver as a popular speaker, though he insists that his speeches "are written out in the agony of toil, under the heat and glare of the gas jet."

The son of a Methodist minister, Senator Dolliver entered early upon a political career; he had the old-fashioned way of using anecdotes to illustrate his points, which was then considered effective, though he may have changed his style with the times. He is one of the orators who frankly admit that they "like to talk," a taste he thinks he may have inherited from his father and grandfather—the latter a Massachusetts seafaring man, whose cargo of cotton during the war of 1812 was confiscated by General Jackson; if he had his grandson's eloquence it is probable that he made some remarks that would have been worthy of preservation. When preaching on a large circuit in Virginia, and often riding two hundred miles in a week, Mr. Dolliver's father met the lady who became his wife, and that is the reason that the Senator hails from West Virginia and was educated at the State University there.

After his graduation, at the age of seventeen, the young man decided to migrate to Illinois. He tells thus of this first Western visit:

"Standing in the railway station of Columbus, Ohio, a policeman tapped me on the shoulder, and with a warning glance said:

"You have just been talking, my boy, with one of the most dangerous pickpockets in the United States."

"One of the most dangerous pickpockets in the United States has been talking to a country boy who has not a red cent to his name," was my reply."

A curious West Virginia law case, in which a father sued a university for the expulsion

of his son, turned Mr. Dolliver's attention to the study of law, which he later took up as a profession. After the financial panic of 1873, he and his brother Robert decided to pool their money and go West in search of a law practice. After some study of geography, in the pages of a borrowed atlas, the state of Iowa was chosen because it held the commanding position between the Mississippi and the Missouri, and the city of Fort Dodge became their home because it stood near the centre of the State.

Determined to succeed, the brothers economized by using the law office as kitchen, lodging and place of business; at times they



Senator Dolliver met his first pickpocket

worked on the public streets for \$1.50 a day when law fees were entirely too slender. When young Jonathan was elected Corporation Counsel at two hundred dollars per year, it was thought that his career was fairly started. In the meantime he had made a great reputation all over Iowa as a Fourth of July and Decoration Day speaker. At the age of twenty-six he was chosen temporary chairman of the Republican Committee of Des Moines.

* * *

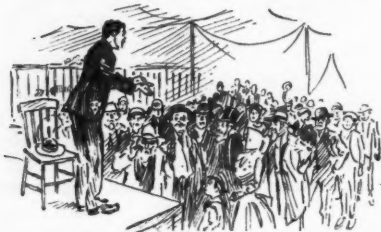
The young man was called to New York by the Hon. James G. Blaine and met with great success as a campaign orator throughout the Eastern states. Nominated for Congress in 1888, he served six terms, was elected to the United States Senate, and last year rounded out twenty years of continuous service in the National Congress.

In his campaign of 1896 Senator Dolliver

used a circus tent and made a special feature of answering all questions personally addressed to him by his constituents; he increased his majority at this time from five thousand to twenty thousand. In 1900 he was presented for vice-president, at the suggestion of "Uncle Mark" Hanna, who wished to use his name to control the situation at the time Theodore Roosevelt was nominated. He was picked out by the administration leaders as their candidate in 1908, and undoubtedly could have secured the nomination had he desired to give up his promising and brilliant career in the Senate.

The Senator has a way of biting his words off short, suggesting an explosive, forceful, staccato movement. He has a thick growth of black hair and dancing black eyes, and wears a heavy moustache; although a tall man, he stoops slightly, but when uttering his impassioned periods, assumes a leonine air, and rises to his full height; then his listeners know that something special is coming. He has spoken in the Old South Church, Boston, and is very popular with all kinds of audiences, having spoken in almost every state and territory of the Union.

One of the many young men whom Senator Allison took delight in helping, Senator



Young Dolliver makes his debut in a circus tent

Dolliver was once accused of being merely a "crutch" to the Grand Old Man of Iowa; in his reply he paid a touching tribute to the declining years of his senior, telling of his father's crutch in his own home, which the children of the household considered it an honor to be allowed to bring forward for use. The speaker pleaded guilty to the fact that he, too, considered it an honor to be even a crutch standing in a corner, provided he awaited the need of such a man as Senator Allison. He regarded it as a proud distinction to aid, even in so small a matter,

the career of his distinguished colleague in the Senate. His homely illustration and generous tribute to noble and honored age turned the tide against Senator Allison's opponents and reached the great-heartedness of Iowa's famous senator.

* * *

EVERY inventor in bygone days protected himself as best he could; one of the elder clerks of the patent office remarked that this fact accounted for the fewness of



Inventor discovers the secret process

women inventors in those days. The only way to preserve a patent was to keep it absolutely secret, and these mysteries of processes and invention were the dearest possessions of families, guilds and corporations. Employes were sworn to keep the secrets which tempted the cupidity of competitors and had to be carefully watched over.

No secret has been more jealously guarded than that of making Venetian glass. When Paoli wandered northward and stopped in Normandy it was believed that he had betrayed the great secret, and the dagger of a Venetian brave ended the life of the supposed traitor.

The secret of making cast steel was discovered by a watchmaker. No one was admitted to the factory where the process was utilized except workers who were sworn never to betray the secret; the vows were rigid and the penalty for breaking them most severe. One bitter night a man dressed

as a farm laborer came to the door of the factory, apparently exhausted by his tramp through the inclement weather and heavy snow. The foreman thought he was overcome by the cold; he seemed perfectly helpless and was brought in and allowed to drop before the fires, apparently in a stupor.

The man who had succumbed to the cold lay on the floor wide-eyed in the shadows; he saw the workmen cut the bars; he saw the cut pieces placed in the crucible; he saw the blowpipes at work raising the heat to the highest possible degree; he saw the steel melted, the crucibles withdrawn and their contents cast into moulds; with his knowledge of iron and steel making, he unravelled the mysterious process. Then the stranger revived and profuse in his thanks escaped with the secret of steel making and gave it to the world.

* * *

THE manner of gathering news at Washington has greatly changed since early days. In the White House office is a "press room," wherein the representatives of the local papers have typewriters and telephones, and dash out to catch the wayfaring legislator as he passes out from the President's room. At a certain hour they informally call on Secretary Carpenter and obtain information over the desk as to what is going to be done. These are not official statements from the President, but editors all over the world are free to draw deductions as to whether or not the statement is given out with authority.

All other departments are visited at certain hours for information; the boys file in, hat in hand, with scarcely a note book among them, and obtain material in a few minutes for thousands of words sent out all over the country. Little attention is paid now to debates in either house, as compared with former years. There is always someone watching in the press gallery and anything spectacular or interesting is quickly described and put upon the wires. Language counts for much in a statement. The purpose of the United States to take Porto Rico was made known in a very plain and ordinary dispatch, but when printed was embellished with elegant phrases that gave it the dignity characteristic of an official proclamation.

New appointments for office are given out in a most unconventional way, but it is seldom that the newspaper boys are not posted on what is coming; they make official calls and confirm the news gathered in those mysterious ways which none but newspaper circles can fathom.

Typewriters stand always ready at the White House reporter's quarters to grind out finished copy from scrappy shorthand; routine



Reporters busy in getting "30" on the hook

information is freely interchanged, but when a choice bit of exclusive news is obtained, the lucky correspondent is not anxious to converse, and his comrades soon suspect that he "has a scoop," not so common an occurrence as it was before the presidential daily routine was systematically established.

* * *

ONE cannot travel far in the State of Washington today without realizing the popularity of Senator Wesley L. Jones, not only in North Yakima, his home, but throughout the state. His popularity is founded upon innate worth and years of conscientious work for those people whose representative he is. Like many other prominent men in the United States he has won his position at the front not by any fortuitous set of circumstances but by hard work and perseverance—aided in no small degree, as he himself says, by the cheerful help and self-denial of his wife.

Mr. Jones is a product of the soil, having been born near Bethany, Illinois, in the early sixties, three days after the death of his father, a soldier in the Forty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry. As the boy grew up,

he aided his mother in the support of the family in every possible way, hiring out to do farm work when but ten years of age. Until he was sixteen, he went to winter school and worked during the summer months, subsequently "teaching" his way through the Southern Illinois College. Acquiring a teacher's certificate, he taught school two winters and in summer vacations worked as a harvester. He obtained a legal education in Chicago by studying during the winter and working on the farm of "Long John" Wentworth just outside of that city during the summer. For two years after he was admitted to the bar in 1886 he continued to teach school, and then he set out for the Territory of Washington, arriving there April 1, 1889, a stranger in a strange land. He cheerfully went to work in a real estate office at a salary of fifty dollars a month, and in the following year he began the practice of law with a local firm of attorneys.

* * *

Well known as a political speaker, Senator Jones "had something to say" in every political campaign since 1884. He served continuously as representative-at-large from the Fifty-sixth to the Sixtieth Congress, and his nominations were given each time by acclamation. Having a broad conception of



Senator Wesley L. Jones in the good old school days

the rights of all, he stands today with no enemies and with as many friends as any man in the United States Senate.

In the winter of 1908 he became a candidate for nomination as United States Senator, and after a personal campaign of the state he had the unique distinction of being the first man in his state to be nominated for the Senate by the direct vote of the people, this nomination for senator being the initial trial of the direct primary law which had been enacted

by the preceding Legislature, and which made it possible for a poor man to go before the people of his state, without money and without price, and accomplish that which heretofore had seemed to be a heritage only of the rich. Last January he was elected to the United States Senate by a unanimous Republican vote, and his term of service expires March 3, 1915.

* * *

HER generous contributions to the Navy. Y. M. C. A. have made Miss Helen Gould a personage of great interest to the "jackies," and her name is a familiar one in



Helen Gould, the idol of the naval Jackies

the United States Navy Yards. One afternoon at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, it was remarked there that Miss Gould was attending the services.

"Say, is it true that Miss Gould is here?"

"Sure," was the reply.

"D'ye spot anybody that looks like her?"

"Shut up, don't talk so loud. See that little woman-over there with a black hat and a fur around her neck?"

"Git out—that ain't Miss Gould. She'd never be dressed as plain as that," they said, looking at the lady wearing a plain black coat and fur. "She's got too many dimes to need economy."

"She's spending her dimes for the good of such roustabouts as you and I."

"Ain't she a beaut? Wish we could talk to her and tell her she's the real stuff."

They approached the vicinity of the black

hat, with its bow of plain black velvet. By the time the two navy boys got up to her their courage began to fail, but Miss Gould came forward quickly and gave them a hearty greeting. Later she visited the "den" in the Y. M. C. A. Building where sandwiches were served; her interest in the work being done for the navy boys is deeply and affectionately appreciated, and they felt especially honored by this opportunity to become acquainted with Miss Gould.

* * *

IF you happen to have a penny in your pocket, look and see if it is one of the new issue bearing the impress of the head of Abraham Lincoln instead of the conventional Indian. The change is looked upon as peculiarly apropos. Lincoln probably had a more intimate acquaintance with pennies than with dollars, and it is especially suitable that his portrait should appear on the copper coinage so often in the hands of the plain people whom he loved. With George Washington represented on our two-cent stamps and Lincoln on pennies, we are beginning to travel in the right direction, and to apotheosize our own great men rather than conventional heroes of the misty past. It is appropriate that the memory of these two great men, the father and the saviour of the Republic, should be constantly brought before the minds of the people in their everyday life through the medium of stamps and pennies.

* * *

AT the beginning of the social season, Senator Kean of New Jersey "broke out" with a very apropos new story concerning the attractive daughters of a New Jersey millionaire and a sprig of nobility from across the water.

The gentleman had been entertained at the hospitable New Jersey home, and on the last night of his visit a ball was given. He invited the second daughter of the house to "sit out" a dance with him, and during "the witching hour" in the greenhouse he offered, in most poetic terms, his hand and heart for her acceptance. The young lady either was not attracted by the prospect of a lifelong companionship with his lordship, or had found someone more to her mind, for she spurned his offer. He sighed heavily and said:

"My dear young lady, I have bared to you

the most sacred feelings of my inmost soul. May I ask that you will never reveal a word of what has been said between us tonight?"

"I am not a gossip, sir."

"But promise me, oh, promise me, not to let the curious and idle world know what has passed between us at this witching hour."

"Certainly I will promise, but why are you so persistent? It is not a thing I should care to repeat."

"Should you divulge it," said the ardent youth, "it would be fatal to all hope of



The lord proposes—but the American girl disposes

future happiness for me; but now," he breathed a sigh of relief, "I shall find an opportunity to propose to your older sister before I leave the country."

* * *

TALK about the complications of life—Uncle Sam has his troubles. Interesting facts are gleaned from the blue book of 1909, which has just been issued by the Census Department. The number of federal workers on the government payroll is now rapidly approaching 400,000, which represents a twenty per cent. increase in about two years.

The Treasury Department leads with an enrollment of almost 7,000 persons, and Secretary MacVeagh has the largest payroll of any cabinet official. Over \$31,000,000 are paid to 28,000 persons in Washington, averaging a little over \$1,000 each. This will be increased during the coming year by the 3,000 people to be added to the Census

Department, which will soon evaporate the additional appropriation of \$5,000,000. All other states and territories take a back seat in the rear of the national Capitol when it comes to the enjoyment of Uncle Sam's payroll, when compared to the District of Columbia. Residents of this area receive over \$7,000,000 of the budget; New York follows with a compensation for governmental service aggregating a little over \$3,000,000. Arizona is the most modest in the sisterhood of states in regard to the money received, as her officials only receive a total of \$25,000. Strange to say, the executive department of the government does not stand high, on the payroll or in regard to the number of persons employed; only forty-three persons all told are engaged in attending to the business and personal affairs of the President of the United States, and the executive department of the "greatest nation on earth" as Barnum would say it.

* * *

THE ease and deliberation with which President Taft dispatches work has always created remark. A visitor commented on this recently to the President, adding that no matter how perplexing the problems, or



Once in a while the President stops work

how aggravating the situations, his friends and the people have faith in his ability to bring things out all right. The chief executive glanced at the desk strewn with all manner of propositions, from entanglements pertaining to census work to the appointment of an ambassador or a stray postmaster.

"Time," he said, "sometimes effects cures for which physicians are given credit, and it occasionally happens that things are best

settled by being simply let alone until the situation changes in the natural march of events."

With that he swept the papers on his desk into a drawer and said:

"Now for a game of golf. In other words, instead of trying to forestall and force decisions, I believe in often allowing time to do the work; I have sometimes been given credit for settling matters which in fact righted themselves. Results are not always secured by trying to force conclusions."

* * *

WITH the development of aeroplanes, the installation of the eighteen-hour express train between New York and Chicago, and the added ease and speed of traveling all over the country, our grandfathers would see startling innovations if they could return for even a momentary peep at the old world that they knew. A trip across the continent is talked of with less interest than was excited by a journey to the county seat in days gone by. Nor do these changes apply to business men only. The farmer no longer spends an entire dreary winter on his farm, but enjoys a few weeks' change of scene, returning invigorated and with expanded ideas on farming. In even the most remote villages, here and there is a resident who has been "off for a trip to Europe" or elsewhere, and has just returned with all the latest news and fashions. A little jaunt to Africa or the Philippines is considered nothing very extraordinary.

The increased intermingling of the people of the whole world through travel recalls a remark I noted in one of Secretary Hay's latest speeches at the Ohio banquet in New York. He pictured the modern American tracing his ancestry and claiming kinship with some especial state or city, saying in the course of his speech:

"I was born in a small town in Indiana; I was reared in Illinois, educated in Rhode Island, learned my law in Springfield, Illinois, my politics in Washington, and diplomacy in Europe, Asia and Africa; I have a farm in New Hampshire and desk room in the District of Columbia.

"When I look to the springs from which my blood was drawn, I find that my first ancestors were Scotch and half English on one side, and on the other were descended

from Germans who were half French. My own father was from the West and my mother from the South. With such facts in mind, I can only assume an aspect of deep humility in any gathering of the favored sons of any state, and confess that I am nothing—nothing but an American."

* *

SOME enterprising statistician has figured out that the American people use up the enormous total of seven hundred billion



A match for any match—looking for a match

matches a year. It is our one best guess that matches lead pins in the race for popularity, unless we include hairpins—big and little. But what a boardwalk the 225,000,000 feet of pine boards used annually for matches would build!

At this rate a shortage in the wood supply will soon oblige smokers to be more economical in the use of matches or else to resort to the wax variety. The supply of sulphur is thought to be adequate for the entire human race—smokers included.

* * *

A GROUP of Senators had gathered in the committee room. It had been a hard day in which there had been incessant study of schedules, interspersed with wrangles over technical points, that had been wearisome. In the midst of the silence and gloom, someone started to hum an old song, half forgotten by many present. Then others began to sing or whistle familiar airs, and tell incidents of interest and moment connected with those songs that had been turning points in their own lives. Finally it was agreed among the small body of Senators that, after a summary was made of the songs of the

country, two names stood out prominently in American music—John Howard Payne, whose remains were brought back to Washington from foreign soil by a grateful republic, and Stephen C. Foster. The many melodies connected with those two names will live long in the hearts of the people. It was suggested that the remains of Stephen C. Foster ought also to be brought to Washington and rest beside those of John Howard Payne in Oakhill Cemetery.

It is a singular thing that the immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home," should have been written by an American, and yet was sung first on foreign soil in 1823. It was Jenny Lind who immortalized this song in Washington. The law-makers of the nation stood there in the twilight and paid a tribute to these two great song-writers which was



Courtesy Swift & Co., Chicago

certainly indicative of the power of music over the human heart.

It was agreed that the songs of Stephen C. Foster, the Pennsylvania balladist, which have been translated into every language under heaven, and have touched the hearts of human beings of every race and clime, have immortalized their writer. The Senators agreed that this sweet minstrel of the United States ought to have a monument such as would be worthy of one who had left so deep an impress upon the world's heart history.

Especially significant in these days is the increasing love of old songs—nothing is more popular, as is evidenced in the sale of calendars and books giving a history of the song-writers,

or excerpts of their verses, or the words and music entire. When people cheerfully pay their money for these things, prosaic as it may seem, it is proof positive that the songs are enshrined in the heart of the nation, and have become a potential force in national life.

As the party broke up, it was easy to determine at just what age each one of the distinguished legislators had been "a love-sick swain," for each one was humming the special song that had charmed his heart in



Courtesy Swift & Co., Chicago

those bright days. Before they parted they made a final effort to sing one song all together. While the rendition might not have passed the judgment of the musical critics, for there were some undertones and overtones, to say nothing of discords, yet it was an inspiration to hear the United States Senators singing together the songs of John Howard Payne and Stephen C. Foster, two balladists who have won an enduring place not only in the United States, but the world over, because they have appealed to the heart of humanity.

* * *

REFRESHMENTS are to be served at the White House receptions hereafter. This will somewhat restrict the list of guests and will also reduce the hours for receiving to thirty minutes, but it really does seem as though it will give a different flavor to the White House receptions that will be refreshing

after the long seasons of stiff "walk-arounds," at which the guests stood in line, solemnly shook hands and as solemnly took up the line of march and then departed. A little coffee, a sandwich, a morsel of cake, will add to the sociability, so the ladies insist. When one sees the stately ambassador bowing to the ladies over a teacup, it somehow dispels the fearful, official aspect of a great diplomat, and recalls the story of Dr. Johnson, who, before all else, insisted on English that was absolutely faultless. A lady of fashion once said to him: "Won't you join me this afternoon in a cup of tea, doctor?"

"Madam," replied he, in stately fashion, "I would with great pleasure, but I fear that for a lady of your proportions, and a man of mine, the quarters would be too small."

The average number of guests at receptions at the White House in years past has been nearly two thousand, but now it will be essential to make the number somewhat less, for even the most accomplished hostess would hesitate at entertaining so many. Mrs. Taft has not a social secretary, but is assisted in her social labors by her old friend, Miss Mabel T. Boardman, who is prominently associated with the Red Cross work, and has long been an intimate friend of the President's family.

* * *

IT was James McNeill Whistler who remarked that America will never be thoroughly civilized until the tariff on works of art is abolished. Such remarks cause truly patriotic persons to look about them in search of home talent on whose works there can be no embargo in the way of tariff and duty. Among others whose work is attracting attention, Miss Mary Cassatt, of Philadelphia, has become one of the famous painters of the United States. She has expressed herself very clearly on the subject of the tariff on works of art, and tells how the Custom House by classifying bas-reliefs as "quarried marble" subjects them to a fifty per cent. duty. Miss Cassatt expresses herself as forcibly in words as in painting.

"If anything should be free, it is the visible expression of beautiful ideas. It is absurd to put a duty on pictures or statuary. It is impossible to set a value on them; nothing is so subject to a rise and fall in popularity as canvas. Works of art ought to be allowed to enter the country without dispute."

WASTE IN AMERICAN ROADS

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON

American Consul at Hanover, Germany

ONE of the most eminent bankers and students of economics in America remarked to the writer, during the depressed period of 1893 and 1894, that the cause of hard times in our country could be logically attributed to but one thing and that was the wastefulness of the American people.

"If the American people would exercise the personal economies of the French and Germans, with our natural resources, want and hard times, so called, would never occur."

I feel this a proper preface, although seemingly far-fetched, to the following observations and suggestions which I wish to make in regard to the public roads and highways of America and Germany.

There is enough land, arable and capable of producing crops, in a half dozen of the northern middle states, set aside by law for road purposes and actually wasted, to amount in value (if returned to the farmer), to over one hundred million dollars; this on the present basis of land values which is calculated according to the annual profits in crops of the land per acre. Wasted does not really express the condition. It is more than wasted, for, above all, the generous width of roadways in America is, in my judgment, one of the prime causes of the intolerable, indifferent and primitive condition of those highways.

I do not know that Germany is more noted for the excellence of its roads than any other of several European countries, but it would not be an extravagant statement to say that I have never seen in Illinois, Iowa or any other Western state, a country road as good as the poorest to be found here. And while this is due principally to the scientific building and maintenance of public roads in Europe, it is perhaps likewise attributable in equal degree to the restriction of their highways to a reasonable and workable width.

Here in Germany are roads over which perhaps a hundred times more traffic passes than over similar roads in America, and which have been used for a thousand or fifteen hundred years by vast armies from

the days of the Roman Empire and the Germanic tribes and nations down to the present, where troops are manoeuvred over them rapidly and in large numbers. These roads range from twenty to thirty feet in width, while out in Iowa or Minnesota or Ohio, where the traffic is comparatively very light, we take land of an average value of one hundred dollars per acre and cut it up with roadways sixty-six feet in width, practically two-thirds of the same being given over to weeds, which furnish an inexhaustible supply of seeds for the adjoining farm-lands forever.

The farmer in Germany, who has conquered the weeds on his ground need have no thought of their being started again from uncultivated or uncared-for land along the roadways. There are no weeds, no mud or chuck-holes, no sand stretches in the roads here. Looking into the valleys from one of the thousands of lookout towers which have been placed on the summit of nearly every high elevation of land or mountain in Germany, the roads lie before one's view like bright white ribbons running past squares of green or brown fields, along the verges of cultivated woods, and binding Dorf to Dorf—village to village—in an unending garland of inspiring beauty and practical utility, in solution of the first and most important problem of human economy and evolution—that of transportation.

It is not an infrequent sight, when traveling by railroad, through the more level stretches of country in Germany, France or Holland to see an automobile flying over some main highway running parallel with the railroad, keeping easy pace with your train for miles, it being necessary generally only to slacken speed when passing the larger villages or cities and never on account of poor roads.

The good roads question for America seems almost hopeless when considered with such pictures before the eye. But I believe that one of the simplest and most practical measures that could be taken for the betterment of our roads would be to reduce their width

to from one-third to one-half of what they now are. Work could then be concentrated on the roadways and drains, the waste land returned to the farmers or abutting property owners and by these perfectly natural economies make both the building and maintenance of the roads a much simpler and less expensive proposition.

No road can be called really good if it is bordered with weeds or mud, and to care for and keep up a road from sixty to seventy feet in width, not to mention the loss of land, means, in the long run, nearly double the expense of a thirty or thirty-five foot road. Here is offered a possible twofold economy and such an economy as has been exercised in Europe from the earliest times up to the present.

The Prussian law specifically states that unnecessary width of roads shall be avoided on account of the cost of land, and the greater expense of construction and maintenance. The standard width of public roads in Prussia, divided into driveway, foot and bicycle sections is as follows: (Meter, 39.37 inches).

	DRIVEWAY	FOOT	BICYCLE
First Class	8.5 meters	3.5 meters	2.5 meters
Second Class	8 "	3.5 "	2.5 "
Third Class	7.5 "	3.5 "	2 "
Fourth Class	6 "	2 "	2 "

The above figures are minimum divisions.

The driveways of the public roads (chaussees) of the first, second and third classes are built of stone; the driveway of the fourth class chaussee may be of dirt.

It will be seen from the foregoing table

that the average width of the chaussee or highway of the first class in Prussia is approximately thirty feet, and this width has been found to be ample for all purposes for the past thousand years or more.

In the United States, public highways in the states given below may be conservatively estimated as follows: (Data for Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan furnished by state authorities.)

Minnesota	80,000 Miles
Wisconsin	60,000 "
Michigan	60,000 "
Iowa	70,000 "
Kansas	70,000 "
Nebraska	50,000 "
Missouri	80,000 "
Illinois	80,000 "
Indiana	70,000 "
Ohio	80,000 "
Total	700,000 "

Reducing the width of these public highways, which now average sixty-six feet by thirty feet—leaving them still eight feet wider than the highways of Prussia—would give back to the farmers of those states for cultivation two and one-half million acres of generally tillable land, which, at an average valuation of one hundred dollars per acre, would mean the restoration to the producing values of the states named of two hundred and fifty million dollars. This sum has an annual interest value of twelve and one-half million dollars, an amount which with great advantage might be recovered and if applied to the proper scientific construction of roads in the United States would in a few years give us the most extensive and finest country road system that the world has ever known.

LET US SMILE

FROM THE BOOK "HEART THROBS"

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile,
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow-men
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again,
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.



The Scene Shifters

by Florence Miriam Chapin



THE physician pushed open the door of the waiting room and looked in curiously.

"What in the world—why, Miss Sumner?"

The girl at the desk looked up in confusion. "Oh! it's you, Dr. Byrd, come in."

"Have you any idea what time it is?"

"One o'clock. The cathedral bell just struck," she answered, averting her eyes and playing with the paper before her, as she waited his reprimand.

"What time do you go on duty?"

"Seven."

"Expect to be fit?"

"I never have been late."

"Then this isn't a first offense?"

She shook her head. "Oh, no!"

"I never found you here before."

"I never have been here. There wasn't any ink upstairs, so I came down for some, and—well, it was quiet here, and I thought I was safe, so I stayed."

"Ink!" He came nearer and saw the scattered manuscript on the desk. "So that's it—clerical work?"

"No." The girl collected the sheets and dried her pen. "No, it is a story."

The physician looked at her quietly without speaking, then leaned over and touched the manuscript. "May I read it?" he asked unexpectedly.

"Yes, if you like." Her fingers yielded the copy to him, and she rose listlessly and crossed to the window. The man noticed the weariness in her attitude before his eyes dropped to the manuscript.

It was long before he ceased reading, but the nurse kept her stand by the window. The wind moved the folds of her gown now and then, and lifted the dark hair from her forehead, blowing it back in little soft waves

against the crisp muslin cap, but the slender figure stood motionless. The pungent odor of damp earth and geranium leaf came up to her out of the darkness. In the daytime she hated those scarlet geraniums for the discordant flame of color they flaunted against the dull brick of the hospital building, but they were indistinct and sombre now, and she accepted their odor gratefully.

She seemed to know instinctively when he finished reading, and turned to find his eyes upon her.

"Why are you here?"

"Learning to be a nurse," she answered, wondering at his tone.

"What for?" he persisted.

"It is too late to go through the whole catechism, Dr. Byrd," she reminded him.

"There isn't really a place for you here."

She looked startled. "But I thought—you mean I am not giving satisfaction?"

"There are so many who can do just as well."

She nodded. "Oh! I know I can only be just ordinary; never the skilled nurse who rivals her physician, but—" His look baffled her, and she waited.

"Look here!" he cried, springing up. "Don't you know what you're doing? Why, this stuff, here," shaking the manuscript, "is gold—pure gold. You have no right to be wasting your time in a field already overcrowded, when you've a whole world of your own waiting for you."

Her surprise held her silent. "Why, Dr. Byrd—"

"You're wornout, too. Where's your enthusiasm? Most folks would be light-headed if they could turn out a night's work like that."

"I really believe you are in earnest," she finally said.

"Why, girl, you know it is true. What possesses you to stay here?"

She shrugged her shoulders deprecatingly. "One must live."

"But stuff like this pays!"

"I have failed to make it."

"Then you've tried?"

"Oh, yes! I gave up because the postage was ruining me." She laughed. "I couldn't afford the luxury of being an author."

"Well, I know someone I'd like to have see this, anyway. If I write a note to him, will you deliver it in person and show him the story?"

"Today?"

"Yes. I will get you a substitute, and you take a day off to enjoy your discarded luxury."

"Turning missionary, Dr. Byrd?"

The physician smiled into her upturned face. "No, only trying to play the scene shifter for a little. You are so obviously the square peg in a round hole."

"But there aren't holes enough for all the square pegs!"

"There are for some of them, though. I'm not trying to right the world—only a very small part of it,—not more than five and a quarter feet," he added, surveying her slight figure.

"Five feet, five inches and a quarter, sir!" she exclaimed, dropping him a mocking courtesy. Her weariness had fallen from her like a cloak, and her winsome face showed flushed and vivacious in the light.

"The correction was timely," Byrd ruefully admitted. "It makes my task more formidable by two inches and a quarter, but I guess I'll chance it. I was always good in fractions."

She laughed. "The zeal of the true reformer burns within you, that is clear, and I feel honored to be the first victim. But if we keep such unearthly hours, the whole hospital will see the need of striving for our reformation," she reminded him, moving toward the door.

"Your pardon. The hour and the place had quite escaped my thoughts. Go get your forty winks and come down about eleven. I'll have the note ready for you, then. Perhaps I'd better keep the manuscript. You are such a doubting Thomas, you might make way with it before my plans had a chance to mature."

The nurse laughed, but made no offer to

take the story from him. "By the way," she challenged from the threshold. "You questioned my ability to burn the candle at both ends and still show up on duty. What about the disobedience of the superior?"

"If you had struggled for five hours on 'Dietaries,' wouldn't you want a little respite before turning in?"

Beulah made a wry face. "Sounds like it," she agreed and disappeared.

When she presented herself an hour before noon in Byrd's office, faultlessly attired for the street, the physician looked at her approvingly.

"The uniform is not unbecoming, but I like you vastly better thus," he declared frankly.

"There is a personal trend to that remark that is slightly annoying," she objected deliberately.

"Fussiness is the direct result of late hours," the doctor pronounced significantly.

She laughed gayly. "The evidence is against us both—I'll not appeal. Where is the note?"

He handed her the manuscript typewritten. She looked at it in dismay. "Why, Dr. Byrd!"

"Oh, that! Things were quiet round here this morning. I found someone to do it without a murmur."

"You did it yourself," she accused quickly.

"Wrong! Love of truth compels me to deny the charge. Here is the letter, and good luck go with it. Make the most of your holiday—it is just the day for it. Jove!" he added, turning to the window, "I wish I could go with you."

"Do you get tired of it, too?" she asked incredulously. "I never supposed you doctors—"

"One gets tired of everything at times," he answered. "You will find that even the glory of a second George Eliot palls now and then."

As she went through the corridor, the sickish sweetness of ether fumes assailed her, but she quickened her steps and was soon beyond the hospital gate.

It was a brilliant day. May, at her highest perfection, was giving place to June, and there was a vernal freshness everywhere. Beulah took keen delight in it all. The novelty of being out in the open, carefree and unchallenged, in what was always the busiest

time of the day at the hospital, keyed her enjoyment to a high pitch. The soft wind, heavy with the scent of blossoming shrubs, fanned a faint rose-pink into her cheeks, and her clear eyes, reflecting an inward light, shone from beneath their heavy lashes with an unusual brilliance. She seemed the very embodiment of youth and the spring time; she was a child, but with a woman's fuller appreciation.

Once a small boy, likely some hapless truant, recognizing a comrade spirit, offered her a spray of lilac. She tucked the white flower into her belt, and with a sunny smile, passed on, but more slowly, lengthening her walk with the same instinct that causes a child to lag over the last few rods to the schoolhouse.

On the Common she stopped, a most undignified nurse, to watch the antics of the small urchins gathered around the Frog Pond, and it was not until her neglected manuscript slipped from under her arm that she recalled her errand.

With a backward glance she hurried on and reached the publishing house quite out of breath. There was the usual wait, then she was shown to the editor's room. By this time her enthusiasm was febrile, though she stemmed it bravely while the note was being read.

"Well, he seems to think you have something pretty good here," vouchsafed the editor, looking up at last. "And Byrd's opinion is generally worth something. Is that the story?"

Beulah nodded, handing him the packet. "Shall I wait?"

"Oh, yes," agreed the editor. "I want to see what kind of a critic the doctor makes. I haven't seen him for an age," he went on, unfolding the manuscript. "What a lively lad he used to be! Led off in all the college pranks; best company I ever knew. His wife's death sobered him a good deal, though."

"His wife!" The exclamation was involuntary, and Beulah bit her lip in vexation at herself.

"Yes, before he left college—five—six years ago. She died before the honeymoon was over."

The editor's eyes fell to the story, and there was silence in the little room.

The girl, oblivious of her surroundings, sat

plunged in thought. She forgot how pregnant the hour was for her; how much of her future depended on the effect of her work upon the man. The personal was swept aside, and she was viewing Byrd in the new light this sudden revelation threw upon him.

"Any more like this?" The editor's voice penetrated her reverie.

"Oh, yes. The supply far exceeds the demand."

"Well, send them in. I can't make any promises, but I'll look them through." He handed her a slip. "This manuscript I'll keep, if that figure is satisfactory," he concluded.

Beulah regarded the check incredulously. "You really accept it!" she exclaimed joyously; then suddenly, "So the doctor as a critic is—"

"O. K., like everything else about him," responded the editor warmly. "I congratulate him—and you. Don't forget the other stories."

"No, indeed!" Could Byrd have seen her then, he would not have thought her lacking in enthusiasm.

It was evening before she saw the physician. "I have to thank you for the happiest day in my remembrance," she told him generously. "It was perfect, and seel!" waving her check triumphantly. "You proved a prophet." Then she added mischievously, "in two ways."

"That is a very poor pun. I hope that your success doesn't mean your decline," he laughed, shaking his head.

"I wish I could find some way to thank you for all you have done."

"Remember me in your orisons tonight, child. I have need of them."

She looked up quickly. He was smiling at her, but with the sad, whimsical smile that had come to be associated so much with him, and what one girl of his acquaintance called his benediction.

"That only makes me all the more your debtor," she said impulsively, holding out her hand. "Good-night, Dr. Byrd."

Beulah worked both late and early for several weeks after that, but she was careful not to trespass downstairs again, so her indiscretion passed unheeded.

Byrd found time now and then to look over the girl's work, and growing more and more convinced of her ability, kept urging

her to devote her whole time to it. Meeting her on the stairs once, carrying a tray of medicine, he looked sharply at her and exclaimed: "Why, Nurse Beulah—still in the round hole!"

She nodded. "The truth is, I'm a little afraid of the square one—it is so new and uncertain."

"I didn't see anything very uncertain about that last bit of paper you showed me the other day," he argued.

"No, but there is the little matter of board and lodging that never seems to enter a worthy editor's head. The hospital, you see, is more considerate, and never forgets that trifling matter."

"Faint heart!" he declared, passing on.

"Oh, you'll have your way before long, I suppose," the nurse called down to him. "You seem determined to eject me from this place."

In another month Beulah left the hospital. "You see, I am really going," she told the astonished physician, "to try my wings,—or my pen, to be more exact. Wish me luck?"

"The very best and highest that a woman's life can hold," he answered gravely. "May the promise of your name prove true in all things, little Beulah."

"Fulfillment!" she whispered softly, and her eyes suddenly welled with tears. "Why, no one ever gave me such a beautiful wish as that before."

The new existence was a kind of dream life to Beulah, though the girl really lived more keenly than ever. She made her home in a quiet suburb with a former patient, two delightful old people with hearts still young. Then there was a beautiful shaded garden, where she sometimes worked all day with her books, and her chamber windows faced the sunset, so the girl was happy, and the weeks fled swiftly.

She was missed at the hospital, and some of the nurses vainly tried to lure her from her quiet retreat, arguing that she need not desert them so completely. But she was wise in staying away. Byrd had begun to loom too largely on her horizon. Her gratitude to him and her appreciation of his unusual ability, coupled with the knowledge of his boundless charity, seemed to set him apart from other men whom she knew, and the brief story of his early tragedy, which she

knew now from first hand, placed him even more alone. He stood to her as an heroic example of achievement. She marvelled at the courage that had dared so much against such overwhelming odds, and bowed before the strength that had lifted him, from the very ashes of his grief, a man known among men.

But she found these things too often in her thoughts, and taking her lesson from his life, plunged deeper into her work, and St. Vincent's saw her no more.

One afternoon in midsummer, Beulah from her shady nook, hearing steps upon the gravel walk, looked up to see Byrd bearing down upon her. She rose with eager, outstretched hands. "You!"

"Even I—the mountain came to Mahomet. But what transformed Beulah have we here?"

She frowned down his approval. "'Tis, perhaps, the uniform you miss," she said in her old light way.

"So you have hidden yourself off here, with never a thought for old friends," he went on reproachfully. "Do you know what a lonely old place St. Vincent's is these days?"

She swung lightly in the hammock. "It is nice to be missed," she said thoughtfully, "and it was you who sent me away from there—do you remember?"

"But I didn't tell you to shake its dust from your feet forever!"

"There never was any dust in St. Vincent's," she objected.

"Oh, child, are you never serious?"

"Only when it suits my mood, and that is seldom."

"I'm getting tremendously proud of your work, Nurse Beulah," he told her later.

"Honestly?"

"And I term you my most interesting case. I never made a better diagnosis."

"But wasn't it a case of luck? I'm not exactly in your line, you know," she teased.

He parried easily. "You forget that fractions are."

"Would it be too flippant to suggest that fractures come nearer the mark?"

"So you would deprive me of the honor of discovering a celebrity. I thought you more generous than that."

Byrd came out quite often during the summer, and toward the last of the hot weather, she began to notice his fatigue and to remonstrate with him.

"You look more fit for a cot in one of your own wards tonight, than you do for this jaunt out here."

"Whew! I am tired," he agreed, sitting down on the steps and throwing aside his hat. "It looks pretty comfortable down in your arbor. Can't we go?"

"No. It looks nicer than it really is. They have only just taken the sprinkler away. But you can have this hammock, and I'll promise you all the attention due a private convalescent."

"Jove! I'm not used to any such treatment as this!" he exclaimed, leaning back against the balsam cushions. "You'll have me spoiled, and I'll not want to go back."

"You don't have to go right now. Remember the old saw about bridge-crossing?"

"The rebuke is accepted with a contrite spirit," came meekly from the hammock.

"You certainly do look comfortable," she acceded from the steps where she sat, her head braced easily against the post. "Now, then!"

"Oh, don't expect me to be responsive tonight. I'm in a beastly humor."

"Well, way out here to tell me that? I thought only women frazzled."

"Perhaps they are more frank about admitting it. Why, the day was unbearable, that's all. You know the kind," he continued, seeing that she waited. "There were more annoyances than usual. The little fiddling things that set one's teeth on edge. I feel like an automaton with worn-out strings."

"What really happened? What touched the mainspring?"

"A heavy operation this morning is responsible, I guess. One of the attendants lost his head, and was more worry than the patient; then the bandages were bungled. Oh, things just went from bad to worse. The whole building seemed as noisy as a foundry. Maynard told me yesterday he thought that I'd better room outside for a while. He seemed to see things were bothering me,—so I must be getting grumpy."

So others were beginning to sound the alarm! "Isn't that good advice?" she suggested slowly.

"Oh, it may come to that sooner or later—not now. I am needed there."

"Better let up for a while," she cautioned.

"Tut! don't begin to prescribe. Why,

I've only one symptom—grouchiness, and that is constitutional."

They were silent for some little time after that, before he said thoughtfully: "This retreat of yours is perfect, Beulah."

"I know," she answered softly, "and I'm your debtor for it all."

"Mine?"

"Yes. I borrowed all my courage from you."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"But it is true," she persisted earnestly. "If it hadn't been for you, this would be impossible, and I should still be wearing that stiff blue uniform."

He smiled whimsically. "Well, if there ever was any debt between us, it was cancelled long since."

"How?"

Impetuous and eager, the girl leaned forward, and the gleam from the hall fell full upon her, lighting the soft, creamy folds of her gown, the slender throat and her fair, delicate face.

Suddenly Byrd left the hammock and bent over her. "Because I love you, Beulah," he answered tensely.

She came to her feet with a startled cry, and the physician drew back.

"Forgive me, dear, I never meant to speak, but a kind of madness seized me. I ask your pardon, girl. No one has the right to offer women like you a life that has its memory. Forget what I have said, if you can."

White and still she stood there before him, like a wraith in the mellow rays of the light. She had no words with which to answer his appeal; she scarcely seemed to heed his presence, though she knew when he left her, and soon after crept softly up to her room. But not to sleep. She knelt by her western window until the stars paled, while the old life in St. Vincent's passed in review before her. First came the early awakening of her interest in Byrd's splendid career; his kindness to her and the friendship that had grown out of it; her compassion for the story of his stricken bride; then the realization of her own too intense interest in the man; and, now, tonight, those swift words of declaration.

That he should care! The girl's dreams had never carried her that far, and the sudden truth was bewildering. She had been happy in the dawn; the sunrise blinded her.

She felt no pain or resentment against that earlier love; its very ephemeral beauty seemed to place it beyond such thoughts, and there was, she knew, a feeling of thankfulness that he remembered; that there was a part of him that always would remember. And yet, it had been such a fleeting dream, and six years had passed. Was he not free now?

He did not come again that night, and Beulah swamped herself with work that she might have less time to think. Then came the news of his breakdown. The girl longed to be back at her old duties, then, though she knew that her part would have been small. Only the deft hands of the skilled workers might tend him.

It was late in the fall before she ventured to the sickroom, and the patient was well on toward recovery.

She walked slowly through the hospital grounds. So much that influenced her life had had its beginning here; so much had happened in the few short months since she left. The geraniums, dry and brown, no longer offended the eye, and she smiled whimsically at them, remembering the night when their odor had stolen up to her, as she stood by the office window waiting for Byrd.

She found him sitting up, but she was appalled at the change in him.

"They tell me you are going away, cruising in some outlandish place," she said, taking his hands.

"The others know more about it than I do, but I believe there is some such plan. It is good to see you again."

"Well, what indifference! Don't you want to go?" She laid down a mass of yellow chrysanthemums and faced him.

"Oh, anything is welcome that will put me in trim to get back to work again. What glorious flowers!"

She nodded. "I brought them to you from the arbor. You would scarcely know the place now, autumn has transformed it so—though it is still beautiful."

"You look like a flower yourself, girl," he said almost roughly, watching her wistfully, as she stood there before him, graceful and slender, her fingers moving restlessly among the heavy foliage of the chrysanthemums. Then, with an attempt at lightness: "Don't think you mock me with your strength, Nurse Beulah. The first seabreeze will send me home a Samson."

"Nay, you must not think of that. Take a year to be happy in, and get well."

"No. My happiness comes from my work, here," he answered, shaking his head. "You mustn't ask me to give up everything."

"And is there nothing else—you want?"

The question was low and faltering, as she bent a little toward him.

The physician turned his head away.

"No, Beulah."

"Truly?"

"Yes," he lied softly.

Then the girl's face flushed, and her starry eyes, brilliant and half tearful, looked down at him growing more wilful and compelling. "Turn and turn about is only fair play," she said, kneeling beside him and forcing him to look at her. "I am going to play the scene shifter, now. You are so obviously the square peg in a round hole, John!" Her laughter rang out, broken and catchy. "And in my square—the one you found for me—there is room enough for two—of a kind. Will you come, dear?"



HISTORIAN OF THE CHERRY TREE

PARSON WEEMS AND HIS LIFE OF WASHINGTON

By WALTER B NORRIS

Photographs by Carroll S. Alden

IF there were in the country such an organization as an S. P. P. C. T.—a Society for the Protection and Preservation of Cherished Traditions—it would certainly have upon its roll of “Preservers of Traditions”—a fitting title of honor in such a society—the name of Mason Locke Weems, familiarly called Parson Weems. To him we are indebted for the anecdote of Washington and the cherry tree, Washington and the seeds which sprouted to form his name, the moralizing apple tree of Washington’s childhood, and for many others. To him, also, as almost the earliest biographer of Marion, we owe most of the popular stories of that “Swamp Fox of Carolina” during the Revolution.

Weems’s biographical writings were the most popular books of a century ago. His “Life of Washington, with Curious Anecdotes,” has passed through more than seventy authorized, and many pirated editions, and is still printed. Lincoln, who borrowed the book when he was a mere lad, testified to one of Weems’s sons during the Civil War that when a boy it had been his favorite book. Yet the well-known story says that Lincoln left the book in a chink in the wall, and found it in the morning spoiled by the rain—in consequence of which he had to work for three days for its crusty owner. Combined with Washington’s

farewell address, which was usually included with it in one volume, it practically created the ordinary American’s conception of Washington’s character.

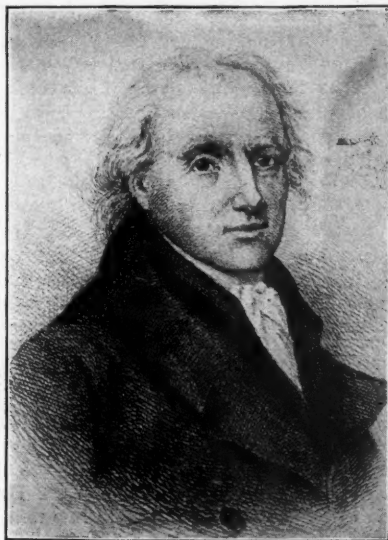
Later writers, however, never searched to find out who the author was or what were his opportunities to secure information about Washington that others might not uncover. They accepted as true a few not very well authenticated, and rather inconsistent stories of his peculiarities, and then

dismissed the matter, dubbing his work “a farrago of absurdities,” “a lying little book,” “an amusing piece of fiction,” “full of ridiculous exaggeration.”

Yet the author was one of the most interesting public characters of his time. In the spacious mansion of the Southern planter or in the cabin of the “poor white” one might meet him plying his trade as a book agent. On the Sabbath one might find him preaching to rich or poor, or, as one traveler did, preaching “an eloquent extempore sermon” before the legislature of a Southern

state. One might meet him in his book store in Dumfries, Virginia, writing biographies or moral pamphlets, or in Philadelphia, consulting his employer and publisher, Mathew Carey.

Better still, if one was fortunate enough to visit him at his wife’s old home at Belle



REV. MASON L. WEEMS
(From a print in the possession of D. McN. Stauffer,
M. Inst. C. E.)

Air, not far from Mount Vernon, one might hear him, in his moments of relaxation, even play a few Scottish airs on his violin, for his descendants deny that he took his violin with him on his journeys or ever played for a wandering showman. Kindly, cheerful, with a wit that made him the life of every company he entered, he was altogether a delightful companion. Yet he was a man of convictions; had, as a young man, freed the slaves bequeathed him by his father, wrote one of the first books on temperance, and spoke boldly against the popular vices of the day.

Although a voluminous writer and preacher, Weems seems never to have said much of his own life, and the history of it has never been correctly stated. His birthplace is usually stated as Dumfries, Virginia, but was in reality Herring Creek, on the western shore of Chesapeake Bay. Here on October 1, 1759, at the family homestead of Marshes Seat, of which only a crude picture exists, Weems was born. His father is said to have been a son of the Earl of Weemyss, a Scottish nobleman who fell at Preston in 1715, fighting for the Pretender, and Weems himself studied medicine at Edinburgh and then divinity at London, returning to England after the Revolution to be ordained a clergyman. After nearly two years, in which he had an interesting correspondence with John Adams and Benjamin Franklin about the matter, he was ordained by the Bishop of London without being obliged to take the oath of allegiance to the king—one of the first Americans so favored.

After returning to Maryland in 1785, Weems served as rector of two churches near Annapolis, All Hallows from 1785 to 1789, and St. Margaret's from 1791 to 1794, part of the time acting as one of the supervisors of the clergy in that section. Already he had tried his fortune as an editor and seller of books, and after this period made it his life work, although he preached often and at one time may have had a regular pastorate. At his death in 1825 it was said that he had been instrumental in circulating nearly a million copies of the Scriptures and other valuable books.

Weems seems early to have come in contact with Washington. The latter's diary for March 3, 1787, has the following:

"The Revd. Mr. Weems, and ye Doctor

Craik, who came here yesterday in the afternoon, left this about noon for Port Tob. (Port Tobacco)."

About 1790, also, the vestry of Christ Church, Alexandria, of which Washington was a vestryman, voted to authorize the rector, Rev. Bryan Fairfax, to employ as an assistant the Rev. Mason L. Weems, or any other man he chose. Although he failed to secure this position, he was later successful in what may have been his real quest in that section. On July 2, 1795, at Belle Air, near Dumfries, and less than twenty miles from Mount Vernon, Weems was married to Fanny Ewell, the eldest daughter of Colonel Jesse Ewell.

The Ewells were a family of importance in the section. They were closely related to the Balls, the family of Washington's mother, and Colonel Ewell had been a classmate of Thomas Jefferson at the College of William and Mary, and remained an intimate friend through life. At Belle Air in 1760, Colonel Ewell's sister, Mariamne, had married Dr. Craik, Washington's family physician and lifelong friend. Dr. Craik had accompanied Washington on the Braddock expedition of 1754, on the trip to the Ohio in 1770, had later settled at Alexandria at Washington's urgent request, and served through the Revolution as one of the chief surgeons. After the war he continued to be Washington's physician, was with him in his last sickness, and survived till 1814. He is generally credited with having been Washington's most intimate friend and confidant.

Dumfries, when I visited it last summer, lay still and peaceful in the warm June sunshine, and no bustle of commercial life stirred its quiet air. But at the time of the Revolution it was the most important port of entry on the Potomac, and the tobacco ships sailed up to its wharves where now are four miles of marsh and sedge. The Ewells were wealthy tobacco merchants but sought refuge from the low situation of Dumfries in their country-house, Belle Air, five miles to the north. Here or in the vicinity Weems made his home the rest of his life, although he spent most of his time traveling as a book agent.

During the last year of Washington's life Weems had considerable intercourse with him. On March 31 of that year (1790)

Washington wrote him about a land transaction in western Virginia—perhaps Weems thought of moving there. On July 3, 1799, Washington acknowledged the receipt from Weems of a copy of the *Immortal Mentor*, a book edited by Weems, and a sort of guide to health, wealth and salvation. Washington's letter was such a strong testimonial in favor of the book that Weems ever afterwards printed it on the back of the title page.

In August a vilye-printed little pamphlet

"For your politeness in sending the latter I pray you to receive my best thanks. Much indeed is it to be wished that the Sentiments contained in your pamphlet, and the doctrine it endeavors to inculcate, were more prevalent. Happy would it be for This Country at least, if they were so.

"With respect I am Rev. Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"GEO. WASHINGTON.

"The Rev. Mr. Weems."



BELLE AIR, VIRGINIA, THE HOME OF REV. MASON L. WEEMS

was produced by Weems with the following title:

"The Philanthropist; or A Good Twenty-five cents worth of Political Love Powder, for Honest Adamsites and Jeffersonians, With the following recommendation by George Washington:

"Mount Vernon, 29th Aug. 1799.

"Reverend Sir,

"I have been duly favored with your letter of the 20th instant accompanying the *Philanthropist*.

Washington added: "But while the passions of mankind are under so little restraint as they are among us—and while there are so many motives and views to bring them into action, we may wish for, but will never see the accomplishment of it," but Weems left out this bitter sentiment and pleaded for toleration in politics and a recognition of what true equality means, even defending John Adams, then as unpopular a President as we have ever had.

Living thus in the vicinity of Washington's home, in a family related to him, and with

his recent attempts at writing so favorably thought of by him, it is not strange that Weems, immediately after Washington's death, produced something about him. On February 22, 1800, he dedicated his book to Mrs. Washington, thus:

"To Mrs. Martha Washington, The Illustrious Relict of General George Washington, Very Honored Madam,

"The Author hopes he shall escape the charge of presumption for dedicating this little book to you, as it treats of one, to whom you, of all on earth, were, and still are, the most tenderly related. One of my reasons for writing this sketch of your husband's life and virtues is derived from those virtues themselves, which are such true brilliants as to assure me, that even in my simple style, like diamonds on the earth, they will so play their part at sparkling, that many an honest youth shall long to place them in the casket of his own bosom.

"Should it contribute, in any wise, to diffuse the spirit of Washington . . . It will be matter of great joy to one, who can sincerely subscribe himself the lover of all, who fear God, honor the President (Adams or Jefferson), revere the laws, and are not given to change.

"May God's everlasting consolations attend the bosom friend of Washington, is the prayer of orphan'd America and the prayer of

"Honored Madam,

"Your Sincere, though Unknown Friend,

"M. L. WEEMS.

"February 22d, 1800."

The first edition was published at Georgetown, District of Columbia, probably in 1800, though no date is given, and was soon followed by others in Philadelphia and Elizabethtown, New Jersey. Weems probably sold most of these himself. The title page of a copy of the first edition in the Boston Athenaeum shows that Weems was already a shrewd book agent. It reads:

"A History of the Life and Death, Virtues and Exploits of General George Washington, Dedicated to Mrs. Washington, and containing a great many curious and valuable Anecdotes, tending to throw much light on the private as well as public life and character of that Very Extraordinary Man, the

whole happily calculated to furnish a Feast of true Washingtonian Entertainment and Improvement both to ourselves and our children.

(Six lines of poetry)

"Printed for the Rev. M. L. Weems, of Lodge No. 50, Dumfries, By Green & English, Georgetown. (Price 2s. 3d. only)."

All these editions are different from the book as we know it today with the anecdotes of Washington and the cherry tree, etc., for these did not appear till the fifth edition, published in 1806. Little is said about Washington's early life and all that is given on the authority of others. He says: "At a time when many young men have no higher ambition than a fine coat and a frolic, 'often have I seen him,' says the Reverend Mr. Lee Massey, 'riding about the country with his surveying instruments at his saddle.'"

The Rev. Lee Massey was one of Washington's rectors from 1767 to 1785, and resided in the vicinity of Mount Vernon till his death in 1814 in his eighty-sixth year. This would place his birth in 1729 and make him a close contemporary of Washington.

Just after the Life of Washington was published we get an interesting sidelight upon Weems from John Davis, an Englishman who visited America for four years and a half and lived for several months of 1801 in a Quaker family near Mount Vernon. His rather tart observations upon America and Americans are in contrast with his kindly treatment of Weems. He found that Weems was preaching at Pohick Church, near Mount Vernon, and accordingly went to hear him. He says:

"Hither I rode on Sunday and joined the congregation of Parson Weems, a minister of the Episcopal persuasion, who was cheerful in his mien that he might win men to religion. A Virginian churchyard on Sunday resembles rather a race course than a sepulchral ground. The ladies come to it in carriages and the men after dismounting make fast their horses to the trees. I was astounded on entering the yard to hear 'steed threaten steed with high and boastful neigh.' Nor was I less stunned by the rattling of carriage wheels and the cracking of whips and the vociferations of the gentry to the negroes who accompanied them. But the discourse of Mr. Weems calmed every per-

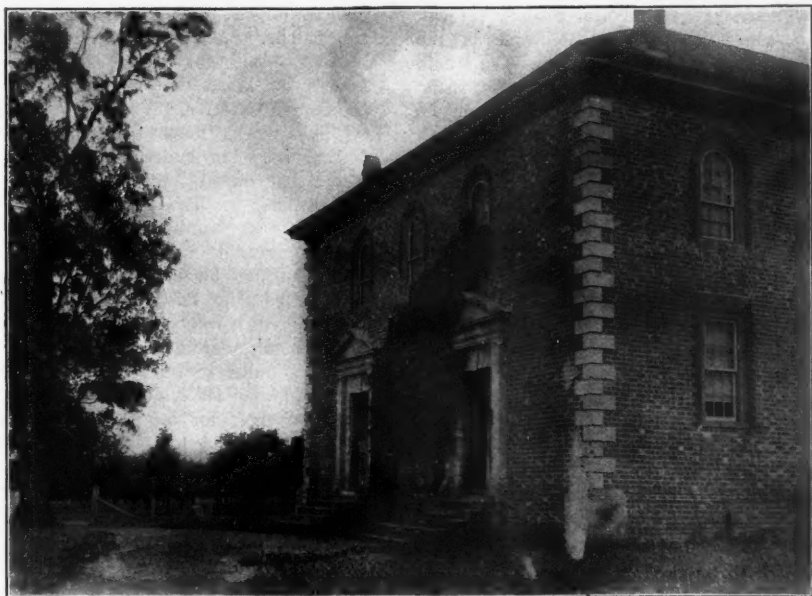
turbation, for he preached the great doctrine of salvation as one who had felt its power. It was easy to discover that he felt what he said; and indeed so uniform was his piety, that he might have applied to himself the words of the prophet: 'My mouth shall be telling of the righteousness and salvation of Christ all the day long: for I know no end thereof.'

"After church I made my salutations to Parson Weems, and having turned the discourse to divine worship, I asked him his

reason to believe that many of your congregation were under spiritual and scriptural conviction of their sins. Sir, you spoke home to sinners. You knocked at the door of their hearts.'

"I grant that," said Parson Weems. 'But I doubt (shaking his head) whether the hearts of many were not both barred and bolted against me.'"

Pohick Church enjoys the unique distinction of having been largely due to Washington himself. In 1773, when the vestry,



POHICK CHURCH, NEAR MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA

opinion of the piety of the blacks. 'Sir,' said he, 'no people in this country prize the Sabbath more seriously than do the trampled-down negroes. They are swift to hear; they seem to hear as for their lives. They are wakeful, serious, reverent, and attentive in God's house; and gladly embrace opportunities of hearing his word. Oh, it is sweet preaching, when people are desirous of hearing. Sweet feeding the flock of Christ, when they have so good an appetite.

"How, Sir, did you like my preaching?" 'Sir,' cried I, 'it was a sermon to pull down the proud, and humble the haughty. I have

of which Washington was a member, proposed building a new church, Washington by means of plans he drew himself convinced the other vestrymen that it should be placed on its present site as most central. Here he worshipped until the Revolution, though after that the church seems to have lost prestige, and he deserted it for Christ Church, Alexandria. No complete roll of its rectors exists, but the words of Davis suggest that Weems was its rector, or at least preached there often about the year 1801, the date of Davis's visit. In editions of the Life of Washington after 1808 Weems has

affixed to his name "Formerly Rector of Mount Vernon Parish," meaning Pohick. Though this has been charged to him as deliberate falsehood, it seems probable, and was at least justified by his actually preaching, probably frequently, in its pulpit.

It is thus clear that the opportunities open to Weems to secure firsthand information about Washington's life were much greater than has generally been supposed. Through his relatives the Ewells, and their relatives the Balls, through Dr. Craik, with whom he had the double bond of connection by marriage and medical studies, through his association with such people of the region as Rev. Lee Massey, many of whom had known Washington from early years, and also through other friends whom he met in his book-selling journeys through Virginia, he might easily come upon stories which had never been published.

This view is supported by the manner in which Weems introduces his famous story of the cherry tree.

"Some idea," says Weems, "of Mr. Washington's plan of education in this respect, may be collected from the following anecdote, related to me twenty years ago by an aged lady, who was a distant relative, and when a girl spent much of her time in the family." This "twenty years ago" agrees curiously enough with the visit Weems made to Virginia in 1787, which we found recorded in Washington's diary. Who the "aged lady" was it is interesting, but perhaps idle, to conjecture. She told Weems how Washington refused to share with his brothers and sisters an apple she had given him and how his father cured him of that by showing him how generous the apple tree was with its fruit. Then follows the cherry tree story itself:

"The following anecdote is a case in point. It is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted, for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I am indebted for the last.

"When George was about six years old, he was made the wealthy owner of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond; and was continually going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day in the garden, where he often

amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house, and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?'

"This was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself, and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, 'I can't tell a lie, Pa, I can't tell a lie, Pa, I did cut it with my hatchet.'

"Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father in transports, 'run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold.'"

The cherry tree story does not seem to exist in any other form or to have ever been attributed to any other character in history. The colonial regard for fruit trees is reflected in the laws of Virginia, which by various enactments in 1691, 1705, and 1748 provided a penalty of one hundred pounds of tobacco for allowing one's animals to bark fruit trees. In England at the same time the penalty for cutting a fruit tree was death. Wanton injury to a cherry tree, was, therefore, a serious matter, and an act of this sort by young George, with the further feature that when asked about it he spoke the truth, would be remembered by his relatives and neighbors.

For the story of the seeds which Washington's father planted so that they would

sprout to form his son's name and from which he drew the lesson of "a great first Cause," parallels exist. It has been said that Weems got the suggestion for it from a similar anecdote by James Beattie, author of "The Minstrel," in his "Life of his Eldest Son," a book Weems may have sold. But the incident was not original with Beattie, and it is as likely that it happened in moralizing America of the eighteenth century as anywhere. Weems's statement that Washington was often the arbiter of the disputes of his schoolmates is given as received from "a very aged gentleman, formerly a schoolmate of his (Washington)," and the feat of throwing a stone across the Rappahannock at the lower ferry of Fredericksburg, a place close by Washington's boyhood home, is placed on the word of Colonel Lewis Willis, his playmate and kinsman, "who has been heard to relate the incident." Such an array of authorities, all people of the part of the country where the book and its author were well known, would, if mere invention, have called forth resentment against a writer so well known and so highly connected as was Weems.

Weems spent the rest of his life traveling through the states from Pennsylvania to Georgia, preaching often, but chiefly selling books—the Bible, his own biographies of Washington, Marion, Penn and Franklin, and tracts and lively moral treatises for the common people, many of which he wrote himself in an endeavor to promote morality

and an abhorrence of the common vices. In 1812 he published one of the first temperance books in America—"The Drunkards' Looking-Glass: Reflecting a faithful image of the Drunkard, in sundry very interesting attitudes with lively representations of the many strange capers which he cuts at different stages of his disease." His "Hymen's Recruiting Sergeant: or the Maid's and Bachelor's Friend," in spite of its crude title contains much good advice even for the young people of today and presents a refined and sensible ideal of womanhood. Then there are his series of God's Revenges against gambling, adultery, duelling, murder, and even cruelty to husbands, all of which are full of horrible but interesting examples.

After more than thirty years of preaching, writing, and bookselling, Weems was taken sick at Beaufort, South Carolina, on one of his journeys, and died there on May 23, 1825—on his lips his favorite text, "God is Love." First buried in Beaufort, his body was later brought to Belle Air and interred in the family burying-ground of the Ewells. Here just behind the old Belle Air mansion he rests beside his wife, his grave unmarked and its location known to but few. Through the efforts of the present owner of the property, however, the spot has been carefully located and an attempt made to preserve not only the home and grave of Weems but some records of his life and real character, and to his co-operation much of the present article is due.

I AM YOUR WIFE

FROM THE BOOK "HEART THROBS"

Oh, let me lay my head tonight upon your breast,
And close my eyes against the light. I fain would rest;
I'm weary, and the world looks sad; this worldly strife
Turns me to you; and, oh, I'm glad to be your wife!
Though friends may fail or turn aside, yet I have you
And in your love I may abide, for you are true—
My only solace in each grief and in despair,
Your tenderness is my relief; it soothes each care.
If joys of life could alienate this poor weak heart
From yours, then may no pleasure great enough to part
Our sympathies fall to my lot. I'd e'er remain
Bereft of friends, though true or not, just to retain
Your true regard, your presence bright thro' care and strife;
And, oh! I thank my God tonight, I am your wife!

CLIPPING COUPONS BY THE MILLION

By MITCHELL MANNERING

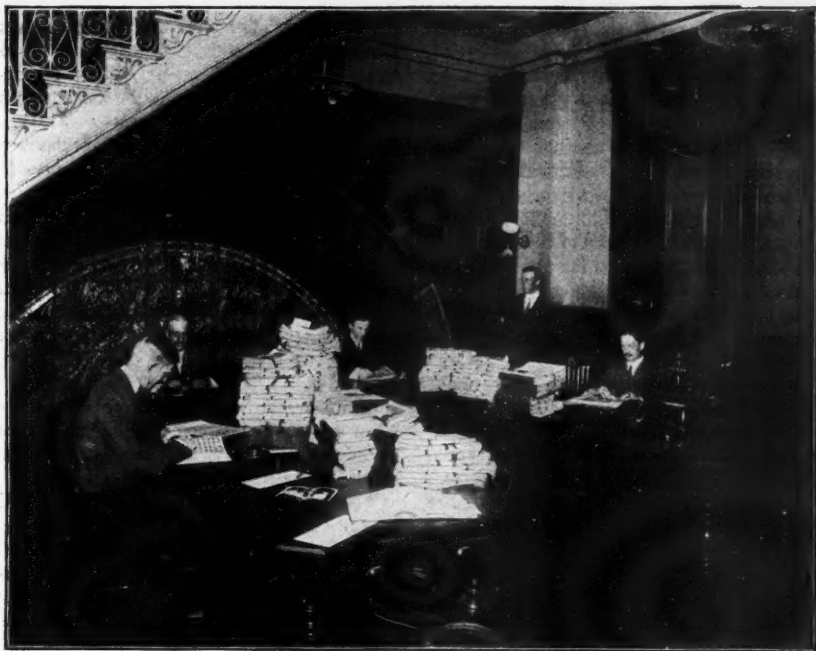
IN the minds of many people clipping coupons is regarded as the favorite occupation of the idle rich, but there are some conditions under which this pleasurable pursuit, as it doubtless is looked upon by those who have nothing else to do, becomes real work and hard work in the sense that it involves great care and responsibility. Cutting the coupons from several hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds, or even a few millions, is a delightful diversion, but when it comes to clipping them off by wholesale it is turned into a task. In most cases the tearing off of the small sections of paper, which represent three or six months' interest, is an incident, but with the great life insurance companies, which have hundreds of millions of their trust funds invested in high grade bonds of railroads, corporations and municipalities, it is an important part of their business.

The accompanying photograph illustrates the conditions under which vast wealth is stripped of its romance and the handling of it becomes a routine matter, though it is none the less carefully safeguarded. It shows the security room of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, with four clerks busily engaged in clipping the coupons from seven million dollars' worth of bonds that are piled up in front of them and which represent a big day's work. Generally speaking, the bonds are of the denomination of one thousand dollars and are bound together in packages of fifty for convenience in handling. Until a few years ago it was the rule to clip the coupons as they fell due, which necessitated handling all of the bonds twice or four times a year, as most of the interest is paid semi-annually, though some of it is paid quarterly. Under the present management, along with the other economies that have been introduced, all of the coupons for a year in advance are clipped at one time.

Soon after the end-of-the-year rush, incident to the preparation of all of the data

which goes into the annual statement, the clipping process begins. It is performed, not with scissors, which are too slow and laborious, but with thin plates of steel with sharp edges, against which the coupons are torn off. Four men, trained to the work, can dispose of from three and a half to six million dollars' worth of bonds in a day, depending on their condition and the thickness of the paper. The coupons, in packages of fifty, are then placed under a strong knife, operated by a screw, and cut into two or four parts, according to whether they fall due semi-annually or quarterly. After this, the bonds and the coupons are locked and sealed up in separate safes, and the bonds are not touched again until the next year. The date on which the interest is payable is printed on the coupons and as they fall due they are withdrawn and placed with a trust company for collection. It requires from three to four months to cut the coupons from all of the bonds in which the premiums paid by Equitable policyholders are invested, and they represent an annual income of about twelve million dollars. The chief dividend distribution dates are January 1 and July 1, but there are some coupons falling due every month.

Directly in front of the tables on which the coupons are clipped is the vault, which holds nearly five hundred million dollars' worth of interest-bearing securities. It stands directly over the main corridor of the Equitable building at 120 Broadway, New York, and tens of thousands of people walk under it every day without so much as a suspicion that one of the world's greatest treasure houses is just above their heads, and so close that a tall man could almost touch it with his cane. But to get into it is a different matter. The vault itself, which stands in a large room with an open space all around and above it, is about twenty-four feet square and nearly twelve feet high, and has walls fifteen inches thick. It is entered through double doors, each of



CLIPPING COUPONS WITH \$7,000,000 WORTH OF BONDS ON THE TABLE

which weighs over nine tons. The combinations on these doors are so arranged that it requires three men, one of whom must be an executive officer of the Society, to open them. No one man, not even the president, is allowed to enter the vault alone; there must always be three, and one of them must be an officer. No securities can be taken from the vault, even to be counted on one of the regular quarterly examinations or for the clipping of coupons, except on an order signed by one of the executive officers, and their removal and restoration must be witnessed by another officer. The bonds are kept in safes, with which the interior of the vault is lined, and these can be opened only by an officer.

These precautions are typical of the manner in which the interests of the policyholders are watched over by the present management of the Society. When Paul Morton became president, he announced that the policy would be "not to make the Equitable the biggest life insurance company in the world, but the safest and best," and he has proceeded along this line. The cost of

management has been greatly reduced, by economies and improved methods, and at the same time the Society's income from its investments, through the foresight and wisdom of its Finance Committee, have been largely increased. In five years the average rate of interest realized on all of the investments has been raised from 3.90 per cent to 4.45 per cent, which means an annual increase of more than two and a half million dollars in that part of the income account, and the dividends to policyholders, which represent the unused portions of their premiums and the interest earnings in excess of the three per cent which must be earned by and added to the policy reserves every year, have been doubled. Within the same period the average rate of interest on new mortgage loans, in which approximately one hundred million dollars of the Equitable's assets are invested, has increased from 4.55 per cent to 5.54 per cent. During the last year for which figures are available when this is written, there was an increase in business of nearly 25 per cent, yet the expense of management was nearly one hundred

thousand dollars less than in the previous year.

It is doubtful if there is another large financial institution in the world which could show such a record for economy and efficiency of management as that which has been established by the Equitable during the past five years. Furthermore, following the new plan of investing the Society's assets in those sections of the country which produce the premiums, so far as may wisely be done, loans within the state of New York have been reduced and large investments distributed through the South and West. To facilitate the placing of these loans appraisers were sent to all of the important cities of the West and South to study real estate values and familiarize themselves with the surroundings and general conditions. Consequently, when an application for a loan is received, these experts know the property and are able to at once place on it a conservative valuation.

In line with its policy of full publicity the Equitable publishes every year tables showing its premium receipts and disbursements in each state and its investments, divided in the same way. This new idea has won pronounced popular approval and has gone far toward silencing the old campaign cry of small companies, whose business is practically confined to the state in which they are incorporated, to "invest your money at home," for it shows that in most of the states, and particularly in those where values are steadily increasing, the Equitable's investments greatly exceed the cash reserves on policies in force within those states. This excess of investments above the total cash reserves, which are constantly increasing for the payment of all policies at maturity, is due to the fact that the Equitable has a surplus of more than eighty million dollars over the legal requirements. A part of this is paid out every year, under maturing policies, but the whole sum is kept at work for the benefit of all of the policyholders, to whom it belongs.

Every business day in the year the Equitable pays out more than fifty thousand dollars in death claims, matured endowments and annuities, and it is unique in the fact that more than ninety-eight per cent of its claims are paid on the same day that the

proofs of death are received; the few delays that occur are almost invariably due to some defect in the proofs. Since its organization fifty years ago, the Society has received in premiums the sum of \$1,089,789,415, and it has paid to its policyholders an aggregate of \$656,772,602. The present assets added to the payments since organization make a total of \$1,129,112,112. This means that the Society has returned to its policyholders or holds in trust for them \$39,332,697 more than it has received from them in premiums, in addition to which it has paid taxes on real estate and premium receipts, as levied by the different states, amounting to \$15,399,421. This strikingly emphasizes the earning power of money when it is wisely invested and the importance of interest, which is an essential principle in all life insurance calculations.

The result of these methods is illustrated by the fact that during 1909 the Equitable received applications for over one hundred and fifty million dollars of insurance, of which more than one hundred million was issued and paid for. The ambition of the present management runs to quality instead of quantity, and it would rather issue policies to many men for a few thousand dollars each than to insure a few men for hundreds of thousands of dollars. This, it is contended, is better for the Society and for the community at large.

Getting back to the matter of coupons it is interesting to note that the amount to be paid out by American corporations this year in interest on bonds and dividends on stock will be considerably in excess of a billion and a half dollars, or more than five million for every business day. Dividends will be paid by many corporations for the first time since the early part of 1907, before the panic, and others will increase their dividend rates. More than half of the total distribution will come from the railroads. These dividends, instead of going to a comparatively few very rich men, as was the case twenty years ago, will be distributed among more than two million investors. In these days of suffragette activity it is noteworthy that of the fifty-four thousand holders of the securities of the Pennsylvania Railroad more than twenty-four thousand are women.



A large number of contributions of uniform excellence are coming in to the Cosy Corner, and it has been suggested by several of the members that the awards should be changed to two prizes of five dollars each, and the remainder of the sum appropriated given in one dollar prizes. This plan will be adopted for the future, as we can then offer a larger number of selections to the circle around the fireside. Where's that story you were planning to send in? Think over the most thrilling experience of your life and relate it to the listeners in the Cosy Corner.

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY WILLIAM HODGE
"The Man From Home"

IT was my sixth or seventh week in the theatrical profession, and I guess I had been discharged at least three times a week for some blunder or other that I had made, either on the stage or off, every week of my engagement, but I had been taken back each time for a new trial. I was the property boy of the George A. Hill Repertoire Company. Mr. Hill played any town that didn't possess electric lights or sidewalks. He claimed his company became nervous when they got into a town that had a sidewalk in it. In Hackettstown, New Jersey, the week I speak of, we were displaying our talent in a small church which had been converted into a theatre by simply enlarging the pulpit to what they called a stage; a few stationary wings were placed on either side. The pews were unchanged. The large stove still stood in the rear and another in the front, near the left of the stage. The small organ kept its position at the right, and some of the keys were still in fairly good condition. There

were two dressing rooms—one on the right of the stage for the ladies, and one on the left for the gentlemen. I forget the name of the play for this particular night; it was from the pen of Mr. Hill. He wrote most of his company's plays, and I think he called this one the "Golden Cliff"—I am not sure—anyway, I played the part of a policeman and was made up in a red wig, red sluggers underneath my chin, and enough grease paint on my face to paint the entire audience. I wore a double-breasted coat with brass buttons, and a policeman's hat, and carried a prop policeman's club, which I think was made out of the leg of a black walnut chair. It was awfully hot! Gee! it was hot! I had been made up since shortly after supper—amateurs always make up early in the afternoon for fear they won't be ready. All I had to do in the "Golden Cliff" was go on in the third act, put my hands on the villain's shoulder and say, "You are my prisoner," then lead him off, right third, and I thought I did it beautifully this night, much better than I had done it any of the six or seven weeks I had been on the stage. Oh! but it was hot though, with all that wardrobe and the wig and all those whiskers. Mr.

Lewis played the villain, and he was a fine villain, too. The audience knew he was the villain before he spoke; they could tell by the way he scowled and pulled his eyebrows almost down on his cheek. He went into the ladies' room to visit his wife while Mr. Hill was down in the center of the stage doing his specialty. In these little companies everyone does a singing or dancing specialty somewhere in the play, but Mr. Hill was too old to sing or dance, so he always recited some of his own poetry. He was down center reciting one of his favorite poems, "McGinty's Bull Pup." I was standing behind one of the small wings simply melting, and trying to think of my props and duties in the next act and avoid any mistakes, for I was happy over the way I had played my part. I usually stumbled over a rug or my feet or something, just as I was about to say "You are my prisoner," but I didn't this night, and I was proud of myself; I forgot everything and quietly removed hat, wig and whiskers, pulled off my coat and threw it over my arm and started across the stage for the dressing room. As I reached the door, Mr. Irving jumped toward me and throwing up his hands, exclaimed: "What did you do that for?" I was puzzled and in holy horror said: "What have I done now?" "What have you done?" exclaimed Mr. Irving. "Why, what on earth did you come across the stage for?" "Why, because I wanted to get over here," I answered in utter wonderment. Mr. Irving heaved a deep sigh and walked up and down the dressing room, and finally looked at me—such a hopeless look. I trembled and said again: "Why, what have I done?" He said in a voice I shall never forget. "You came across the stage in your shirt sleeves and your wig and entire make-up in your arms, in sight of the audience, and Mr. Hill down there doing his pet poem. Didn't you hear the audience yell as you came across there? You are discharged for sure—nothing can save you now. You might as well pick out one of the old man's eyes as injure one of his recitations."

I looked back of me and saw what I had done. I saw myself going home on the next train. I sank on one of the trunks. I looked at Mr. Irving; he was my only friend. He had saved me so many times by a word to Mr. Hill, and while I was looking at him

he exclaimed with a sigh, "I'm afraid, my boy, you're hopeless." He paused again and looked at me and finally burst out laughing, and advised me to say nothing, and whatever Mr. Hill said to me not to answer him back. I took his advice. Mr. Hill came off, came into the dressing room. I didn't speak. Mr. Irving didn't, either. Mr. Hill went to his mirror, touched up his make-up with a little powder, grunted a little—he had a peculiar little grunt, which was caused by some throat trouble. He turned around in his chair—I was waiting for the outbreak, and I thought the reason he did not jump on me when he first came in was because he was so angry that he couldn't speak. He looked at Mr. Irving and gave another little grunt as he struck a match and lit his pipe.

"That 'McGinty's Pup' is a great poem, Harry Irving," he remarked in a voice rich in conceit the old gentleman was so well noted for among his friends. "It never fails to land an audience. Did you hear them yell at it? The rubes couldn't wait 'til I finished it. They laughed like Indians right in the middle of the first verse." And he pulled away at the old corn cob pipe with a conceited twinkle in his eye as Mr. Irving gave me the wink, and remarked in a flattering tone of voice, "Yes, George, it's a wonderful piece of poetry." He turned his back to Mr. Hill and pretended to arrange something in his trunk, and then peeped over his shoulder and winked at me again, and I realized that my life was saved. Mr. Hill hadn't seen me cross the stage.

* * *

KILLING A RATTLESNAKE

BY PEARL ROBERTSON

One afternoon in August, about the year 1875, my father sent my sister Louisa and me on an errand to a country store about two miles distant from our home in southwestern Missouri. I was, at the time, about ten years of age, my sister three or four years older. The road ran through the woods, over rocky hills and through hollows.

We set out on foot soon after dinner. The day was warm, but there was a good breeze stirring, and we walked the two miles over the hills with ease. Arriving at the store our business was soon transacted and in a short time we started back.

After going some distance we sat down on

a big, flat rock by the roadside and removed our shoes and stockings, tied them together and swung them across our arms. We had gone but a few steps farther when my sister suddenly sprang back with a startled scream. At the same instant, I gave a frightened leap forward, leaping fairly over and alighting about three feet beyond the object in our path. A monster rattlesnake lay stretched full length across the road.

For a fraction of a minute neither of us spoke, but stood watching him. The snake did not move. "Is he dead?" I asked. As if in answer, he moved his head slightly, then lay still. "I expect we'd better try to kill him," said Lou, looking about for something to use as a weapon. I ran down the slope to where there remained part of an old rail fence, and choosing a stout piece of rail, brought it and handed it across to her. The snake lay perfectly still, and when she gave it a few smart blows over the head it still did not move. When she had beaten it sufficiently, as we thought, and being sure it was dead, we proceeded to examine it. "My, what a big rattle it has!" said Lou, lifting the tail with a stick. "Fourteen rattles. Let's take the snake home and get father to cut the rattles off for us."

As we lifted the snake on the rail, he slowly wound himself about it. "Are you sure he's dead?" I asked doubtfully. "Course he is," said Lou. "Snakes always move for a long time after they're killed." So, each of us carrying an end of the rail, we proceeded homeward.

Just as we were climbing the slope of the hill which hid the cabin from our sight, we saw father coming toward us with an axe on his shoulder. "O father," I called, "see what a big snake we've killed!"

As father came up we put the rail down, when, with a lightning-like movement, the snake unwound himself from the rail and coiled himself, ready to strike. With one quick blow of the axe, father severed its head from its body. "Merciful heavens!" cried he, his face pale with horror, "what were you girls carrying that snake for?"

"We—we thought we had killed it," said Lou, beginning to cry.

"And we wanted the rattle," I added.

"Well, rattle or no rattle, don't ever do such a foolish thing again." And, you may be sure, we never did.

A DANGER IN AULD LANG SYNE

EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN

How well I remember, as though it were yesterday. I was but a little shaver of seven or eight, Fred was twelve, and Marjorie was ten. Mother was very sick, and father obliged to go to town. It was a snapping cold day in early winter. The big cellar was full of vegetables, and the frost was creeping in. Father said he would build a fire in the old stove down there, before he went away, and we boys were to watch it. He said if we could change the air a few degrees, we'd save our winter supply of apples, potatoes and other vegetables.

So he started a blaze, and after many injunctions to Fred to be careful of the fire, and, particularly, to let nothing disturb our sick mother, he drove away. We watched him until the snow-clouds swallowed him up in the distance, and the jingle of Dolly's bells could no longer be heard.

As we turned from the window, we caught a queer sound—a rumbling in the wall.

Fred looked at us—we looked at Fred. He turned deathly pale, and started for the cellar, Marjorie and I at his heels. Sure enough, a little handful of shavings on the sill, over the rusty pipe, was charred, and sparks were falling down from between the siding and the lath and plaster, which with the uprights, set eighteen inches apart, formed a flue for the fire, kindled by a spark which had found its way through a hole in the rusty pipe, and lit among the shavings on the sill. The house was burning; the flames were rushing toward the top.

There we were, three children; mother very sick; father gone, and the house on fire. Our hearts stood still, our faces blanched. We were rooted to the spot, while that ominous rumble increased to a sickening roar.

Suddenly, Fred awoke. I shall never forget it.

"Quick," he shouted.

He seized the axe, and sprang toward the stairs, while he gave orders like a general, hurling the words over his shoulder as we ran.

"Marjorie, go into mother's room—talk to her—soothe her—sing to her—anything to keep her calm, and *don't let her know*. If she hears me chopping, tell her we boys are

fixing something. I will cut a hole here in the dining-room wall. Harold, you bring water, and we'll pour it down.

"Quick! Quick! Go, Marjorie. Hurry, Harold!"

The dull thuds of the axe mingled with the strains of "Lady Lou" and the splashing of the water, as pailful after pailful was brought and poured upon the leaping flames, until their hoarse roar subsided into angry crackles, and died with occasional, lingering, dissatisfied snaps.

The house was saved; our mother was saved, and by Brother Fred's clear-headed generalship.

* * *

A CLOSE CALL

BY CHARLES S. GERLACH

Possibly nothing more interesting is told of Senator "Steve" Elkins of West Virginia, than his relations with Cole Younger, the bank and train robber, now out on parole from the Minnesota penitentiary at Stillwater, where he was sent for the noted Northfield bank robbery.

Senator Elkins and Cole Younger were boys of the same neighborhood down in old Missouri before the war, and after that scrape broke out, Elkins joined the army on the union side, while Younger became a member of Quantrell's band of guerrillas. One night Elkins, while making a call some distance away from his camp, was captured by Quantrell.

And this was no joke for Elkins, for Quantrell did not make it a practice to keep his prisoners very long, and neither did he make it a practice to let them get away.

"The hat's mine," said one of the band.

"The coat for me," remarked another.

"I must have his boots," put in a third.

"I need his pants," shouted a ragged rascal in the rear.

But Quantrell interfered.

"Shut up, all of you," he said. "Don't you see there is no tree here to hang him on? Put him on his horse and bring him along just as he is till we find a good place to dispose of him a little farther away from this Yankee camp."

So they placed Steve on his horse and rode away. Presently Cole Younger, who was a minor officer in the Quantrell band, ranged his horse alongside the captive and

gave him a quiet cursing for letting himself get caught.

"I know, I know," replied Elkins. "But I'm here and you have got to get me out of this, Cole; you've got to get me out of this."

"I will, if I can," replied Younger, "but it is d—d risky business and I am liable to lose my own neck if I am caught at it. But I know this country here; a couple of miles ahead we get into a piece of woods, and that is probably where they are going to hang you. But just as we enter the timber there is a path off to the right, and when we get opposite it I will say it is d—d dark. When I say that you wheel to the right and ride like h—l. Your horse probably will find the path all right, but at any rate it is your only chance."

This arrangement was carried out. When Younger said it was d—d dark it was just about that dark, and a moment after Elkins had spurred away to the right and was lost to sight. The band sent a volley after him and then chased him for a time, but presently Quantrell called off the pursuit, saying they were on an important march and he was not going to spend any more time after one Yank.

In due time Elkins reached his camp safely.

* * *

XENOPHON

MAE E. SWETNAM

Not Xenophon the Philosopher, but a little horned toad is the hero of this story.

One day last October my little girl brought this baby toad to me, asking that she might keep it for a pet. She had picked it up under a fig tree in the garden.

It was so small, being only three inches in length from its horn-crowned head to the tip of its little striped tail, that I feared it would not live; but it has not only lived, but thrived and perceptibly grown, is very tame and has proved in many ways a most interesting pet.

I knew that many Mexican children tamed these little creatures, even carrying them in their bosoms, and had questioned them as to the proper food for them; but they would say "nada, Senora" (nothing, madam). It seemed too cruel to deprive him of food and liberty at the same time, so I experimented a little, and found that Xenophon

enjoyed a dinner of ants immensely, and refused all other food when he could get those.

The large red ants are abundant here, and four of them proved sufficient for a hearty meal for him. I had filled a quart pail more than half full of white sand, and placed my little prisoner in it, where he seems contented.

Sometimes I take him in my hand, and gently stroke his head; he will invariably shut his eyes and seem to take the greatest pleasure in the caress.

The next morning after placing him in the sand, I looked in the pail, but my pet had disappeared; the surface of the sand was smooth, and I thought he must have gotten out during the night, but a little later, when the sun was sending its bright, warm rays over porch and pail, I saw the head of Xenophon, poked out of the sand, followed slowly by his entire body. He had simply gone to bed.

We need no other barometer. When the day is fine, he will remain covered until about ten o'clock in the morning; but when I find him up bright and early, with his little head erect and in a listening attitude, I know there will be a sand storm sometime during the day, and this little weather prophet never fails in his predictions.

For a long time he would not eat when he knew he was observed, but now he eats serenely no matter how large is his audience.

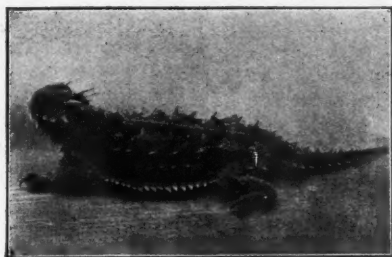
He will eat nothing that is not alive. I have tried him with dead ants and flies, but he would not give them a second glance, even when I knew he was hungry; they must not only be alive, but active. When the live ants are placed in his pail, he will watch them for a while, his little beady eyes following their every movement; when you see him get up on his feet, and his little tail move to and fro, like that of a cat, you may know that he means business. He will watch his opportunity, and dart forward, his little red tongue flying in and out with lightning-like rapidity, gathering in ant after ant until his appetite is satisfied; then he will flatten himself out on the sand and seem to go to sleep.

Sometimes his little fringed body will look lean and lank, but he can puff up in an incredibly short time, and appear quite corpulent.

He manifests no particular intelligence except in regard to the weather, but he

knows his name, and will open his eyes, if asleep, and even turn his head, when I call "Xenophon."

I have tried to see him bury himself in the sand, but he refuses to give up the secret of that performance, and I only know that



THE HORNED TOAD

he does it, leaving not one trace to show where "under the sand he lies."

I feel that it is cruel to keep him in such close quarters, and know that some day I will give him his freedom, yet it will be with a feeling of sincere regret, that I part with my little desert pet, "Xenophon."

* * *

THE TURKEY GOBBLER

BY MRS. J. MOREHEAD

A funny incident happened at our place a few years ago. We had a white turkey gobbler of great size. We also raised some geese with a chicken hen, which left them quite early. The gobbler adopted the goslings, left his perch in the tree to sit with them at night, and went with them every day to the river, standing on the bank till they came out of the water, and bringing them to the house every night. It was quite amusing to see them. This is a true story.

* * *

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS

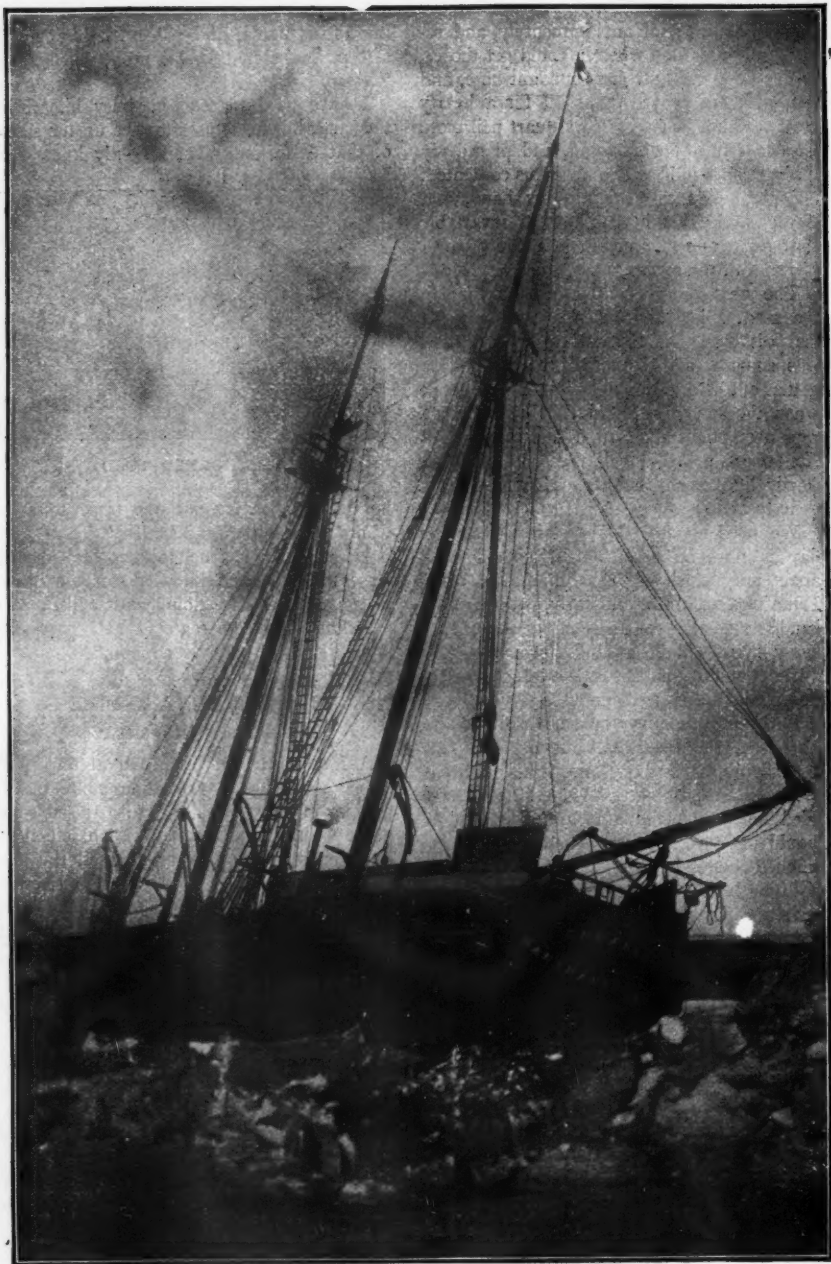
BY NETTIE RAND MILLER

Little Ethel came running into the house one day with a very sad face.

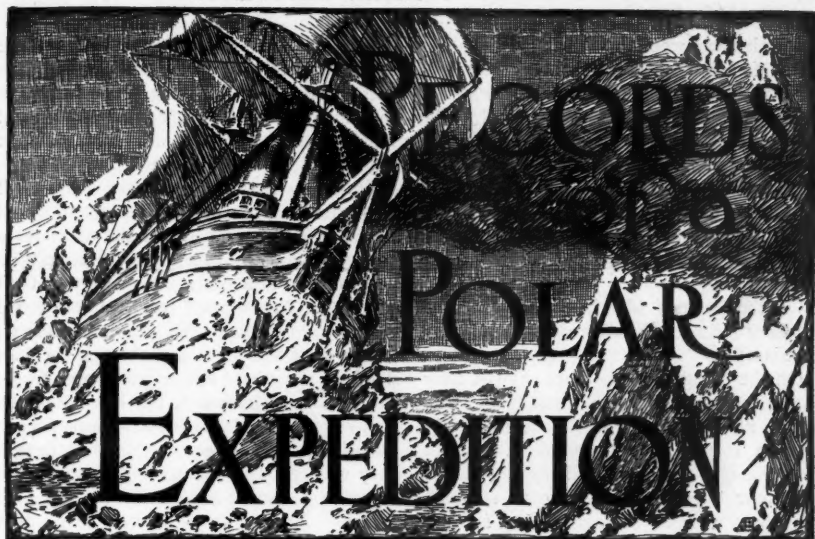
"Mamma," she cried, "my dolly has been dreadful sick and died and gone down to God."

"What was the matter with your dolly?" her mother asked.

"It had the doctor dreadfully," Ethel replied.



STEAMER ROSARIO IN AN ICE JAM
An incident in one of Captain Coffin's earlier Arctic expeditions



By EDWIN COFFIN

Captain Steamer "America"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—To present a true picture of the real struggle of polar expeditions, the NATIONAL has arranged with Captain Edwin Coffin, who spent twenty different seasons in the Arctics, for the publication of his private journal kept during the last ill-fated Ziegler Polar Expedition, which only escaped total annihilation in the cold regions of Franz Josef Land by the arrival of a relief ship. Captain Coffin, in his article "Twenty Years in the Arctics," published in the October NATIONAL, told of many incidents of his trips through Behring Straits to the coast of Siberia and North America, which was widely quoted and appreciated. In this diary there is no attempt at story telling, simply a matter-of-fact chronicling of the twenty-four hour periods as they passed. In no way can a more adequate idea be gained of the real life of an expedition. Captain Coffin is an old-time whaler, careful and conscientious, who has rounded out his years of active life on the sea, and lives at his old home in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, where his townsmen have honored him with important duties to discharge in the town government. But withal, the Captain says he sometimes yearns for the tremendous solitude of the Arctics. The zeal for covering distance toward the pole, when once acquired, is as lasting as life itself. The bronzed features of Captain Coffin light up with a greater enthusiasm when he talks of shoving a steamer through the pack ice of the Arctics, than when the office of town selectman is under discussion. The Captain made this diary for his own archives, but we are fortunate to have prevailed upon him to take the NATIONAL readers over this "personally conducted tour" of the Arctics before it is filed away.

I N January of the year 1903, I entered into an agreement with William Ziegler of New York to go as master of the "America," a bark-rigged steamer of six hundred tons, well built and specially adapted to bucking the heavy ice in Arctic seas. My long experience as captain of whaling vessels in northern waters had given me a great deal

of information necessary to successfully take this costly expedition to its destination—Tepletz Bay, Crown Prince Rudolf Island.

My first task, and one on which in a great measure depended the success of the undertaking, was the choice of my officers and crew. They must be both able-bodied and young, and I decided that among our hardy

ice whalemén I would find the men I wanted. But I found it no easy task, as many had already signed for their regular whaling voyages. By the first of March I had made agreements with a first and second officer, steward, cook, mess boy and eleven seamen, and on the seventh I assembled the crew in Boston and took them to New York, where I placed them in a good hotel instead of taking them to one of the regular sailors' boarding houses.

On the tenth of March we sailed on the big liner "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" for Hamburg.

On the voyage over the boys enjoyed their outing as second class passengers, and arrived at Bremen in fine condition. At Bremen they remained one night to look over the city, and at Hamburg we had to wait four days for a steamer to Norway. We finally secured passage on the steamer "Olaf Kyré," and all through the first night out she showed us the difference between her and the big liner, by her rolling propensities. I noticed the next morning that we were the only ones seated at the breakfast table. Arrived at Bergen with one sailor sick, and I had him placed in the hospital and subsequently sent home. Here the crew were signed under the same agreements by the American Consul.

As the "Olaf Kyré" had to stop at all way ports to deliver cargo, I changed to a fast express boat, the "Erling Yarl," and arrived March 28 at Tromsø, one of the most northern ports of Norway, latitude 69° 30' north. At this port I found our steamer "America," which had been lying up for the winter in charge of Chief Engineer Hartt, who had secured accommodations for the crew. At other places as far north as this I had always found ice five feet or more in thickness, and ships wintering would be frozen in until July. Here was no ice at all, and it never does make in the harbors or bays.

After dinner I went on board of the "America" to note conditions of ship and furniture, and after a survey I found there was much to do in the way of repairs. Above the rail she looked like a wreck. The hull was in good shape outside, but the decks looked as if they needed renewing, as much as I could see of them for litter and dirt. The next day First Officer Haven started

in with the crew to clear away and get the ship in readiness for the workmen. As there was no dry dock large enough to take the ship out, I went to Trondhjem, several hundred miles south, and secured a dock there.

Owing to a strike in Bergen I found it impossible to get workmen enough to do all the work I had planned and still allow us to get away early in June, and the alterations and repairs kept us at the shipyard until June 18. At the yard we took on board six hundred tons of coal, and then steamed to the quay and finished coaling on the 23d. We had to uncrate and unpack cases to get our provisions on board, but in spite of the many predictions of our nautical friends we did get all stores on the ship, though they were piled so high that it gave us little room to move around. A stable was constructed for the Field Party's (expedition men) twenty-five ponies which would be taken on later in Russia, with a dog kennel on the top to hold one hundred or more dogs.

On June 23, at high water, 6.30 P. M., we started for Trano (sixty miles south of Tromsø) to take on two hundred dogs and five ponies which were left there by the former Baldwin-Ziegler expedition in 1902. The steamer was now deep in the water, but all hands were eager to commence their hazardous trip to Franz Josef Land. The expedition party of sixteen men had all arrived at Trondhjem on May 28.

We had fine weather up through the inside passages, and arrived at Trano and dropped anchor close to the shore at 5.30 A. M., June 26. Trano is a small island with a few farmhouses and one church. At 12.30 P. M. we finished loading our live cargo and left for Tromsø, arriving at 8.30 P. M., the same day. The genial representative of Mr. Ziegler, Mr. W. S. Champ, was on board to be with us to the last possible minute, going with us to Archangel and returning to Vardo, Norway.

My ship's company numbered twenty-four, including myself and the expedition party of fifteen, all told. The dogs were quiet at first, but later on made all hands tired with their howling. The expedition party went on shore at Tromsø for a run. The next day all hands worked like beavers getting stores from the warehouse off in a

lighter, completely filling up the deck, and on top everywhere where a case could possibly stick. We had to leave a four-oared boat which had been repaired here, owing to the fact that no possible space could be found to take it on.

At 9.30 P. M. we hove anchor and started for Archangel.

From my private journal written on ship-board during this voyage I take the following:

SUNDAY, JUNE 28.—Calm and clear. Unpacking and stowing stores and lashing up deck load in all parts of the ship for outside going tomorrow. Came out by North Cape, latitude $71^{\circ} 18'$ north. Sea smooth and dotted over with fishing craft and small coasters. Also saw three lumber-laden steamers bound south from Russia. North Cape is where so many tourists come to view the midnight sun, and another interesting sight here is the large rookery of sea gulls.

JUNE 29.—Light easterly winds and clear. Considerable head swell coming in from the east. At 4 P. M. passed inside of Vardo. Leaving this last port in Norway, took departure, Vardo, bearing north 23° east, distant one and one-half miles, for Archangel.

JUNE 30.—Same fine weather first half day, last half thick fog. Passed three lumber-laden steamers.

JULY 1.—Filled the coal bunkers from the forward hold in order to get the ship's head out a little. There has been a fog all day with light winds prevailing.

JULY 2.—Variable winds and rain in squalls through the early morning. Sighted land at 5.10 A. M., Karetska light five miles distant. Changed course, south $45^{\circ} 00'$ west, for lightship on the bar. At 8 A. M. came up to the bar. Took two pilots, came in over two bars and anchored off the port of Solomboul, near the landing, in four fathoms. Dense fogs all through the White Sea.

JULY 3.—Expedition men are enjoying a run on shore. Crew busy filling coal bunkers

and trimming ship to the eighteen-foot mark, as that is the limit to carry over the bar outside. It gives us a heavy list to port to get this draught. At the Custom House, when preparing my statement I found to my surprise that it was the twenty-third of June in Archangel. Some of the boys tried a swim alongside, but I noticed they made a quick trip out of the water. Air is much warmer than the water in this latitude, $64^{\circ} 30'$ north.



We had another man to put off here

JULY 4.—Lighters came off with sixteen tons of cracked corn and hulled oats, twenty-five ponies, twenty-six dogs, deer skins for ice travel, and stores for the ship's use. Now all ready to go to sea, which will be at high tide early tomorrow morning. The ship is jammed full again, so 'tis slow work to get from one end to the other. As fast as coal is taken from the holds, goods are stored in their place, and so it will be until we make the ice.

JULY 5.—At 1.30 A. M. we started with one pilot on the bridge. Got over the inner

bar and were obliged to anchor on account of a dense fog outside. At 11.30 A. M. started again, and on coming up with the lightship a boat was sent from her to take off the pilot. We also had another man to put off here—an English sailor who had stowed himself away in Solomboul and wanted to go pole-hunting, too, but the verdict was that he must go back to his ship. The channel out is very narrow, just admitting one ship to pass another. At 2.30 P. M. took departure from the lightship, south, 52° west, distant seven miles.

JULY 6.—Thick fog again today. The ponies and dogs are doing fine and are all in good condition.

JULY 7.—We are now outside the White Sea, in Barrents Sea once more. 'Tis blowing a gale from the west. This morning I had to stow down the engine on account of washing the dogs off the forecastle head. Just before slowing down a sea came over there. From the bridge I could see a confusion of parts of dogs in the water; their chains only kept them from being swept overboard. This kind of dog has very little liking for water. One vessel in sight running off before the wind with very little sail out. This evening the wind has moderated some, also cleared a little between us and the land, but still thick off shore and heavy seas rolling. I notice poor appetites are in order today among the expedition party. A few have none—others attribute the cause of lost appetites to bad air from the engine room.

JULY 8.—Strong northwest winds and heavy swell rolling in. Dogs getting showered rather too often for their liking. The ponies are well stabled and don't seem to mind the rough water. After dinner the sea subsided and I rung up full speed again. Several vessels in sight during the day.

JULY 9.—Fine weather and a smooth sea once more. No trouble with appetites now. At 3.30 P. M. arrived at Vardo. Mr. Champ left us this evening for Tromsø, on an express boat. We gave him three cheers, a blast on the bugle, and blew the whistle. Here we took on sixty tons of coal and filled up all water tanks.

JULY 10.—Fine weather. Got ready and at 6.30 started for the ice. All well and anxious to sight it, and make the beginning toward the pole.

JULY 11.—Fine weather and smooth sea.

Put the crow's-nest at the foretopmast head, all ready for working ice. Have had the ship under all sail since leaving Vardo, to save coal, as we may need it all before we finish. Mr. Fiala, the leader of the expedition, took some pictures of the ship under sail, this afternoon. Our crow's-nest is a good one, with room in it for four men; constructed with a wooden frame and No. 1 canvas covered. At 1.45 P. M. started steaming full speed. Have put in electric connections between the pilot house and engine room, thus doing away with the necessity of shouting orders, or the use of whistles or flags to signal the deck. When the dogs are howling, which they often do (one commences and the rest join in) 'tis almost impossible to hear even a strong whistle signal on the bridge. Also in working through close ice, one does not care to turn around to view the deck to see if the orders are being carried out right as signalled by a whistle.

JULY 13.—Fine weather and calm. Came up to the ice at 6 P. M., latitude 74° 51' north, longitude 38° 37' east. Saw a Norwegian sealing craft at this point apparently trying to work east. This part of the ice was the most northern in this longitude, with a bight making northwest, thence southwest some twenty miles. This ice was solid and unbroken, with some very heavy ice frozen in the field, and with some small holes extending in about one-quarter of a mile from the edge. Looking north over the field it appeared to be very white and solid clear to the horizon. Far as I could see from the crow's-nest it made off east 12° north, so I steamed eastward, following the solid ice and looking for a lead of water or a weak spot to buck the ship into the north and east. The dogs were much excited when the ship plowed through points of ice, and did the howling act to perfection, which can better be imagined than described—over two hundred dogs howling at once. If I cannot find a lead of water between here and Nova Zembla, there will be some tall bucking ice and little coal left after reaching our destination, in 81° 47' 56" north. I did not speak the sealer, as she was west of me and I did not care to go out of my way. The sight of the ice today was a welcome one to all the expedition folks, showing them that the real beginning of their undertaking had

arrived. Sighting the pack so far south showed me 'twould be no easy job to get north even with our good ship.

JULY 14.—Most of this day fog in squalls, clearing so I could see the road very well at times. Found some loose ice and steamed in about fifteen miles northeast. Coming up to solid ice was obliged to work out to the east making a little southing. Much heavy ice today. The ponies did not seem to mind the ship ramming it. Sometimes the shocks would start them from their stalls to the deck. The sailors' quarters being forward, they got but little sleep and were out on deck watching the ship buck through the big pieces. They will soon get used to it and only be disturbed by occasional severe shocks. The dogs were taken from the top of the forecastle head and chained underneath. The temperature is a little below freezing since making the ice. Have to stop steaming in fogs when following off to the east, as I wish to view every mile so as not to lose any leads or other chances to work north. Southerly swell running among the loose ice at the edge, causing much scraping and grinding against the ship's sides, and getting rather tired of it I worked the ship out into a clear hole. Lying still awaiting the lifting of the fog. Cleared up through the night, when we started steaming through loose ice, latitude $74^{\circ} 32'$.

JULY 15.—Considerable fog all through this day. Steamed through a point of ice six miles, which made off south to loose, heavy ice, twelve miles. Temperature below freezing today. No life of any description either in the water or air. Never has been my fortune to see more desolate ice scenery in my experience of twenty-three years in the Arctic Ocean. Gave the men a good rest this day, also the ponies, as I only worked through one point of ice, lying still most of the time. The ice looks just the same as when we first came up to it. No chance to work anything but solid ice to get north. I have to make southing every day going east, and I do not like it. Can spare the time, but not the coal. Still I must know if I take the ice in the best place to get north, and I have seen no best place yet. I do not care to work in one hundred miles and have to work out again. Had to fill the coal bunkers again today. All hands are well. Latitude $74^{\circ} 24'$, longitude 44° .

JULY 16.—Big swell coming in from the south, no wind, and fog part of the afternoon. Worked through many points of ice today, all making off southwest. One of the ponies has colic, and the doctor has his first patient. Got no sights for latitude today. Seems like lost time to some of the expedition folks that the ship does not go north through the solid ice. Patience is one of the most essential qualities needed in making a passage through ice in these latitudes, as any ice-breaking ship can do about so much and then stick for days. The ship is in good condition, and the leaks are growing less every day as the hull rises out of the water by use of coal and stores.

JULY 17.—Our usual friend, fog, in evidence nearly all through this day, with light variable winds and some thunderclaps for a change. Ship lying still among loose ice. At 2 P. M. fog lifted. Started steaming, but had to make much southing. No leads of water showing. Rather discouraging having to work south when you want to go north. This is one of the phases of "iceing" which tries one's patience. One of the expedition party comes toward the bridge, glances up at the standard compass, says, "Why! we are going south," confers with another member, remarking, "Guess we are bound to Norway for more coal," also takes a squint aloft at the crow's-nest to see if any one is in it conning the ship—all impatient to reach the goal. At 8 P. M. hauled the ship up to northeast and forced through heavy loose ice, coming to scattering ice and small holes. At 11.30 P. M. came to a large hole. Fog shutting down, stopped steaming as I could not see over one hundred feet—a genuine Arctic fog. Shows considerable water here, but our position is much south of where we were four days ago. Latitude today $73^{\circ} 40'$, so would have to find a long hole to take us as far north as the highest reached— $75^{\circ} 00'$. Saw some large pieces of land ice today, evidently from Nova Zembla.

JULY 18.—Fog cleared at 8 A. M., and showed we had steamed into a large bight showing all solid ice around it. Had to work off to southeast again. Latitude $73^{\circ} 48'$ at noon; longitude $48^{\circ} 5'$. Working heavy close ice until 3 P. M., when we came to a large hole of water making east northeast. At 7 P. M. sighted Sukhoie Point, Nova

Zembla, distant forty miles, bearing northeast. Ice looks more open toward the land. Fog came in again at 9.30 P. M. Stopped steaming and laid in a small hole, after running a lead of water to solid ice. There are no large leads here, and so far as I can judge no water between ice and land.

JULY 19.—Fog lifted at 7 A. M. Worked through northeast toward the land until I

ing schooner came up, which proved to be the same one we saw on sighting the ice July 13. His catch was seventy seals. They expected to be in Norway September 1. Their boats were off at the edge of the ice, hunting. These hardy icemen reported this as the iciest season in their experience, and expressed wonder that I was confident we would get through the ice to our destination.

"Why," they said, "no steamer will ever reach there this year."

Mr. Fiala and I went on board to send letters, as our last chance would be this craft. We made a short tarry and said good-bye, not knowing when we would see another sign of civilization. Started on our course, following the ice northwest. At this point I realize we have got to do some hard bucking and burn coal before we can make even Cape Flora, the south destination. I will not have to stop for fog on my back track, having looked the ground all over.

JULY 21.—Fog and northwest wind. Still below freezing. Don't look as if there would be any summer here. Plenty ice around. Passed one berg in the fog one thousand feet long and seventy-five feet wide, and saw it after passing it. It had a flat top with perpendicular sides, making a bad obstruction to run against. Had just stopped on account of heavy flocs, and being near where I would attempt to take the ice to go north. All



This forenoon a sealing schooner came up

came up to solid ice extending to the land and making off south. At noon latitude was $72^{\circ} 47'$. Now I have steamed across the sea and have satisfied myself there is no division of the ice or any leads running north. Nothing but solid ice with some weak places. The best place was in $74^{\circ} 42'$, longitude $49^{\circ} 0'$ east, also the nearest point to destination. Bucked through into clear water and headed north and west. Saw a few seals. Sea smooth as glass. Weather clear.

JULY 20.—Commences with light northeast wind and clear. This forenoon a seal-

ing schooner came up, which proved to be the same one we saw on sighting the ice July 13. His catch was seventy seals. They expected to be in Norway September 1. Their boats were off at the edge of the ice, hunting. These hardy icemen reported this as the iciest season in their experience, and expressed wonder that I was confident we would get through the ice to our destination.

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storms. These birds had been reported by sealers arriving in Norway early in June, and I was asked by some prominent gentlemen in Trondhjem to take note for some reasons for this heretofore unheard-of occurrence. And the above solution is what I arrived at. Taking advantage of lying still, I had the coal bunkers refilled. At 7 P. M. still foggy. Waiting for a good light-up to pick out the best place to force the steamer into the pack. Am getting anxious to get through, as there is so much work after reaching our destination, and this bids fair to be an early winter, as 'tis below freezing every day to date. At 11 P. M. the fog lifted so I could see four miles. Rung up full speed and steered west about six miles, where the ice looked weakest. Worked through a point of heavy ice when the wind came fresh from the northwest bringing a dense fog. I had seen enough to know this was the best place, so headed in due north and forced her into the floe. 'Twas heavy, flat ice, broken in large pieces through which I could make about four miles an hour.

JULY 23.—Came up to solid ice at 1.45 A. M., when it cleared fine, with a light north wind, and now could pick out the weakest spots to buck through. Made one-half mile and got the propeller stalled. Cut away awhile, clearing the wheel, and let her go again. By picking soft places we could go ahead without much backing up. Although we made a crooked course we were making north. Made twenty-five miles to the good. Fog at 3.50 P. M. again, but did not stop. At 11 P. M. could see about four miles, and the ice was getting more rotten. Some small holes showed up which did look more encouraging after this hard day's work. Shot two seals and had them for supper; they were pronounced good. Everybody now feels in good humor as they are figuring how long we will be getting through the ice and just how much water there will be on the north edge of the ice between it and the land. Some say sixty miles, the least, forty. Only a few days back it seemed uncertain. It takes only a little for a rise or fall of the men's spirits in this dreary northern clime.

JULY 24.—Calm and light winds all through this day. Could only work east today as the ice was so much thicker, with no holes in sight to the north. From the crow's-nest one can see about seven miles to

determine ice conditions ahead exactly. Sounded and got one hundred and twenty-five fathoms of water, with a slight drift to northeast. Waiting tonight for a good light-up to the horizon. I think there are some holes to the north beyond our range of vision.

JULY 25.—Wind southwest; fog until afternoon. In a light-up we bucked through some heavy loose ice in between two floes and made eight miles north by west and tied up to the ice. The first Polar bears were seen this afternoon; two came strolling up toward the ship. The men sighted them a long way off and got rifles enough to kill a score. I was eating dinner when the animals came near enough to shoot (about seventy-five yards). One bear dropped at the first volley, the other turned and ran off, was hit and rolled over several times, jumped up and escaped by reaching a big hole, where he soon disappeared among the scattering ice. The men were so excited they couldn't shoot straight. The first bear had a ball through his backbone and was disabled. The men jumped out on the ice to chase the wounded one. One of the party was trying to get a sailor to shoot with a boat-hook, saying: "Why don't you shoot before he gets away." He afterwards said he was not a bit excited. We saved the meat to eat. The skin was a summer one and not large, about seven feet in length, very white and glossy. I don't think any of the boys were proud of their shooting—thirty odd shots having been fired. At 10 P. M. let go and bucked along another lap, making about five miles, and again tied up. Shot two seals and one loon this evening. The sailors made frequent excursions after seals on the ice. They are too shy to let anyone get within good shooting distance. They keep near holes, which they roll into and disappear under the ice. Latitude today $76^{\circ} 32'$, longitude $54^{\circ} 11'$, four degrees east of Flora, all of which I had to make to get north. It needs a good gale to break up these immense floes north of us. The ship is fast coming up out of the water, we are using so much coal. Some of the heavy sheathing put on in Trondhjem is getting splintered with so much ice-bucking. The ship, with her nine hundred tons of dead weight, stops hard when she brings up under full speed. Not like a ship in ballast trim.

SUNDAY, JULY 26.—This day commences with clear weather, with the wind northeast and fresh. The sun came out for a short time. The thermometer stands at 31° above F. Ice is piling up around the ship, which is in a tight in the big floe, preventing any pressure on her. To the south the ice is opening also some west. After dinner, ice slacking a little. I pushed the ship into the hole, west. Fog hanging all around in the horizon. About 2 P. M., all at once, here was a bear which had come up unperceived, standing on his hind legs sizing up a new kind of scent from our ship. Four of the expedition boys (or fieldmen as they were called) started post haste after our white visitor, who immediately turned and galloped for the water. One of the men shot him in the back of the neck, while in the water, and then he tried to haul himself out on a cake of ice. Another man, Vaughn, shot him in the head, killing him instantly, the bear sliding back into the water. A Polar bear will always float on the surface. We lowered a boat and towed the bear to the floe, where we skinned him and saved the carcass to eat. Mr. Fiala held a religious service in the cabin after supper. Everybody well. Not one case as yet for the doctors. All the animals in good condition.

JULY 27.—Today the wind is northeast, quite fresh, and overcast. Ice is drifting fast to south and west, and as we are still tied to the ice we are drifting directly from our course. Several large icebergs are near us and are continually working through the flat field ice. Some of these bergs are drawing from thirty to fifty fathoms of water and hard as rocks, and are a great help in smashing and cutting through the floes, allowing us to follow in their wake, then find a weak spot and work through toward the north. No seals or bears seen today. Had bear steak and curried bear's meat. 'Twas very good, but rather strong for a steady diet. The ice is opening to the south. A few spots of water can be seen in the northeast, but now six miles of old pack ice are between it and the ship, and it is impossible to break through. Not much encouragement this day (and the fog came to see us) of the ice opening, as the wind is moderating fast. At 10 P. M. the ice is closing around us everywhere, and as the ship is lying between two immense floes we will probably have to

move to get out of the pressure. Everything on board goes like clockwork. All are doing well.

JULY 28.—North wind today with fog most of the day. At 3 A. M. had to move a short distance on account of the ice closing in. Nothing but unbroken fields of ice to north and no chance to move today. Our water is getting rather low, and we have to look for some on the high ice. The season is so cold 'tis not easy to find any that is perfectly fresh. It is still below freezing. Latitude today, $76^{\circ} 40'$, longitude, $52^{\circ} 30'$. The men made several unsuccessful trips out on the ice for seals. Impatience again cropping out. The rattlings on the main rigging show the wear, where our ambitious boys are constantly running up and down, looking for leads toward the land of ice and snow. The day closes with the same kind of weather.

JULY 29.—Wind north, fresh, with fog lifting occasionally so we could see three to four miles. The rigging is all ice from the fog freezing on it, so it has to be pounded off with clubs to reach the crow's-nest on the foremast. At 8 A. M. started working through narrow leads and ice north until 11 A. M., when the fog came in very thick. At this time we came up to solid ice and had to make fast once more. At 1 P. M. had a short lift of the fog, and I saw a chance to make a mile more of northing by going to the westward a short distance through a point of the field ice. Steamed one and one-half miles to the north and again came up to the bulkhead in the fog. Tied up shortly after the fog lifted, and I found myself in a hole of water one and one-half miles long, one-eighth mile wide, and shutting up rapidly, one hundred yards away, and working down toward us was a berg, which I measured from the dinghey after viewing it to see if there was any fresh water on the top. 'Twas nearly square, 375 feet long, 325 wide, and 75 feet high, with perpendicular sides, with no way of getting to the top. Not relishing a contact with this gentleman, I got the steamer under way and steamed out of its track. In ten minutes the ice was jammed up together, and has probably opened in other places. Have made fifteen miles due north so far today, and feel confident I could work some more to the north if the fog was not so dense. Many times, working in the fog, you will find on clearing you have got

in the wrong place and have to burn coal to get back to the starting point. The men are getting impatient once more and think they would like to arrive at Franz Josef Land with twenty tons of coal rather than try to save coal where we now are. This I overheard one of the field party say. Quite fortunate he does not run the ship. This fog will cause more mischief than burning coal, I am afraid. Found some water on the ice after supper and filled one tank—about twenty-five barrels. Day ends the same.

JULY 30.—This day comes in with fresh northeast wind and dense fog. At 7.45 A. M., cleared some, and at 8 fairly clear. Got steam and started, bucked just about one-quarter of a mile, and got stuck fast, as the ice was closing up fast when we started. Looks like loose ice in to north and east; all field ice. Very large cakes, apparently. At 3 P. M. the fog came in again thick as ever. We shot two seals in a small hole, but both sank immediately. I sent the first officer aloft to see what he thought of ice conditions. He is a man with fifteen years' experience in working ice, and his opinion was, as he said, that it is no earthly use to try. We are now in the centre of a large floe about twelve to fifteen miles around it, and opening to north and east, but we cannot move as the pressure is on around the steamer. Fog is lighting up in squalls, and the wind is increasing fast and will open out this floe we are in. By tomorrow we will be able to make a good run north. I threw away several tons of coal trying to make some headway in this jammed-up ice, simply to satisfy one man. After supper it cleared up and I had to buck the steamer back on the old track where I came in this morning. At 10.50 P. M. came up to a heavy point of ice which was shoving on a large floe and could not buck through. Tied up to another part where there was a narrow neck through into the big lead south, running around the ice to northeast. Mr. Fiala tried mines of gun cotton to break through the narrow neck, but had no success at this time. It cracked the ice all the way through, but as the pressure was still on it did no good. Midnight still tied up to the ice. Latitude $76^{\circ} 40'$, longitude, $52^{\circ} 32'$.

JULY 31.—At 7.30 A. M. it cleared up and the ice commenced to open through the points where I tried to get through yesterday. Got steam and worked through to the east-

ward, following the edge of the big field ice. At 11 A. M. the fog came in again. We soon came up to solid ice and tied up, as the ice seemed to be opening out where the pieces were jammed and broken up between the floes. I felt better satisfied with this day's work of twelve miles to the good—north, 32° east. At 10.30 P. M., calm. The fog cleared away fine, and the sun kept out bright, making the warmest evening of all. Got under way, and worked through the heavy loose ice to the north, where I found the ice very weak and leads of water all running east and west, so I had to cross them, steering well to the north.

AUGUST 1.—Comes in calm and clear. Worked along through the same kind of ice until 4 A. M., when we came up to the heaviest ice I had seen, regular old Arctic pack ice, with lots of water on it. Here was ice that no ship could get into at any place, that I could see from the crow's-nest. It made off southwest as far as the glasses would show. Now was the chance to fill our water tanks. We put a force pump on the ice, pumped fifty barrels which was enough to fill the after tanks. While at work the fog came in, latitude $77^{\circ} 9'$, longitude $51^{\circ} 1'$, this A. M. At 3.30 P. M. it cleared, and I followed the pack east to find an end. Steamed twelve miles and found where the flat ice was pressed against it, tied up and waited for the ice to slack up.

AUGUST 2.—This day comes in with light northeast wind. Ice slacked to the north at 8 A. M. Got steam and headed to the north, finding little narrow leads of water and flat field ice which we bucked through until 3 P. M., when we came up to solid pack ice. (The last two hours had been steaming in the fog). Tied the steamer up to wait for the fog once more. Made about thirty miles, north 11° , east. Sounded and found one hundred and ninety fathoms ice drifting north 45° east. This is the first time I have found a northerly drift. 'Tis very small, one-half knot an hour, so it affects the ice but little in opening and shutting. Day ends same. All well, and so ends this day.

AUGUST 3.—This day comes in with northeast wind and a dense fog. At 1.50 P. M. cleared up, and showed from aloft that this northeast wind had done some good toward opening the ice to the north. I immediately

got the ship under steam and worked to the north. The ship got many hard knocks, as the leads were wide enough to get a good headway to buck through between the leads; all flat ice, but very hard on account of the continued freezing temperature. Came to a large hole in the ice making nearly east and west fifteen to twenty miles in length and seven miles wide. At 9.30 P. M. came up to a perfectly solid pack. Not a hole or crack to be seen in it—regular old Arctic hummocks. Headed to the east to look for some ending of this kind of ice; followed it off ten miles until it made off southeast as far as I could see. Turned and steamed to the west until it made off south. So gave up and tied up to the edge of the pack, at 12 midnight, as I can only get south now. Wind is increasing and may open out to the west, the most likely-looking place, especially with a northeasterly blow. The only way will be to find an end and work north to flatter ice. I don't hear any of the expedition boys saying anything about going through this ice. So far it has been all hard work and slow progress. The ship has been kept out of all pressures, not once being caught between two floes coming together. No accident of any kind to the ship or machinery. The latitude today is $77^{\circ} 50'$, longitude, $52^{\circ} 45'$. The ice is drifting fast south and west.

AUGUST 4.—Wind north and a little more moderate. Ice pack remains the same. The horizon looks like some water, northeast and west northwest. I will go east again as far as possible. At 2 P. M. started steaming to the eastward, and made nine miles, east, northeast. Then ice made us go off south southeast. (There were only a few short holes into the northeast.) Now comes in some fog and rain, every drop freezing on the rigging. It makes a hard job of climbing to the crow's-nest. At 7 P. M. fog came in so dense I tied up to a floe for a while. When the fog lifted so I could see four miles we again started, and I had a cold-finger job getting up and into the crow's-nest. The ice was two inches thick on the rigging. One of the dogs fell overboard and we had to stop and lower the dinghey to pick him up. The rascal seemed to enjoy his bath, but did a lot of rolling on the ice (where he hauled himself out), before the boys caught him. Saw two bears but had

no time to spare to interview them. At 8.30 came up to larger fields of ice, and the leads are growing smaller. Raining hard. Visible horizon ten miles, from aloft. In every direction we steam (south and east) the ice gets larger and closer. Latitude $77^{\circ} 50'$, longitude $52^{\circ} 09'$ (poor sights). Up to today have steamed through one hundred and forty miles of ice to the north.

AUGUST 5.—Wind east northeast, raining and a little fog. Gave up going to the east. Have satisfied myself there is no chance to get north that way, so commenced to work off to the west. At 9 P. M. came up to a neck of flat ice, bucked through and headed northwest in a narrow lead of water. Fog not so dense as usual; can see about one mile ahead, and keep the ship going in leads and through flat ice. At 12 midnight still going on our course. Everything aloft frozen stiff.

AUGUST 6.—Fresh northeast wind and fog coming in squalls. Working along same as last night, sometimes in between long fields of ice with loose ice between. At 3.45 P. M. fog came in very thick, so had to tie up to the ice. Saw a few seals hauled out on the ice. Chance looks good to sight the land now. At 6.30 fog lifted so I could see two miles. Could not see any road farther north. All the ice is flat now and thin in spots, and everybody thinks the "America" will win out and reach Cape Flora. In consequence of this feeling the rigging is getting a short rest. All the animals are in good condition. The ponies have more comfortable quarters than the dogs.

AUGUST 7.—Wind southeast, moderate; fog lifted enough to see about six miles to the north; all clear south and the ice tight as a bottle in that direction. At 12.30 let go and worked north, and at 1 o'clock the fog again came in very thick. Working between a solid ice field to west and large pieces of ice frozen together east—a very narrow lead with heavy ice wedged in between the floes. At 3 A. M. came up to ice making across our course, east and west. Could not find any lead, so tied up again. Ice seems to be of the same nature—flat fields of it. The one west of us I have followed thirty miles without seeing any end. At 8 A. M. cleared up good to the north. Franz Josef Land was in sight, Northbrooke and Bell islands showing out first. Cape Flora bearing north, $22^{\circ} 30'$ east, thirty-

five miles distant. The islands showed white with black stripes alternating with the white. Looks like clear water near Northbrooke Island. I found a narrow crack in the ice running alongside the big ice field west, and jammed and bucked through into little holes, finally coming up to where it was pressing together. Had to buck out and go back a quarter of a mile into a little bight of water to avoid the heavy pressure that was smashing up the ice between the floes. Killed three seals today and secured them. Fog again after dinner until 8.30 P. M. when it cleared some. The steamer is lying snug in the bight—no pressure on her. Now we are thirty miles from the land, and instead of finding fifty to sixty miles of water at this north end there is not over twelve miles.

AUGUST 8.—Wind light northeast and a thin fog, but very close ice and continually shoving up at each edge of the floes. Cannot make a move until it slacks up. Last half of the day thick fog. Filled the coal bunkers from the main hatch, and cleared up the decks as much as possible, for the steward to get from the galley without having to pass forward over the after house. Dr. Newcomb reported a horse sick with glanders, which was shot and thrown overboard with all its gear from the stall, so as not to infect the other animals. All the ponies are O. K.; dogs doing well as can be expected in such crowded quarters; having to keep them chained and no room to exercise them, they are having hard times.

AUGUST 9.—Light easterly wind with fog at intervals. At 10 A. M. let go and bucked through toward the gateway of this big floe; got through into a small hole, when the ice commenced to squeeze up again. Stopped and tied up at 11.30 A. M. Ice closing everywhere. Fog light now. Saw land bearing north $14^{\circ} 30'$ east (call it Bell Island) twenty-five miles distant. First time it has cleared enough to see the land since yesterday. Many are over-anxious to go ahead, and just now I could get plenty of ice pilots. As we have practically arrived at our first destined port, I can get along with the pilots who have brought the ship this far—the officers and myself, with the crew, who have been very willing and able to do all they have been called to do. I only hope when it comes to sledging from the most

northern island in the spring, *all* will do as well. This is undoubtedly a season of much ice and as my first officer, Mr. Haven, said, "an ice cake of one mile circumference is a small one." At midnight there is no change. Ice squeezed up and all small holes frozen over.

AUGUST 10.—Wind west, northwest, blowing twenty-five miles an hour and snowing hard. Plenty of young ice. No change until 3.50 P. M., when, the ice slacking a little, we let go and bucked through one mile of heavy pieces, crossing several narrow leads of water. Then the ice again squeezed up hard and blocked the steamer solid. At 11 P. M. Mr. Fiala put a charge of sixty pounds of gun cotton in mines on a heavy cake of ice to open out a passage for the steamer between two floes, which proved unsuccessful. Thick all day until after 7 P. M. Saw the land once at 7.30, for a short time. Water showing close to land. So will be able to make an early landing at Cape Flora. Mr. Fiala shot a bear. Could not get the meat.

AUGUST 11.—This day comes in with west wind, moderate, with light snow squalls and thick fog. Tried to buck through two points of ice, but had to give it up, the pressure coming on. Used gun cotton to blow up two pieces of heavy ice at the entrance between the points. Kept the ship one hundred feet away with a full head of steam to force my way through the minute it slacked; the first officer at the point to watch it. At 3.20 P. M. it commenced to slack. I immediately started full speed and broke through. Here 'twas flat ice between the floes and no pressure. Worked about five miles through holes and ice when we came to larger leads of water. Fog came in thick, but I did not stop, as we did not come to any ice we couldn't work. Saw two bears which were on a large field of ice, and they chased the steamer until the fog hid them. Couldn't afford to stop to shoot them. At 10 P. M. had run my distance out, making Cape Flora bearing north eight miles distant, and tied up to an ice field, as the fog was so thick, and to give all hands one good night's sleep. Latitude this afternoon was $79^{\circ} 23'$ north, longitude $48^{\circ} 23' 30''$ east.

AUGUST 12.—At 4.30 A. M. the fog cleared away. Bell, Mabel and Northbrooke Islands

in sight. Cape Flora bearing north $17^{\circ} 30'$ east, distant ten miles. Had made easterly drift since tying up last night. Let go and steamed in until near the rock. Mr. Fiala, myself and several others went on shore to see what condition the buildings and stores were in. All the lower part of the island was covered with snow. The houses consisted of one log dwelling house, in fair condition, one storehouse and stable built of two and one-half inch planks in good condition, two portable houses with canvas tops, one full of stores stored there by the Duke de Abruzzi, the other with some stores left by the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, all in good condition (apparently), also a few tons of coal in sacks. The roof was blown off this last named house. We had to cut through ice inside the dwelling house to open the doors, where it had leaked through the roof. Mr. Fiala put on shore (in the house) a small cache of stores for a small party early next spring. This afternoon others went on shore with the boat in charge of the first officer. Did not anchor, but laid off and on under steam. There is food enough here to winter about fifteen men in good shape with what game they would shoot—walrus, bears and seals, and some loons (ducks). Left here this afternoon and steamed east to the entrance of De Bruynes Sound, which was full of ice on the east side and many bergs on the west side. I find the only clear water is from Cape Grant east to this point, about thirty-five miles, extending south, say, fifteen miles, its greatest length. All east is unbroken ice extending from the land. Water showing far as I can see from the crow's-nest up this sound. Headed northeast up the sound under full speed. Weather fine. At 9 P. M. came up to ice making clear across the English Channel, solid. Scott Keltie Island, bearing east five miles distant, looks like a good place to winter a ship. At 9.20 started southeast to look for a chance to go north via some of the other smaller channels. Had to steam back in our old track and haul to the east around Hooker Island. Everyone feels better now as we have reached this Polar region in good shape, although we have burned too much coal for my liking. Saw some walrus in the water and a few seals just south of Cape Flora. Game does not seem plenty.

AUGUST 13.—Fine weather. Worked through ice and small leads to McClintock Island. Here we came to ice making solid on the land and no water to be seen south. All the channels were still frozen over, so I had to give up this route. There still remained the outside route west of the island, which I concluded to try before trying the English Channel again. At 4.40 P. M. turned around and headed back toward Northbrooke Island, steaming through loose ice part of the way. Arrived off the island at 6.30 in the clear water. Off Cape Flora came in a thick fog, but as it was clear water to Cape Grant I put the log over and steamed thirty-two miles, when we came up to ice and tied up, after trying to work through ice and finding it growing worse as I went west. Well, 'tis a case of wait for clear weather.

AUGUST 14.—Moderate southeast wind. Fog still thick and the steamer lying still. Sounded and got 230 fathoms. The ponies are doing fine; eat everything in sight—hardwood rails and deck; had to cover the main rail, lash rail and plank shear completely over with heavy tin to keep them from eating into them. Of late there was room for three ponies outside the stalls, and here the tin was used to protect the ship, as well as in the stalls. Nothing is safe from them and they are all alike. Commenced to put sledges together. Yesterday saw some walrus and one grampus. The weather has softened notwithstanding the land is all covered with ice and snow. Hope it continues, as it will make easier work breaking the ice going north to our destination. Contentment reigns on board again. A bear was sighted in a hole today. Mr. Riliette went after him in the dinghey and shot him, killing him at the first shot. Towed him to the ice alongside the ship and skinned him and saved the meat. A large bear with fair skin, though not like a winter skin. Ice commenced to jam up, so I got up steam and worked in toward the land to get to a big hole to make the ship fast. Saw another bear while steaming in, but did not stop to shoot him, as the ice was moving too fast, apparently with the tide from the channels. Very heavy ice now. At 3.40 P. M. tied up. Still foggy. At 8.30 P. M. the fog lifted a little, and I saw the top of Cape Crowther bearing north two miles distant.

(To be continued)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1848

By JAMES SIDNEY ALLEN

IT has often been said that Abraham Lincoln was unknown as a leader before the debate with Douglas in 1858. I copy from Taunton papers of September, 1848, interesting notices and a review of his address in that city in the Taylor and Fillmore campaign, twelve years before he became President.

The fact is, he had then shown such marvellous power of public speech before the people and in Congress during his single term that the Whig National Committee secured his services on the stump in Massachusetts, then feared to be a doubtful state. He spoke in Tremont Temple, Boston, in Lowell, and other places—men now alive remember parts of his speeches.

There were three political parties. The Whigs had nominated General Zachary Taylor, a slaveholder, for President. Lewis Cass was candidate of the pro-slavery Democrats. Ex-President Martin Van Buren headed the new Free Soil Party, whose leading issue was embodied in the Wilmot Proviso forbidding extension of slavery into the territories and new states. General Taylor, wholly of military experience, was non-committal on all the issues between the parties.

Abraham Lincoln supported and trusted him and used his wonderful powers of logic and ridicule against the Free Soil Party. He was opposed to slavery extension but not ready to form party lines on that issue until 1856 when the Free Soil developed into the Republican Party—which made him President of the United States.

(From *American Whig*, Taunton, September 21, 1848)

"Honorable Abraham Lincoln, M. C., from Illinois, delivered an address before the Whigs of Taunton, last evening. This distinguished gentleman has visited a number of our most populous towns at the solicitation of our Whig friends, and he has met with a most cordial reception. He was warmly received last

evening. He is from the Democratic State of Illinois and is a champion of Free Soil and Free Speech, and afforded us the pleasure of a specimen of Western eloquence in favor of Taylor and Fillmore. He spoke in Chelsea on Tuesday evening, and the *Evening Journal* says: 'The Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois delivered one of his argumentative and spirit-stirring addresses, which was listened to with much interest and with ardent manifestations of concurrence in the views advanced.'"

Deacon Edward W. Porter, East Taunton, says Lincoln spoke in Union Hall in his shirt sleeves, it being a very hot evening.

(From *Bristol County Democrat*, Taunton, Friday, September 29, 1848)

"The Taylor men were well entertained Wednesday evening, the 20th inst., at Union Hall, by an address from the Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. The address as well as the speaker was such as to give unlimited satisfaction to the disheartened Taylorites. Such a treat it is indeed seldom their good luck to get, and they were in ecstasies! At former meetings their spirits were too low for a good hearty cheer, but on this occasion 'the steam was up.' It was reviving to hear a man speak as if he believed what he was saying and had a grain or two of feeling mixed up with it; one who could not only speak highly of Taylor, but could occasionally swell with indignation or burst in hatred on the Free Soilers. When political spite runs high nothing can be too pungent or severe, and the speaker is appreciated in proportion as his statements are rash and unscrupulous. So it was on this occasion. The speaker was far inferior as a reasoner to others who hold the same views, but then he was more unscrupulous, more facetious and with his sneers he mixed up a good

deal of humor. His awkward gesticulations, the ludicrous management of his voice and the comical expression of his countenance, all conspired to make his hearers laugh at the mere anticipation of the joke before it appeared. But enough concerning the speaker; let us examine his arguments.

"General Taylor, he argued, *has* principles, though he has not given expression to them on the Tariff, Bank and other questions of policy. This, however, is in direct contradiction of Taylor, himself, who in his letter to Delany writes, 'As regards the second and third inquiries (about a bank and tariff), I am not prepared to answer them. *I could only do so after investigating them.* I am no politician; near forty years of my life have been passed on the Western frontier and in the Indian country.' The speaker next discussed the veto question and said that Taylor was the first Whig candidate that had come fully up to the Whig platform in this point, because unlike all other candidates before him he had not even claimed the right to advise Congress on matters of policy. The proper limitation of the veto, he contended, was the Whig platform itself, and General Taylor by his equivocal silence had come up to it better than the great parent of Whig principles—Henry Clay. He did not know that General Taylor had professed that he would *not* veto the Wilmot proviso, but *believed* that he would not, because General Taylor had promised not to veto any measure unless it was unconstitutional or passed in haste and acknowledged that to be constitutional which had been established by long usage and acquiesced in by the people. As the constitutionality of the Wilmot Proviso he said 'had never been disputed,' it was therefore acquiesced in by the people and consequently Taylor was bound not to veto it.

"He subsequently admitted in speaking of Cass, that in the Nicholson letter the constitutional power of Congress to exclude slavery from any territory in the Union was denied. Yet he seemed to forget this when he said that the constitutionality of the Proviso had never been disputed. He seemed to be entirely ig-

norant that every propagandist of slavery in existence, with John C. Calhoun at their head, claimed the right, under the Constitution, and independent of Congress, to carry their 'property' into any part of the United States territory and there to hold it.

"Calhoun said in the Senate that when the South consented to the Missouri Compromise the rights of the South granted by the Constitution were given up but belonged to the South the same as if no compromise had been made. Thomas Corwin said in his speech on the Compromise Bill introduced in the Senate last session of Congress that the constitutionality of any measure excluding slavery from the territories could not with safety be left to the decision of the Supreme Court. The House of Representatives had the same views and rejected the bill. None of these facts did the speaker allude to, but instead uttered the stupendous falsehood that the 'constitutionality of the Proviso' had never been disputed. Without this 'whopper,' however, the argument would have been defective. There would have been a gap in it, so the lie was made big enough to fill the gap that the argument might thereby be made sound and conclusive.

"He related a conversation which he overheard at the dinner table of a house in Lowell between two Free Soilers. One of them remarked that the reasoning of the Taylor men was not logical, for it certainly was illogical to say, 'General Taylor is a slaveholder, therefore we go for him to prevent the extension of slavery.' He thought this was an unfair statement of the case and gave what he deemed the correct one in the form of a syllogism as follows: 'General Taylor is a slaveholder, but he will do more to prevent the extension of slavery than any other man whom it is possible to elect; therefore we go for Taylor.'

"It needs no argument to prove that the major proposition does not include the minor and has nothing to do with it. But let that pass. The minor proposition asserts that General Taylor will do '*more*' to prevent the extension of slavery than any other man it is possible to elect, and this assertion is made before the

logician has even attempted to prove that General Taylor was opposed to the extension of slavery at all! The attempt is made to prove that he will do *more* than any other man before it is proved that he will do the first thing. But taking for granted that General Taylor will not veto the Proviso (a position founded on a lie) is that a proof that he will do anything to prevent the extension of slavery? He may never have a chance to veto the Proviso even if elected in November. The slave states are equal with the free states in the Senate and before the Proviso can pass that body one or two of the Southern Senators must yield.

"Under such circumstances, is it likely that any Senator from the South will be influenced to vote for the Proviso by the executive patronage of the unrepentant slaveholder, Zachary Taylor? Is it not more probable that it would be brought to bear on some Northern doughface? It would be quite safe for Taylor to make an equivocal promise not to veto the Proviso, but he has not even done so much as that. The speaker contended that Van Buren had approved the policy of the Mexican War and the annexation of new territory. This he did not prove from Van Buren's letter written in 1844. If he had read that letter to his hearers they would have found that Van Buren wrote *against* annexation, partly because it would produce war. The proof he gave was the fact that some of the same individuals who supported Van Buren in 1844 had since voted both for Texas and war.

"He said in another part of his speech that the Northern Democrats were opposed to the annexation of Texas in 1844. Yet he undertook to prove that Van Buren was in favor of annexation and war from the fact that these men once supported him and that at the very time they themselves were opposed to annexation. But why should Van Buren be held responsible for all his friends? Where is the proof that he ever favored the extension of slavery in all his life? Is General Taylor responsible for all who now support him? Are the sins of Berrien Mangum and other propagandists of slavery to be laid to his

charge? He has enough to answer for on his own account if we acquit him of all guilt connected with the Native Church burning of Philadelphia.

"To show the recklessness and audacity of the honorable gentleman and the low estimate he had formed of his hearers, it will suffice to give but one specimen. Speaking of Van Buren, he said 'he (Van Buren) won't have an electoral vote in the nation nor as many as all others in any county in the nation.' The reasoning adopted by the Whig Free Soilers he gave in the form of a syllogism as follows: 'We can't go for General Taylor because he is not a Whig. Van Buren is not a Whig; therefore, we go for him.' This dishonest statement of the case elicited warm applause from his truth-loving hearers. The syllogism should have stood thus: We can't vote for a man without principles. General Taylor has got none, and Van Buren has, at least, got one good Whig principle; therefore, we go for Van Buren against Taylor.

"For the benefit of those who are like the speaker, always misrepresenting the Free Soil Party, I will define our position in a pro-syllogism. The abolition of slavery in the territory of the United States can never be accomplished unless the North is united. But the North cannot be united until old party lines are broken down. But these lines cannot be broken down unless every man is willing to sacrifice his attachment to minor questions and make opposition to slavery the leading idea; therefore, we have come out of the old pro-slavery parties and formed the United Party of the North."

LINCOLN AT FORT STEVENS

By P. H. KAISER

ON the eleventh day of July, 1864, General Jubal Early with his army was menacing the City of Washington. His forces were concentrated in front of Fort Stevens and the other forts in the immediate vicinity, and the city was momentarily expecting an assault would be made—first upon the forts and then upon the city itself. The writer was a private in Company "K" of the 150th regiment of Ohio National Guards,

and the company was stationed at Fort Stevens in front of which the heaviest skirmishing and fighting was going on.

The members of our company were manning and firing the large guns within the fort. While the skirmishing and rifle fighting was going on at quite a lively rate down in front of the fort, we were sending shot and shell far over the heads and in front of the riflemen, driving the enemy from certain dwelling houses in and behind which they were hiding, and from windows of which they were pouring balls into the ranks of our skirmishers.

In the midst of the battle, I saw, standing upon the parapet a few rods from the gun to which I was assigned, a tall man wearing a tall stovepipe hat and a long coat, who was watching the progress of the fighting

with the closest interest, wholly unmindful of the danger in which he stood. Many eyes were turned in his direction, and upon inquiry I learned that the man was President Lincoln.

General Wright, in command of the 6th Corps, stood near him with a field glass viewing the contest, when a bullet wounded a surgeon nearby. The General turned at once with the order.. "Mr. President, step down from that parapet, you are too conspicuous an object to remain in so exposed a position." Like a good soldier he obeyed orders and stepped down.

This was, I understand, the only battle during the Civil War of which the President was an eye-witness.

This was the first and only time I saw the Great Emancipator.

LIFE AND TIME

A shadow is our little hour
Within Life's lifted light;
A shifting of the lamp, and lo!
The shadow sleeps in night.

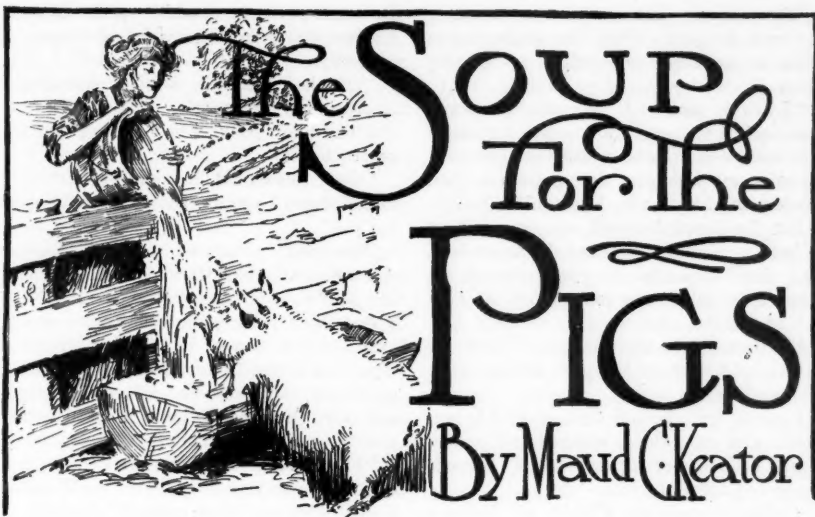
A pressure at the heart is life;
A longing in the eye;
A word unspoken, quivering
Upon the lips a sigh;

A sunbeam on a billow's crest
That dies when falls the wave;
A breath of evanescent wind
Blown over Summer's grave.

If life so brief a thing may be
How firmly should we hold
The treasure that is ours today,
The noontide with its gold!

For all we hold of life and time
May suddenly depart
When Death's voice 'passionate and strong'
Calls to the wayward heart.

—Henry Dumont.



WHEN Lynette Thornly hied from the strenuous social life of the city to the quiet and peace of her aunt's farm, several of her suitors followed, bent on capturing the capricious butterfly and tying her to the lapel of their coats. But the dull life of the country proved too monotonous for even their ardor, and after a brief stay they retreated from the field of battle—all save Pemberton Anderson—he secured board at an adjoining house, but camped on Auntie Hawkins' front porch and haunted her rose garden.

"I never thought it would be Pem," remarked Lynette to her mirror one night, "never! The egotism of him!"

But as Pemberton was the personification of good nature, romantic, handsome, and served to break the monotony of her self-imposed exile, Lynette demurely plumed her wings and tried to be gracious.

"How did you happen to remain here to hide your light under a bushel?" giped Lynette, wickedly, her blond head a tilt and her gray eyes dancing. "Poor Pem, you'll have countryitis!"

"Well, you know," Pem informed her, gazing down from his great height, "I'd stand anything for you, Lynette."

"How truly noble!" mocked the witch, catching up her blue lawn gown and sweeping him a playful courtesy.

So she stood, a bewitching picture, slim as a silver dart, rose colored, with the fire of the setting sun on her golden head.

He strode nearer through the sweet bloom of the rose garden and caught her hands, gazing down tensely.

"I asked you three months ago to be my wife, Lynette. Haven't you walked on my heart long enough, dear? Aren't you tired of the play?"

She surveyed him a moment in silence, observing the dark, smooth-shaven face with its sensitive, boyish mouth, brown eyes and its crown of rumped curly hair.

"I like curly hair," she commented at last, gravely. "That's the reason I like mine. You're handsome, Pem, real handsome, and you make a capital lover. But, Pem, really, I'm not sure that you'd make an ideal husband. No; I need convincing."

She shook her head doubtfully, but an impish light danced in her eyes, and her rosy mouth twitched.

"You bloodthirsty little soul," cried Pem, losing his temper. "You heartless—"

"Thank you," she interrupted coldly, drawing back among the roses. "Those are very sweet words, Mr. Anderson, too sweet to woo with—the honey of them stings."

"Lynette," he pleaded in consternation, "is this one of your play spells, or are you in earnest?"

"Bloodthirsty little soul," she repeated, her eyes glowing. Then she made him a frigid bow, turned and trailed toward the house.

"Lynette, please—I beg your pardon a thousand times—on my knees! I thought you understood that I meant that you were torturing me with your dear sweetness, your careless witchery! Oh, Lynette!"

But the dimpled mouth was drawn down to hard, unyielding lines, and the saucy head was tilted defiantly as she mounted the steps of the porch and passed from his sight behind the rose vines.

He turned and went forlornly down the garden walk, across the rustic bridge to the house adjoining.

Lynette, from behind the tangle of honeysuckle and rose vines, watched him out of sight, her slender figure shaken between anger and silent laughter.

"What a great big silly he is. What a weak wooer!"

She stamped her foot, and her lips curled.

"Oh, for a man! Why didn't he carry me off, or hold me prisoner? Instead, he pleads when he should demand," she cried with the wisdom of eighteen years.

For a long time she stood staring down through the sweet dusk of the garden, her face suddenly pensive.

"If I could only make Pem desperate enough, he'd rise to my ideal. Poor Pem, he nearly reached it today; he called me a—" She trilled out a joyous laugh and hugged herself in delight. "Only he wasn't quite angry enough to dare. Oh, Pem, if I were a man I'd show you how to woo and win!"

Two days had passed since the scene in the rose garden, and Pem had failed to call and make his usual obeisance at love's shrine. Lynette opened her eyes in wonder.

Then two more days dragged on. Lynette pouted and tossed her wilful head. But when a whole week of silence had elapsed, her wonder and anxiety gave place to anger. She became interested in the pigs and chickens, resolutely keeping her eyes turned from the front yard when Pem was likely to pass.

"What's the matter with the man who used to live out on the front porch?" asked Auntie Hawkins at last, in surprise. "The one you call Pem. I haven't seen him bobbing around lately."

"Oh, you mean Mr. Pemberton Anderson?

He—he's perfectly horrid!" railed Lynette, her fluttering gaze escaping the older woman's severe eyes.

"Oh, ho, that's it, is it?" commented Auntie Hawkins wisely. "Well, I never did like him. He seemed sort of namby-pamby to me."

"Well, you should like him, Auntie Hawkins," blazed Lynette. "He's perfectly—perfectly—"

"Oh, ho," exclaimed the older woman again with an odd little wink, trying to make her plain face inviting, "I understand."

But she did not. She could never understand the thousand of warring emotions which momentarily dominated the excitable, capricious, but sweet and adorable Lynette, any more than a staid old hen could understand a hummingbird.

"I'm going to a quilting tomorrow, Lynette. Do you care to go with me?" asked Auntie Hawkins after several moments of thoughtful silence.

"I—I hate quiltings," sniffed Lynette. "I went once with you, auntie, and I almost died listening to those awful women tearing everyone to shreds!"

"Will you tell me," inquired auntie curiously, "how you manage to remain here with me so long?"

"Blessed if I know, auntie, unless it's to cheer you up. You know that you need cheering awfully."

"Thank you, dearie," answered the older woman, drily.

"You don't believe it?" questioned Lynette, her eyes wide with pretended surprise.

"I think it is something else."

The girl smiled in a way to bring the peek-a-boo dimples out to storm auntie's hard heart.

"Auntie, I'll 'fess up, because I like you—lots!"

Lynette sank on a hassock in front of the older woman's chair and hunched her knees beneath her chin. Then she smiled winsomely into auntie's condemning eyes.

"Lynette, is that the way girls are in the habit of sitting in New York?"

The girl glanced from her aunt's outstretched, accusing finger to her own white-slipped foot and dainty ankle.

"Auntie, dear, you should go to Atlantic City," she tinkled out. "The ladies are very particular and prim—about the temperature

of the water! They wear very long gowns, too, way down clear over their little footsies. It's considered a disgrace for even the toes of their shoes to be seen."

"I've heard of Atlantic City," retorted auntie grimly.

"It's a very pleasant, jolly place," quavered Lynette longingly. "And I'm here!"

"No chains bind you here," reminded her aunt stiffly.

"There may be no chains," acknowledged the girl, "but there is duty. You see, I ran down here because all the men, that is, the most of them, were determined to marry me. Of course, I couldn't marry them all, so I thought I'd try and find out which loved me best. As a test I hiked down here to you, auntie, love. And the result!" Lynette's great eyes mourned.

"Only Pem has stood the test, Pem!"

Suddenly the delicate face became tragic.

"Auntie, perhaps Pem has gone back—I haven't seen him for a week!"

"Well, if you want to find out, I guess you can," suggested Auntie Hawkins cheerfully, picking up her sewing.

"I—I believe that I liked Pem the best of all," choked the girl.

"You can go over to the Crawfords and find out, can't you," urged auntie coolly, "as long as you feel that way?"

"I'd die first," flashed the girl hotly. Then quietly, "Well, I'll stay here with you, auntie, and be a dear, cross, prim old maid like you until I die!"

"Then if I go to the quilting, will you feed the pigs and chickens about five o'clock?"

"I'll feed anything," answered the girl wearily.

Auntie regarded the slim, white-gowned figure critically.

"Fraid you can't carry the swill-pail, Lynette, without straining yourself. Guess I'd better have Seth come over and look after the pigs."

"I don't want anyone," declared Lynette. "I—I want to be alone."

The older woman patted the girl's arm gently.

"I suppose you think that I'm sort of unsympathetic, don't you? But you see, you are so young and childish, and your troubles so small that it makes me laugh—these funny little sorrows of youth. You think you love that curly-headed garden-haunter, but in

a few years from now you will have loved at least ten times. Besides, you couldn't possibly be sad more than five minutes at a time."

But at this Lynette stamped her little feet indignantly, perked her head and whisked from the room. She darted back an instant later and standing in the doorway flashed back: "Auntie, I was just pretending—what I told you about Pem—I just hate him!"

It was nearly eleven o'clock the following morning when Auntie Hawkins put on her bonnet preparatory to starting to the quilting. She had given Lynette careful instructions regarding the pigs and the chickens.

"You must feed them at five o'clock, Lynette, they expect it. I never could let the poor things go until all hours before they are fed, like some folks do. It's just as easy to feed them one time as another. And, Lynette, don't throw out the dishwater after you've washed your dinner and supper dishes. It's only shiftless farmers that waste good dishwater. I feed it to the pigs; they just love it. You'll find the swill pails on the back porch. Give Psyche twice as much as you do Victor; I'm fattening her. And don't carry the pails too full and strain yourself," she advised, bustling about stiffly in her clean starched skirts in search of sewing bag and scissors.

"Why don't you call it soup for the pig?" demanded Lynette thoughtfully. "It would sound more—more poetical, more in harmony with their names, auntie."

Auntie Hawkins sniffed. "Don't be foolish, child, and don't forget what I told you about starving the poor things. I expect to be back about seven o'clock."

She whisked out, only to dart back a moment later for her handkerchief.

"Guess I'd forget my head if it wasn't fastened to me. Good-bye this time."

Lynette watched the tall angular figure stride down the garden walk, pass through the gate and down the dusty road beyond. Then she turned wearily and threw herself on the couch.

She was not hungry, and she was determined never to eat again. She should starve herself sick. Perhaps Pem would relent when he heard that she was ill and reproach himself for his nasty temper. It would be a long time before she should ever ask him to call again. Perhaps she should never have the chance—for of course he had returned to the

city. If he had not gone, he never could have remained away from her side so long.

At this thought Lynette buried her head in the sofa cushions and fairly sobbed. Then she brushed the tears angrily away, picked up a magazine and read herself to sleep.

It was three o'clock when she awoke and the afternoon sun was sifting through the screen door of the sitting room. Outside, the fragrant tendrils of honeysuckle, which entwined the porch, waved softly in the breeze. From the direction of the barnyard came the contented cluck of the chickens, mingled with the lazy grunts of the pigs.

Lynette raised herself to a sitting posture and glanced at the clock on the sideboard. She was disgracefully hungry. Pem or no Pem, she would eat; she wouldn't starve herself for any man. And she would be happy. Life was long. She would yet have the chance to lead him a gay dance and repay him for his indifference.

She set briskly to work to cook an elaborate dinner. Enveloped in a big blue gingham apron with sleeves rolled to her elbows, she mixed and rolled the biscuit, cut them out with the biscuit cutter and shoved them into the oven. She became so interested in her work that she forgot the indifference of Pem and trilled forth a song in the very joyousness of youth and health.

She went down into the cool darkness of the cellar and brought forth a chicken which her aunt had prepared that morning for their supper at night, together with bread, butter, pickles, slaw, cake and jelly.

After the table was set, she stood off and surveyed it critically. The flowers, the snowy linen, the delicately browned chicken and biscuits looked inviting, but the only plate at the head of the table appeared lonely.

"I wish," she reflected aloud, "that someone would wander in—some old hungry tramp, or—or even Pem! Wouldn't I pepper his chicken until it strangled him? I guess yes!"

She took off her apron, smoothed her hair and seated herself at the table. She ate her dinner in defiant misery, for no one came to disturb her solitude. Then she rose, cleared away the food that was left and put the dishes in the dishpan. But they were greasy and needed soap. Thereupon Lynette tripped out to the woodshed to the soft soap

barrel and brought in a large cupful of shining brown soap. Not knowing how much to use, she dumped the whole cupful into the water and whisked her hands around to dissolve it. The bubbles rose high.

"I wonder why auntie never used soap in her dishwater," mused Lynette. "I guess it's because she is too saving. Goodness! I don't see how she managed without soap."

After the dishes were finished, she poured the water into the pails, laughing as she did so. "Soup for the pigs, and I guess they are hungry by the way they squeal. Nothing musical about that."

She lifted the swill pail with both hands and carried it down the steps. It was painfully heavy and slopped so that she tried carrying it with one hand. Finally after a laborious journey she reached the pigpen.

Psyche must have smelled her dinner, for she had planted her forefeet on top of the fence and stood sniffing eagerly. Victor, from his separate pen, came leisurely from his house which stood in the center of the lot and looked on coolly, occasionally making some remark in hog Latin and blinking his wicked eyes.

Lynette lifted the pail to the top of the fence and rested it there a moment, then she poured the soup in Psyche's trough. Some of the swill went on the pig's head, which could not very well be avoided, as Psyche had dropped her forefeet from the fence to the trough and maintained her position defiantly.

Lynette watched curiously. Certainly Psyche was not polite, for she gulped her soup down hurriedly with snorts of delight while Victor looked on enviously.

Then something happened. Psyche had never stopped to taste the soup until it was down. She supposed, of course, that it was like all her other soup, but it was evident that she suddenly realized a difference. She paused in surprise, looked cross-eyed and wobbled painfully.

"Heavens!" muttered Lynette, with a sudden suspicion, "auntie never used soap!"

Psyche rolled her eyes, moaned feebly and fell limply to the ground.

For one awful moment Lynette stared in bewilderment. She had killed the pig! What would auntie say? Something must be done, and quickly. She must get someone there.

She dropped the swill pail, flew up the back yard, around through the rose garden, over the rustic bridge to the adjoining house. She would ask Mr. Crawford to help her; he surely understood pigs. Then it came to her suddenly that she might hear whether Pem had returned to the city.

She ran hurriedly up the gravel walk to the porch, her white gown whipping around her feet with the swiftness of her motion. Her hand was on the knob when the door opened and Pem sauntered forth. Pem in a natty brown suit with a golden-brown tie and shoes to match his eyes and hair.

Lynette was on the point of calling him "Nice brown boy," when she remembered her grievance and the tragedy of the pen.

She clutched his arm frantically. "The pig, Pem, for heaven's sake, come quickly!"

Pem looked insulted.

"Is this another of your little jokes, Miss Thornly?" he demanded coldly.

"She's got a fit," cried Lynette indignantly. "You heartless man. I poisoned her! I gave her soap soup—lots of it, instead of just plain dishwater soup—and she's dying! Auntie never will forgive me, never! She—she was fattening Psyche, too!"

Pem's face was as grave as a funeral as he yielded to the straining hand on his arm, and raced after her over the rustic bridge, back through the rose garden to the pigpen.

He gazed from the outstretched pig back to Lynette's pale little face.

"What's an antidote for lye? Lemons," he triumphed.

"Lemons," waived Lynette blankly, "there's not a lemon in the house, and where will I get lemons five miles from town?"

Pem puckered his brow. "Vinegar, then?" The words were no sooner out of his mouth than she was racing toward the house.

Pem turned and regarded the huge muddy side of Psyche with dismay. But when Lynette returned with the vinegar jug, Pem, natty suit and all, was heroically perched astride the groaning beast.

Whether it was the weight of Pem or a new symptom of the poison, Psyche squealed, grunted and rolled her eyes spasmodically.

Lynette recoiled with a frightened scream. "Oh, Pem, she's going mad!"

"Pour the vinegar down her throat," ordered Pem, his face red with the effort of holding Psyche's jaws apart.

Lynette obeyed, tilting the jug so that its contents flowed down the pig's throat in a steady stream.

"My, she holds a lot," remarked Lynette nervously. "You don't think that will hurt her, do you?"

"The worst it can do is to pickle her," he answered grimly, mopping his forehead with a trembling hand and trying to straighten his tie.

Whether it was because there was no more vinegar or whether it was because the antidote was having an effect, it is difficult to say, but at this juncture Psyche grunted, squealed and writhed with such vigor that Victor tore out of his house, and seeing his mate seemingly in the hands of cannibals, made a furious lunge at the intervening fence, bore it down with a snap and a grunt and made a mad charge on the occupants.

Lynette stood speechless with fright, but Pem, seeing that the situation brooked no delay, caught the girl around the waist and ran pellmell to the low roof of the pigsty. He scrambled up the steep sides to the peak, dragging Lynette up beside him.

The infuriated hog reached the sty just as they reached the top, and planting his forefeet on the low part of the roof glared at them vengefully.

Pem, balanced nicely on the sharp edge, held Lynette's arm tenderly. Neither spoke for a moment, but gazed down at Victor's vicious jaws, then on to Psyche, who by that time seemed to have completely recovered, and was trotting around the pen, the picture of contentment and health.

"I'm not very comfortable, are you?" questioned Lynette, glancing at Pem hunched up on his sharp seat, pale, torn and grim. "I wish that pig would go away!"

"He evidently intends to eat us," Pem commented gravely. "I see it in his eye. I guess we will have to remain here until someone rescues us."

"What will auntie say?" groaned Lynette, her lips quivering childishly. Then suddenly remembering her grievance, she faced Pem resentfully.

"I'm sorry that I had to ask your help, Mr. Anderson."

"Is that the thanks I get, Lynette?" he demanded gloomily.

"I thank you, Mr. Anderson," she answered with ceremonious politeness, her



"Don't mix love with—with pigs! It isn't poetical!"

head held high and her dimpled mouth drawn down to a severe scarlet line.

Victor still stood with forefeet firmly planted on the edge of the roof squealing at them in impotent wrath.

Pem gazed down the slanting shingles into the pig's snapping eyes, and sudden determination hardened his face. He turned to her grimly.

"It's come to the turning point, Lynette. I've helped you with that confounded pig. I wouldn't have done it for another girl. I want to ask you, have you come to a decision yet?"

"I haven't," she resented, her saucy nose perked skyward. "And I wish to suggest, as you value the love of a woman, never, when you propose, press your suit on top of a pigsty. Don't mix love with—with pigs! It isn't poetical!"

"It's gone beyond the poetical point," he answered savagely. "When a man's been waiting three months for an answer, he's not apt to be poetical, or tactful, or even sweet tempered. It's going to be aye or nay, now, this minute," he blundered on, heedless of the gray fire in the girl's eyes.

"It is no, then, Pemberton Anderson."

Pem reached out long, strong arms and clutched the defiant little figure. He gazed at her wrathfully.

"Lynette!" as he spoke he lifted her clear off the roof so that her tan-slippered little feet dangled over Victor's cavernous jaws. "It's going to be yes, or I'll throw you down to the pig." He gazed at her hungrily. "What a sweet morsel you'd make for his soup, dear. I would it were mine!"

Lynette writhed with anger. To be insulted was enough, but to be held in that disgraceful manner, helpless, dangled like a rag doll, was maddening. Her eyes searched the grim face. Pem looked dangerous. At last it had gone beyond mere play; it was earnest—dead earnest.

"On second thoughts," resumed Pem,

I've decided to throw myself down with you. We'll both be soup for the pigs!"

"Pem," she implored, feeling the danger of their slippery position. "Please, Pem!"

"Is it to be love or soup? Quick!"

She tucked her head down like a hurt bird. "Pem!"

But for answer he dangled her nearer the pig's nose. "Down we go!"

At that opportune moment Lynette spied Auntie Hawkins opening the front gate and called to her frantically.

"Auntie, auntie, here we are, back here on top of the pig house."

Auntie Hawkins' face was a study in wonder as she drew near.

"For the land sakes! what are you doing up there?" she demanded.

"Please keep Victor away, coax him away with some—some soup, or poke him in the ribs with that stick there, so we can get down, and I'll tell you," said Lynette nervously. "We've had a dreadful time!"

"I should say so," commented auntie, glaring at Pem, as they descended gingerly from the roof and shied Victor's rough advances.

"He saved the pig," Lynette interrupted, then explained.

A flood of changing expressions surged over Auntie Hawkins' face as her niece related the story.


"Well," she remarked, smothering a giggle, "I guess you'd never make farmers. Even your soap soup wouldn't hurt a pig occasionally, though it would not be healthy as a steady diet. As for Victor—" she giggled again—"I guess he was just insisting on his dinner. A hungry hog is rather apt to look dangerous to the uninitiated."

Lynette turned first white, then red. She faced Pem furiously.

"And you knew this all the time!"

But when she met his laughing eyes and outstretched arms, she sank weakly into their tender embrace and laughed.





The GOSSIP of VALLEY VIEW

By L. M. Montgomery

IT WAS the first of April, and Julius Barrett, aged fourteen, perched on his father's gatepost, watched ruefully the low-descending sun and counted that day lost. He had not succeeded in "fooling" a single person, although he had tried repeatedly. One and all, old and young, of his intended victims had been too wary for Julius. Hence, Julius was disgusted and ready for anything in the way of a stratagem or a spoil.

The Barrett gatepost topped the highest hill in Valley View. Julius could see the entire settlement from "Young" Thomas Everett's farm, a mile to the west, to Adelia Williams' weather-gray little house on a moonrise slope to the east. He was gazing moodily down the muddy road when Dan Chester, homeward bound from the post office, came riding sloppily along on his gray mare and pulled up by the Barrett gate to hand a paper to Julius.

Dan was a young man who took life and himself very seriously. He seldom smiled, never joked, and had a Washingtonian reputation for veracity. Dan had never told a conscious falsehood in his life; he never even exaggerated.

Julius, beholding Dan's solemn face, was seized with a perfectly irresistible desire to

"fool" him. At the same moment his eye caught the dazzling reflection of the setting sun on the windows of Adelia Williams' house, and he had an inspiration little short of diabolical. "Have you heard the news, Dan?" he asked.

"No, what is it?" asked Dan.

"I dunno's I ought to tell it," said Julius reflectively. "It's kind of a family affair; but then Adelia didn't say not to; and anyway it'll be all over the place soon. So I'll tell you, Dan, if you'll promise never to tell who told you. Adelia Williams and Young Thomas Everett are going to be married."

Julius delivered himself of this tremendous lie with a transparently earnest countenance. Yet Dan, credulous as he was, could not believe it all at once.

"Git out," he said.

"It's true, 'pon my word," protested Julius. "Adelia was up last night and told ma all about it. Ma's her cousin, you know. The wedding is to be in June, and Adelia asked ma to help her get her quilts and things ready."

Julius reeled all this off so glibly that Dan finally believed the story, despite the fact that the people thus coupled together in prospective matrimony were the very last people in

Valley View who could have been expected to marry each other. Young Thomas was a confirmed bachelor of fifty, and Adelia Williams was forty; they were not supposed to be even well acquainted, as the Everetts and the Williamses had never been very friendly, although no open feud existed between them.

Nevertheless, in view of Julius' circumstantial statements, the amazing news must be true, and Dan was instantly agog to carry it further. Julius watched Dan and the gray mare out of sight, fairly writhing with ecstasy. Oh, but Dan had been easy! The story would be all over Valley View in twenty-four hours. Julius laughed until he came near to falling off the gatepost.

At this point Julius and Danny drop out of our story, and Young Thomas enters.

It was two days later when Young Thomas heard that he was to be married to Adelia Williams in June. Eben Clark, the blacksmith, told him when he went to the forge to get his horse shod. Young Thomas laughed his big jolly laugh. Valley View gossip had been marrying him off for the last thirty years, although never before to Adelia Williams.

"It's news to me," he said tolerantly.

Eben grinned broadly. "Ah, you can't bluff it off like that, Tom," he said. "The news came too straight this time. Well, I was glad to hear it, although I was mighty surprised. I never thought of you and Adelia. But she's a fine little woman and will make you a capital wife."

Young Thomas grunted and drove away. He had a good deal of business to do that day, involving calls at various places—the store for molasses, the mill for flour, Jim Bentley's for seed grain, the doctor's for toothache drops for his housekeeper, the post office for mail—and at each and every place he was joked about his approaching marriage. In the end it rather annoyed Young Thomas. He drove home at last in what was for him something of a temper. How on earth had that fool story started? With such detailed circumstantiality of rugs and quilts, too? Adelia Williams must be going to marry somebody, and the Valley View gossips, unable to locate the man, had guessed Young Thomas.

When he reached home, tired, mud-spattered and hungry, his housekeeper, who was also his hired man's wife, asked him if

it was true that he was going to be married. Young Thomas, taking in at a glance the illy prepared, half-cold supper on the table, felt more annoyed than ever, and said it wasn't, with a strong expression—not quite an oath—for Young Thomas never swore, unless swearing be as much a matter of intonation as of words.

Mrs. Dunn sighed, petted her swelled face, and said she was sorry; she had hoped it was true, for her man had decided to go West. They were to go in a month's time. Young Thomas sat down to his supper with the prospect of having to look up another housekeeper and hired man before planting to destroy his appetite.

Next day three people, who came to see Young Thomas on business, congratulated him on his approaching marriage. Young Thomas, who had recovered his usual good humor, merely laughed. There was no use in being too earnest in denial, he thought. He knew that his unusual fit of petulance with his housekeeper had only convinced her that the story was true. It would die away in time, as other similar stories had died, he thought. Valley View gossip was imaginative.

Young Thomas looked rather serious, however, when the minister and his wife called that evening and referred to the report. Young Thomas gravely said that it was unfounded. The minister looked graver still and said he was sorry—he had hoped it was true. His wife glanced significantly about Young Thomas' big, untidy sitting room, where there were cobwebs on the ceiling and fluff in the corners and dust on the mop-board, and said nothing, but looked volumes. "Dang it all," said Young Thomas, as they drove away, "they'll marry me yet in spite of myself."

The gossip made him think about Adelia Williams. He had never thought about her before; he was barely acquainted with her. Now he remembered that she was a plump, jolly-looking little woman, noted for being a good housekeeper. Then Young Thomas groaned, remembering that he must start out looking for a housekeeper soon; and housekeepers were not easily found, as Young Thomas had discovered several times since his mother's death ten years before.

Next Sunday in church Young Thomas looked at Adelia Williams. He caught

Adelia looking at him. Adelia blushed and looked guiltily away.

"Dang it all," reflected Young Thomas, forgetting that he was in church, "I suppose she has heard that fool story, too. I'd like to know the person who started it; man or woman, I'd punch their head."

Nevertheless, Young Thomas went on looking at Adelia by fits and starts, although he did not again catch Adelia looking at him. He noticed that she had round rosy cheeks and twinkling brown eyes. She did not look like an old maid, and Young Thomas wondered that she had been allowed to become one. Sarah Barnett, now, to whom report had married him a year ago, looked like a dried sour apple.

For the next four weeks the story haunted Young Thomas like a spectre. Down it would not. Everywhere he went he was joked about it. It gathered fresh detail every week. Adelia was getting her clothes ready; she was to be married in seal-brown cashmere; Vinnie Lawrence at Valley Centre was making it for her; she had got a new hat with a long ostrich plume; some said white, some said gray.

Young Thomas kept wondering who the man could be, for he was convinced that Adelia was going to marry somebody. More than that, once he caught himself wondering enviously. Adelia was a nice-looking woman, and he had not so far heard of any probable housekeeper.

"Dang it all," said Young Thomas to himself in desperation. "I wouldn't care if it was true."

His married sister from Carlisle heard the story and came over to investigate. Young Thomas denied it shortly, and his sister scolded. She had devoutly hoped it was true, she said, and it would have been a great weight off her mind.

"This house is in a disgraceful condition, Thomas," she said severely. "It would break mother's heart if she could rise out of her grave to see it. And Adelia Williams is a perfect housekeeper."

"You didn't use to think so much of the Williams crowd," said Young Thomas dryly.

"Oh, some of them don't amount to much," admitted Maria, "but Adelia is all right."

Catching sight of an odd look on Young Thomas' face, she added hastily: "Thomas

Everett, I believe it's true after all. Now, is it? For mercy's sake don't be so sly. You might tell me, your own and only sister, if it is."

"Oh, shut up," was Young Thomas' unfeeling reply to his own and only sister.

Young Thomas told himself that night that Valley View gossip would drive him into an asylum yet if it didn't let up. He also wondered if Adelia was as much persecuted as himself. No doubt she was. He never could catch her eye in church now; but he would have been surprised had he realized how many times he tried to.

The climax came the third week in May, when Young Thomas, who had been keeping house for himself for three weeks, received a letter and an express box from his cousin, Charles Everett, out in Manitoba. Charles and he had been chums in their boyhood. They corresponded occasionally still, although it was twenty years since Charles had gone West.

The letter was to congratulate Young Thomas on his approaching marriage. Charles had heard of it through some Valley View correspondents of his wife. He was much pleased; he had always liked Adelia, he said—had been an old beau of hers, in fact. Thomas might give her a kiss for him if he liked. He forwarded a wedding present by express and hoped they would be very happy, etc.

The present was an elaborate hatrack of polished buffalo horns, mounted on red plush, with an inset mirror. Young Thomas set it up on the kitchen table and scowled moodily at his reflection in the mirror. If wedding presents were beginning to come, it was high time something was done. The matter was past being a joke. This affair of the present would certainly get out—things always got out in Valley View, dang it all—and he would never hear the last of it.

"I'll marry," said Young Thomas decisively. "If Adelia Williams won't have me, I'll marry the first woman who will, if it's Sarah Barnett herself."

Young Thomas shaved and put on his Sunday suit. As soon as it was safely dark, he bled him away to Adelia Williams. He felt very doubtful about his reception, but the remembrance of the twinkle in Adelia's brown eyes comforted him. She looked like a woman who had a sense of humor; she



Wondering if all men felt so horribly uncomfortable when they went courting

might not take him, but she would not feel offended or insulted because he asked her.

"Dang it all, though, I hope she will take me," said Young Thomas. "I'm in for getting married now and no mistake. And I can't get Adelia out of my head. I've been thinking of her steady ever since that confounded gossip began."

When he knocked at Adelia's door he discovered that his face was wet with perspiration. Adelia opened the door and started when she saw him; then she turned very red and stiffly asked him in. Young Thomas went in and sat down, wondering if all men

felt so horribly uncomfortable when they went courting.

Adelia stooped low over the woodbox to put a stick of wood in the stove, for the May evening was chilly. Her shoulders were shaking; the shaking grew worse; suddenly Adelia laughed hysterically and, sitting down on the woodbox, continued to laugh. Young Thomas eyed her with a friendly grin.

"Oh, do excuse me," gasped poor Adelia, wiping tears from her eyes. "This is—dreadful—I didn't mean to laugh—I don't know why I'm laughing—but—I—can't help it."

She laughed helplessly again. Young

Thomas laughed, too. His embarrassment vanished in the mellowness of that laughter. Presently Adelia composed herself and removed from the woodbox to a chair; but there was still a suspicious twitching about the corners of her mouth.

"I suppose," said Young Thomas, determined to have it over with before the ice could form again. "I suppose, Adelia, you've heard the story that's been going about you and me of late?"

Adelia nodded. "I've been persecuted to the verge of insanity with it," she said. "Every soul I've seen has tormented me about it, and people have written me about it. I've denied it till I was black in the face, but nobody believed me. I can't find out how it started. I hope you believe, Mr. Everett, that it couldn't possibly have arisen from anything I said. I've felt dreadfully worried for fear you might think it did. I heard that my cousin, Lucilla Barrett, said I told her; but Lucilla vowed to me that she never said such a thing or even dreamed of it. I've felt dreadful bad over the whole affair. I even gave up the idea of making a quilt after a lovely new pattern I've got, because they made such a talk about my brown dress."

"I've been kind of supposing that you must be going to marry somebody, and folks just guessed it was me," said Young Thomas—he said it anxiously.

"No, I'm not going to be married to anybody," said Adelia with a laugh, taking up her knitting.

"I'm glad of that," said Young Thomas gravely. "I mean," he hastened to add, seeing the look of astonishment on Adelia's

face, "that I'm glad there isn't any other man—because—because I want you myself, Adelia."

Adelia laid down her knitting and blushed crimson. But she looked at Young Thomas squarely and reproachfully.

"You needn't think you are bound to say that because of the gossip, Mr. Everett," she said quietly.

"Oh, I don't," said Young Thomas earnestly. "But the truth is, the story set me to thinking about you, and from that I got to wishing it was true—honest, I did—I couldn't get you out of my head, and at last I didn't want to. It just seemed to me that you were the very woman for me if you'd only take me. Will you, Adelia? I've got a good farm and house, and I'll try to make you happy."

It was not a very romantic wooing, perhaps. But Adelia was forty and had never been a romantic little body even in the heyday of youth. She was a practical woman; and Young Thomas was a fine-looking man of his age with abundance of worldly goods. Besides, she liked him, and the gossip had made her think a good deal about him of late. Indeed, in a moment of candor she had owned to herself the very last Sunday in church that she wouldn't mind if the story were true.

"I'll—I'll think of it," she said.

This was practically an acceptance, and Young Thomas so understood it. Without loss of time he crossed the kitchen, sat down beside Adelia, and put his arms about her plump waist.

"Here's a kiss Charlie sent me to give you," he said, giving it.

BE RADIANT

WHAT if the gathering clouds portray
The coming of a passing shower,
Be radiant and crown each day
With thoughts of fast-increasing power.

And when the showers in torrents fall,
And earth seems but a darkened mass,
Respond with cheer to every call,
And smile on each and every class.

Alice Baker.

IT'S AN ILL WIND



(by)
Jean Carmichael



I KNEW from the beginning that I was being followed by detectives. I spotted them at the Grand Central, and I knew that the only reason they did not arrest me there was because they were not absolutely sure I was the man. They were going by my description only, and that is sometimes misleading, as the best of detectives know, but they did not intend to let me out of their sight, that was certain.

It seemed odd to think that it was really I who was the hero, or rather the villain of the story. I, as a newspaper man, had been on just such a story so often. If I had not been playing the role of the hunted I should probably have been sent to write up the whole thing. Tomorrow the papers would be full of it. I wondered where I should be at that time. I was too familiar with the ways of such cases to enjoy the prospect.

I was tired, dead tired. Ever since I had seen him fall I had been on the move, hunted from one place to another, conscious of detectives on my track. It was in sheer desperation, because I had to do something and that quickly, that I went to Forty-second Street and took the three fifty-two on the Shore Line. It was a local, and I thought that I could skip them, perhaps, at some little country station. So I sauntered over to the gate and down the platform with the rest of the commuters. As I strolled through the train someone called, "Why, Tom Wentworth," and I encountered Martha Dearborn's black eyes that never miss anything.

Thank the fates, she did not mention my name loud enough for the detectives to hear in the confusion, for they were looking for a

fellow named Wentworth, six feet tall, broad-shouldered, smooth-faced, with brown hair and eyes. I could not get out of sitting down beside her for a few minutes, and I smiled grimly as I glanced back and saw my two breathless shadows sitting close behind, and thought how shocked the conventional Miss Dearborn would have been could she have read my mind.

When one does not know whether one will be spending the summer in the Tombs or not, it is rather amusing, to say the least, to have a woman inviting you for the week-end and asking your plans for July and August. I turned a bit and raised my voice so that my followers could hear, as I told her that I had promised to spend the next week at Idlewilde up on the Hudson, with the Conovers, but that perhaps by the thirtieth I could run out to Stamford to spend a Sunday at her home. At any rate I would save the first week in September for the alluring yachting trip she was planning. And then, after a little more empty, idle persiflage, I rose in my grandest manner, although my knees felt decidedly shaky, and telling her that I had to see a man in the smoker on business, I moved on. At the door I saw that the detectives were seized with a similar desire and were close at my heels.

As I sank into a seat in the forward car I didn't care much what happened next. The sight of those familiar stations on the Sound brought back a rush of old recollections. When I was up at New Haven at college I had motored over these roads and sailed over the blue Sound every chance I could get. Stevens, my room-mate, and I had between us a couple of motor-cars and a sloop, and

just the shimmer of the sunshine on the water brought back the old longing for the wind and the open road or the good salt waves. Five or six years of hard work in New York I found had not dulled the call of the wild after all.

And now I had done this thing that would disgrace me and, worse still, bring disgrace on the old college. I had not meant to do it, but I hate to see a man strike anyone weaker than himself, and when I saw that brute kick the kid I forgot everything and lit right in, and the next thing I knew he fell like a log, and they all yelled I'd killed him. I ought not to have run, I suppose, but Corcoran shoved me out of the door and said, "We'll fix this all right, old man. Get out," and I didn't stop to reason about anything. I got out.

The farther we went from New York the less I knew what to do. I hated to have a scene there on the train; there were several people I knew slightly, besides Martha Dearborn. It was the deuce of a mess. I decided to get off at the next station, no matter what it was, rather than have those beasts of detectives watching me the way a cat watches a mouse-hole. It's wearing to the nerves, though I had never realized in all my life before that I had any. I'd always been such a healthy, happy, normal sort of brute.

The train began to slow down for a station. I looked out and recognized it as one of the many charming places scattered all over that part of the coast, and, nonchalantly picking up my suitcase, I stepped jauntily off. The two men were close behind again. The train still lingered, and I saw Martha Dearborn looking out of the window curiously at me. I couldn't be arrested there under her gossipy nose. There was only one trap drawn up beside the platform, a stunning high English cart. As I stood there hesitating a moment the groom touched his hat, and called out, "Mr. Esterbrook? Step this way, sir, if you please," and I stepped.

Jove, it was good to see the look of surprise on those detectives' faces, as I started off in that trap! They evidently were not quite convinced, however, for I saw them, when I looked back, talking with the baggage master, and then making for the one rickety old hack there was at the station.

It was a risky game I'd been roped into

playing—palming myself off as an expected guest. There would be the deuce to pay, I was sure, when I arrived. Imagine being set down suddenly into a strange house-party, especially at the end of such a day as this had been. I leaned back and decided to enjoy life while I could, at any rate. I could not help feeling, even under the circumstances, that it was good to be driving rapidly through that crisp cool golden afternoon, with the salt wind blowing in my face, and ahead of me the dark blue line of the Sound. After ten months of New York one appreciates a place like that. I had heard that spring had come, but Madison Square was the nearest I had come to it, and suddenly from the hot, dusty, reeking city, where one grows pessimistic over the luckless pots the potter marred in making, to be transported into May, real May, with air that was saturated with appleblossoms and lilacs—it almost made one forget.

Then, of a sudden, the sight of the pink and white domes of the apple trees clutched at my heart. Things I had tried for five years to forget came rushing back into my mind. I was standing again under an apple tree with Margaret Inness. I could smell the subtle sweet perfume of the blossoms and I could see the rosy petals dropping on her shoulders and her dark hair. I had not seen her since. She had broken it all off that summer and gone abroad, and now, although I had thought it was all over and forgotten, the scent of those appleblossoms brought back the old pain. I tried to make myself believe that I was thankful enough that I had not brought disgrace upon her, but it was all swallowed up in the overmastering desire to see her again.

It was a long drive to the house, the unknown house I was going to, and I had time to think over many matters and to decide that the best thing to do was to stop the horse, get out and disappear in the woods that were thick hereabouts. It might surprise the groom, but he could not do anything. Fortunately, however, I looked around before I stopped, and, behold, not far behind came the station hack, rumbling and careening from side to side, the decrepit horses urged to their utmost speed.

That decided me! It was better to go on and bluff it out. I was lost if I stopped, and so, lighting a fresh cigarette unconcernedly, I

drove in through two great iron gates, past the lodge and down a winding avenue through the woods. Great ferns waved on either side under the oaks and sometimes a rabbit scuttled across the road. It reminded me of a place in England where I once visited. Then the road swept around a wide lawn to a great rambling stone house covered with ivy, an English house with mullioned windows and oriels, and quaint chimney-pots. On the terrace in front there were people; I could see light frocks and bright parasols. The house party was having tea.

Some one came forward to meet me, as we drove up under the porte cochère. She was a graceful woman in a trailing white gown with very black hair and blue eyes. "Mr. Esterbrook?" she said, and held out her hand cordially. From the little note of interrogation in her voice it suddenly dawned on me that she did not know her expected guest, and so far I was safe. "Jack has not come yet, I am sorry to say. You'll not mind just putting up with us for a little while?"

I expressed my delight most sincerely in not minding Jack's absence in the least, and the next thing I knew I was walking along the terrace beside her toward the little group by the stone balustrade. My nerve came back, poor fool that I was, and for the moment I forgot I was not Mr. Esterbrook, a carefree individual, come to spend the week-end at this charming country-place with these delightful people.

I took the little group in at a glance. There were eight or ten well-bred men and women of the idle rich class. Over by the tea table a slender girl with dark hair coiled low on her neck was standing with her back to me, waiting for the cup of tea a young matron was pouring. As my hostess started to introduce me as "Mr. Esterbrook" the girl turned. I heard a little half-startled exclamation, and I looked straight into the troubled eyes of Margaret Inness. Then she dropped the cup she was holding with a little crash on the stone pavement.

I sprang forward to pick up the pieces. "Don't give me away," I whispered, "I'll explain when I can see you for a moment alone."

Margaret always had good nerve. She never waited for reasons and explanations; she always trusted her friends, but I could see that this was a problem that was almost

too much for her. However, she began to laugh at her clumsiness about the cup. Then she monopolized me shamelessly there before them all, laughing and jolly in the same old way, and when the others had finished their tea she called to our hostess:

"Anna, I am going to show Mr. Esterbrook the view from the terrace before you send him to his room."

"Very well," the other said, "Mr. Esterbrook will find Parkinson in the hall when he chooses to go to his room. Do amuse him now, Margaret, to keep him from being quite bored at not seeing Jack at once. Jack is so anxious to see him that this delay is rending his soul, I know."

I secretly wondered whether Jack *would* be so anxious to see me, when he arrived, and then we sauntered off around the long library wing to the other side of the house. The glorious sweep of sparkling water made me catch my breath, and when I looked at Margaret I caught a little glint of something like sadness and regret in her clear gray eyes. I wondered if she, too, were thinking of those old days. She had grown older, graver, sadder, in those five years, and yet there was an added something, a sympathy, a sweetness, a depth that had been lacking in the young girl, with all her fascination and beauty.

"Now tell me about it, Tom," she said, looking up at me.

And then I told her the whole story, concealing nothing. All the color left her face as I told her; even her lips were white.

"I don't blame you at all," she said. "It's a terrible thing, Tom, but you couldn't see him kick a child to death. You did not mean to kill him. Weren't there enough witnesses to prove that you did it to defend a weaker person?"

"I wouldn't trust that crowd," I said. "It was in a Bowery saloon. I was working up a story and Corcoran has often given me points before on the neighborhood. But the crowd in there was rough; they were mostly pals of the man I struck. They look on me as an outsider, a snob, probably, and they don't love me. No, I wouldn't trust anything they would say, if they were hauled up as witnesses."

Two or three men and girls came around the corner of the house chattering and laughing, and Margaret and I, still talking, turned

to the right and crossed the wide lawn toward the shrubberies. I poured the whole story out to her. I was telling her of my sensations, dogged by those detectives, telling her fortunately in low tones, when I saw them watching us come.

"Don't look startled," I warned her, "but they are waiting on the path ahead of us, now. We will pass them in a moment."

Margaret had her nerve right with her. As we went by the men, she raised her voice, and without even glancing in their direction said, clearly and distinctly, "Why, *Jimmy Esterbrook*, don't you remember when we were children how we used to play with Mathilde Lyon? You surely haven't forgotten Mathilde?"

"Of course I remember now," I said, laughing. "We used to build sand castles down there on the beach, and live most of the time in castles in the air, the three of us. We had good old times together, down at Uncle Jim's. You were always a good sort, even if you *were* a girl."

By that time we had turned the corner and were making for the house again. Margaret was very white. I slid my hand in her arm and gave it a bit of a squeeze.

"You're a brick, Margaret, if ever there was one," I said. "And your nerve is thundering good. How could you do that so suddenly? They must be convinced now that I'm James Esterbrook, and no Thomas Tremont Wentworth. I hope they will leave me in peace. If they don't, I think I'll be a fit subject for an alienist. It's nerve-wearing, to say the least."

"You poor, dear old Tom," Margaret said sadly, and before she turned her face away I caught a sparkle of tears in her eyes.

"Don't tempt me, Margaret," I said, "Don't sympathize or I'll say things I've no right to say to you—now." And I stalked on over the velvety sward, striking savagely with my stick at an inoffensive dandelion that had escaped the lawn-mower. Margaret walked on, looking straight before her, silent, thoughtful. I could see nothing but her pure profile cut like a cameo against the green.

Our hostess was waiting for us on the terrace and promptly sent me up to dress for dinner, and not until I had closed the door of my big, cool, airy, chintz-covered bedroom, all full of the scent of the sea from the many windows open seawards, did I remember that

I did not even know the name of my hostess. I had been so absorbed in the mere fact of seeing Margaret again, and of realizing that my love for her was as strong and vital a thing as it had ever been, that I had never thought to make inquiries about my hosts.

I dressed and then sat down before the quaint English latticed window to think the matter over. I had almost made up my mind that I could play the part no longer, that the only honorable thing was to go and apologize to my hostess and leave her hospitable house at once, when I discovered that it was exactly seven o'clock. It would be hard to explain in a hurry. I decided it would be simpler and more civil to wait until after dinner; besides, I must confess it, I was ravenously hungry.

Before I had time to speak to Margaret alone, dinner was announced, and I found myself between her and a vivacious Miss Martin at an exceedingly lively end of the table, where any low-toned conversation was out of the question. The long dinner was very gay and hilarious. I had, for the time, forgotten the varied events of the day, when the pompous butler came in with a telegram. Our hostess read it and then looked up with a smile at the rest of us and said: "Jack says, 'We will be out on the ten-thirty.' Now who in the world is Jack bringing out tonight? This is most mysterious." Her delicately penciled eyebrows were drawn in a little frown.

I turned cold. Of course Esterbrook himself was coming with "Jack." I felt like a trapped animal. As I rapidly evolved plans in my head, I ate two courses absently, and was only reminded of the existence of the others by finding that I was the unconscious center of their merry eyes, and was being offered untold wealth in exchange for my absorbing thoughts.

Then I was conscious of a man beyond me leaning forward across his neighbor to confide in young Uxbridge that there had been quite a bit of excitement before dinner. Two suspicious-looking characters had been seen hanging about the shrubberies. Several people had seen them at different times. They had been ordered off, and the gardeners had been detailed to watch the house during dinner. There were two of them, he said, and thereupon he proceeded to give an exact description of my faithful followers.

My appetite was quite gone by then. Margaret, dear girl, looked distressed also, and she hardly touched her salad. I longed for a bit of private conversation with her, but no sooner did we go into the great library for our coffee than my hostess set me down to make a fourth at bridge. Before I had time to draw my breath the cards were dealt, and I was a prisoner for the evening. I cast

is 'Jack,' on whose hospitality I am encroaching, adorable Margaret?" when I stopped, for a hearty voice I knew as well as my own was calling out to one and another jovially, "How are you, Anna?" "Well, Uxbridge, I am glad to see you," "Tom Peters, this is good." "Jove, it's bully to get home. It's two whole weeks I've been on those beastly trains, more or less. This running



"You're a hero tonight!"

a pleading glance at Margaret, as she went off to play billiards, but she only smiled brightly and nodded to me that all was right.

It seemed to me no time at all before there came the honk of a motor-car outside, and a rush to the hall with little cries of "Jack's come." I found myself standing a bit apart, feeling lonelier, I will confess, than ever in my life before. I was contemplating making a bolt through the long window on the terrace, when Margaret came and slipped her hand through my arm in the shelter of the friendly portiere.

"You can explain it all to Jack," she said, "He will never mind in the least. He's a good sort and will understand."

I started to say, "For Heaven's sake who

out West don't suit me, when I've got all this waiting for me at home."

The voice could belong to no one in the wide world but old Jack Simmons, who was in the class of Ninety-umph at Yale. At almost the same instant he caught sight of me and pushed past the others holding out both hands.

"Why, Tom Wentworth," he boomed out in his big, hearty bass that had been the pride of the Glee Club. "What lucky wind blew you here? Why, Tommy! Why, Tommy! I haven't seen you since Triennial." He was shaking both hands so vigorously I winced. "And, faith, it's a queer chance. I was reading all about you in the last edition of the *Yellow Evening*

Despatch on the train, you blithering idiot. I suppose you haven't told any of these people what you've been up to, you great big modest baby?" He shook me gently.

The others had gathered around in silence, looking at us with surprise. Mrs. Jack's face was a study.

"I have a big confession to make," I said, feeling hot at the sight of all those eyes on me. "I have to apologize for palming myself off on these people, old man. I'll explain it all to you."

"Explain be hanged," said Simmons, "It's enough you're here. You're a hero tonight, did you know it? Probably you haven't seen the papers."

He fished out the familiar old evening paper and opened it, while I watched him with horrible fascination.

"Picture of the hero," he announced, and held it up for all to see.

Over the caricature of a photograph of me, taken in the early nineties, were the startling headlines: "Wentworth of the Evening Despatch, Hero of the Day—Rescues a Child from the Brutal Blows of a Bowery Bully—Deals Summary Punishment to Paddy O'Sullivan, the Victor of a Hundred Prize Fights. Mr. Wentworth, the famous full-back of Yale, knocks down the assaulter." And then Jack began to read aloud a most lurid account of the innocent and beautiful child, who was being done to death, and of my gallant rescue. I was compared to St. George, to Sir Galahad, to all the saints and heroes in Christendom. I knew the style of it. Teddy Flaherty, my colleague, had gotten hold of the story and made a good column out of it for the last edition.

I felt Margaret's arm tremble against mine. The reaction was too much for the dear old girl. I longed there before every one to pick her up in my arms and run away with her, away from the others, out into the moonlit night.

"He isn't dead. I'm not a murderer!" rang through my head over and over again.

"By the way, Esterbrook couldn't come after all," Jack said. "He was awfully sorry, Anna, but at the last minute he telephoned me at the Club. I am beastly sorry, for I wanted you all to know him. He's from San Francisco, you know, and doesn't get East very often."

I felt the puzzled looks cast at me. "But

I've got to explain my side of the story," I said when I could get in a word. "I palmed myself off as Esterbrook, Jack. I've a tale of my own to unfold."

I can see it all now, the big baronial hall, with its dark panelling as a background for the group of people in evening dress gathered about, all looking curiously interested as I told them of the long day, of being shadowed by the detectives, and how, when Sheridan, the groom, beamed on me as the only eligible person who got off the train and tempted me to play the part of the expected guest, I had fallen from grace and palmed myself off as Esterbrook. With those men dogging my footsteps I had to do something in a hurry. I told them that the suspicious-looking men in the shrubbery who had created such excitement earlier in the evening were there to watch me.

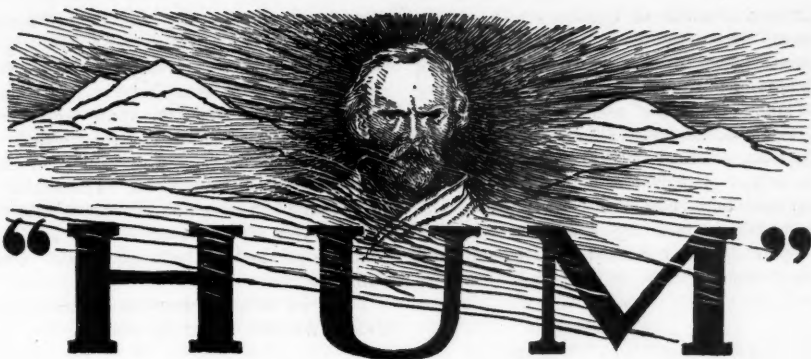
They all listened to me breathlessly, and when I had finished the men ejaculated sympathetic "By Joves," and "Beastly," and "Bully for you," while the girls gave little gasps of horror and excitement, and they all crowded around, exclaiming and questioning, until I was immensely embarrassed.

When they all were through, Mrs. Jack held out her hand to me and said laughingly, "I owe you a debt of gratitude. You've really made my house-party a success. They were all horribly bored before you came. It is like having a Princess Scheherazade come to be a parlor entertainer."

Jack threw an arm about my shoulder. "Now don't let's talk about it any more. I want Tom to forget all about it. He is here and that's all I want. Can't we have a rarebit, Anna? I'm starved for one. Come on, all of you." He drew Mrs. Jack's hand through his arm and led the way to the dining room.

But Margaret and I slipped out of the long French window into the scented moonlit night. The perfume of the apple-blossoms was faint and sweet, and as we strolled down to where the trees lifted pale pink domes touched with moonlight, we forgot those wasted five years and began over again where we left off then.

"Well," said Jack later, as we confessed our little secret to him and Mrs. Jack, "seems to me, old chap, I've read somewhere, in the Bible or Shakespeare, that 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.'"



A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

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CHAPTER IX

ORON raised his hand. Two massive doors rolled back. Five thousand white scarfs fluttered, as the throng of richly robed men and women rose to welcome three, comparatively, small men in purple robes, and a dark-skinned boy clothed in gray. I turned to Soratiya.

"Fear not," he said, "I will help you."

Malonda rose. "People of Zoeia," he said, "a privilege never before enjoyed by one of our nation has been granted to me. It is to present to you Feanka, Tooma, Audofa and Motoo, from the 'underworld.' Our guests and our brothers."

Another ripple of white waves, and I went forward.

In very imperfect Zoeian, I told my story. Soratiya's ready assistance, with Tom's excellent work, enabled me to bridge many embarrassing situations. However, my tale, from beginning to end, was, to my audience, a drama full of novelty and thrilling climaxes. From our embarkation at New York to our final escape from the canyon, not an eye left me; not a sound was uttered, save murmured enthusiasm. The Zoeian dames bent forward, with the rapt expression that betokens intense emotion.

This evidence of absorbed interest was specially emphasized in a young girl who sat not far from the platform. She was just enough unlike her island sisters to be notice-

able. Her eyes were blue; her hair a golden hue; her stature much below that of her companions. Her beautiful, earnest face—but partially concealed by her veil—fascinated me. Each time I looked at her I had a vague remembrance of some one I had known.

I spoke for two hours, closing with an account of our struggle in the rift; our emotions on beholding the star. Many sprang to their feet as a storm of applause broke forth. Oron, and others on the platform, clustered about us with warm congratulations and repeated expressions of wonder and delight. Their eager questions multiplied rapidly. Their thirst for our history seemed insatiable.

I exhibited our revolvers, the deadly use of which I had described while Tom sketched our other firearms. They handled the weapons with extreme caution until, with Soratiya's aid, I explained that the danger lay in the cartridges, several of which I took from the basket and showed their construction. The audience would not leave. They watched my movements and endeavored to catch my words. Malonda, noticing this, spoke with Oron; then asked me if we would go among the people and show them the "firetubes."

Glad of the opportunity, each took a revolver and mingled with the throng. Then

came a fusillade of questions and compliments that overtaxed our vocabulary. Too dazed before, I now noticed the exceeding beauty of the auditorium; the soft, rich color of the walls; the superb tapestries; the artistic bronze seats—all illuminated by the peculiar, subdued light that failed to reveal its origin. Briefly—for a merry laugh drew my eyes to a bevy of brilliant beauties who had monopolized my handsome comrade. Apparently, their interest centered more on his personality than on the "fire-tubes."



I spoke for two hours.

I sought for Hum, and little wondered that group after group pressed close to him, for, once more, the moonlit vision on the cliffs was before me. As then, I tried to dispel the illusion, but it was as fixed as was the dark face of Moto, at that moment beaming with joy. A comely matron had just placed on his finger a glittering ring. Time was passing. I gathered my companions, and we retraced our way to the platform, where Oron and his majestic confreres were preparing to depart.

"We still linger," he smiled. "It is difficult to leave the feast when hunger pleads.

Hard to pass the cup untouched, when parched by thirst. But the mantle of night infolds us—the star, Nazron, sinks. We must go." In his grand, statuesque beauty he stood, for a moment, apart with us—then, in heartfelt tones, he said to us:

"Brothers, the resistless impulse of the divine will has led you to us. The shield of the Infinite has protected you when beset by perils. You are yet weary; worn by long journeyings through strange lands. Rest with us in peace."

I reached forth to grasp his hand—he was gone! We were in our chambers.

* * *

Tom was silent, but restless. Hum, buried in thought. I, too, was voiceless. Something gladdened the eyes of the boy. I called him to me and took his hand. Yes, there it was—a costly diamond; an unimpeachable witness.

"Do you remember who gave you this?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! But she went away—all went away—oh, so quick!"

"Let me see," said Tom.

"The ring is a rare one; but it's not absolute proof. The boy might have—"

"Easy, my chum! How about that?" I pointed to his arm.

"True!" he said, brushing the fresh crayon dust from the sleeve of his robe. "It all happened; but—how? Audofa, can you tell us?"

"I hardly dare venture an opinion," he said. "We have recently crossed the threshold of things unknown to us.

It may not, probably will not, happen again. Possibly, the concentrated mass of Zocian influence overpowered us. Better not dwell upon the subject tonight. Soratiya has advised a holiday tomorrow; a visit to the factories, and an excursion south of the city. Wisdom demands that we go to rest at once. *Somaven, comrades!*"

"Jove!" exclaimed Tom; "I believe it was one of those things Detwold told about."

Huan was famous for its linen and a fabric made from *miele*—a material difficult to distinguish from the silk of the cocoon. In all the factories the operatives had that

healthy, contented appearance which comes from early hours, light labor and fixed reward. Here, again, the single hand of a wise government was in evidence.

The various processes and the intricate machinery were explained to us, but in reply to our inquiries concerning the power employed, we were invariably told that it came from the sun. This we knew, in a general way, but the method by which the solar force was utilized by these people—that was the unsolved problem.

When we passed the southern limit of the city, a train of cars was emerging into the open. In Zoeian cities railways were never seen on the surface. They appeared only when clear of the boundaries. No smoke or dust followed these silent, swift-moving vehicles.

"In twenty-four minutes that train will reach Oron's city," I said. "Can you grasp that, Tom Selby?"

"Scarcely, Fean. We were about double that time coming from Grant's Tomb to Forty-second street. Yet they say New York is a fast town."

The sugar cane plantations and groves of nut-bearing trees invited us to tarry. In the midst of a somewhat animated conversation Hum paused. "Feanka," he said, "among your great audience, not one was more absorbed than the girl with the blue eyes and light hair, who sat in front of you. A peculiarly sweet and winning woman."

"Did she recall any one you ever saw?"

"No, yet her face haunts me."

"Who is the paragon you are talking about?" asked Tom. "I did not see her."

"Your chance comes tonight, my clever artist," I said.

"Heaven grant we have no more dissolving views."

"So say I, comrade. I recall other singular experiences I have had during my intercourse with these people. At times, their faces and voices seem far away."

"Why the dickens didn't you speak of it?" Tom asked. "I have noticed the same thing."

"Probably, for the reason that made you silent. I attributed it to some functional disturbance in my sense organs. One doesn't care to refer to his personal disorders. How is it with you, Audofa?"

"I, too, have observed this strange oc-

currence," he said. "There are times when Soratiya's face becomes indistinct, but I never fail to hear his words. It certainly is remarkable; but I do not believe it wise to pursue the subject further, just now."

"Audofa, may I ask what engaged your thoughts at the moment of my untimely question?"

"Oh, I was thinking of what these high-bred, courteous and contented folk represent; of the possibilities for the human family if they would but adopt the means employed by this race. I cannot understand their isolation."

"It may have been a prime factor in their exaltation," I said, "by preserving them from the contaminating influences of the outside world."

"Your suggestion invites thought, Feanka; but, in my opinion, there has been a higher force; a power working toward self-purification and spiritual elevation."

On our return, we passed through vineyards where young men and women were gathering grapes, singing as they worked. Their fine physiques, auburn hair in varying shades, dark lustrous eyes, graceful costumes, and, withal, their expression of happiness as they moved through the green foliage, made a goodly picture.

A jolly half hour we spent with these merry harvesters as we ate the delicious fruit they offered us. Here, as elsewhere, the fair toilers clustered within Tom's circle. He was a refined sybarite who loved to bestow pleasure lavishly.

I pointed to the sun. "See, it is growing late," I said.

"Scott, we must skedaddle!" he exclaimed.

"I haven't finished my program nor arranged my make-up."

* * *

Another exhilarating reception, and my well-favored associate warmed to his work. Though I knew there was a fine vein of knowledge and sentiment in Selby which seldom came to the surface, he surprised me.

He gave a concise account of the discovery of our country, of our people, our laws, manners and customs, with happy local sketches. Then took up our commercial, social, religious and domestic systems in a way that caused Oron to lean forward with eager attention, while Malonda twice drew nearer to the speaker. Our commerce,

currency, banking system, manufactures, methods of travel, climate and products, were tersely enumerated; our religion and domestic life pithily described—the latter, in a way to cause many ripples of laughter in his audience. His final eulogium on his companions and glowing tribute to the Zocians aroused a demonstration that heightened the color in the man I loved.

When I suddenly grasped the geographical position of this race, and realized that they could have no more conception of existing conditions elsewhere than we have of those in the planet Saturn, I did not wonder at the tremendous wave of enthusiasm that came from Oron and his associates. What did astonish me was the marvelous clearness with which these people could trace the relativity of the facts to which they had listened. Whence came it? A hypothesis flashed across my mind—one so startling, I paled and grew dizzy—

"Comrade, they are leaving!"

The voice was Hum's. It sounded faint—far away—but it recalled me.

The human cordiality at parting was most welcome. I was glad to see the multitude pass slowly out; to feel the warmth of Oron's hand; to hear Soratiya say: "Feanka, I will walk with you to your abode."

* * *

"Well, thank heaven, we stayed in our clothes tonight," exclaimed Tom, from the couch. "How did I get on, Fean?"

"Famously! You rose to sublime heights, my chum."

"Th—thanks! I shall descend to profound depths, for I am about played out. Oh, by the way, I saw your bluebird. She made my hair curl!"

"How?"

"H-m—oh—er—I don't know. Too tired to explain now. Ta, ta—Somaven—all!"

"What did you think of him, Audofa?" I asked, as Tom disappeared.

"It was overwhelming! Feanka, the man is an enigma! A strange compound of wisdom and frivolity. However, it is not for us to sit in judgment. He is one of God's noblemen! He is holding his own."

"Tomorrow night, Audofa."

"Yes—the last and the least."

"No, no, old shipmate, the greatest and the best."

My debonair comrade prepared for heavy work. He well knew that the Hungarian would tax his ability. Everything arranged to his methodical mind, he sat idly enjoying the brilliant concourse from whom pleasant recognitions and smiles were flowing; now and then emphasized by the flutter of a scarf or the wave of a jeweled hand. He was sufficiently self-conscious to estimate, at its full value, this tribute to his attractive personality; and lavishly did he reciprocate the treasured token, until a misshapen man—with nothing in his bodily appearance to attract, save his large, expressive eyes—rose and stepped forward. Then, with a graceful wave of his hand, to some one, Tom picked up his crayons.

Even I marveled that the Hungarian received so tremendous an ovation, such positive homage. Was it owing to something his audience, with clearer vision than mine, recognized in this man? Something as yet unrevealed to me? By what force did he hold them spellbound for more than two hours, while, in simple words, but with thrilling effect, he dextrously wove facts and incidents into the story of his life.

I looked at Tom—at times, his deft hand lost its cunning; at Oron—when his eager eyes drooped in meditation; at Soratiya's face glowing with admiration; at Malonda's and Reebea's rapt, awed expression; at the thousands of white scarfs waving frantically; and I knew that the old iron-smith had won.

CHAPTER X

"Hokenda!" announced the trainguard quietly but distinctly.

Oron gave us warm welcome as he led us to his motor-vehicle. A crowd had gathered in anticipation of our coming, but no unseemly curiosity was manifest, only appreciative interest.

"First, to the restafa," said our host, "where refreshments await you. After mid-day I will take you to my home. Oronena, with my sons and daughters, will give you greeting. Afterwards, we will talk until the evening hours; then, many from our city will come to meet you. Motoo, my boy, you will be happy at the children's festival today."

I remarked upon the similitude of the two cities.

"But slight difference exists except in size," he said. "We aim at uniformity."

Long since, we solved the problem of how to house the earthly body without detriment to its spiritual counterpart."

"Aye, that is apparent everywhere," asserted Hum. "Our people have much to learn."

"This is the seat of our government," our host went on. "Our public buildings, library and museum are here. Our observatory and accumulators are at Bacca, a city further south. See, you are expected," he said, pointing to two men-in-gray who stood by the entrance to a building similar to our abode in Huan.

"These are our brothers," he said to them.

"We understand, Oron."

"They will care for you," he said at parting, "*Yolo, yolo*," (farewell).

* * *

"I say, comrades," exclaimed Tom, later, "we know nothing about living, in its true sense. We go through life restless and dissatisfied, hopeful of great things beyond. These folk have the secret of right living. They have forgotten more than we ever knew."

"Not much of a secret, after all," said Hum, turning from the window. "It has been plainly spoken to our people for ages, but they have refused to heed the teaching. Steeped in their aggressive selfishness, their minds have been closed to the entrance of the true light. These people are the living exponents of the truth as it is in Christ."

"I guess that's about the size of it," agreed Tom; "besides, they have Oron. He could change the color of Chicago."

"By the way, that reminds me," I said. "Why did you and Audofa stare at him so, the first time he entered the class room?"

Tom laughed. "But for your arrant skepticism, I should have told you long ago. We recognized his likeness to the figure made by the trees in Elgrane."

I appealed to Hum. He nodded assent.

"How do you explain that occurrence," I asked.

"Explain nothing, Audofa," opposed Tom. "He thought us light-headed, but he failed to realize the thickness of his own pate."

"Well, it is remarkable!" I said.

"Wonderful, indeed, Fean, but not more so than the thoughtfulness of these Zoeians. Gray, number one, has called us to dinner."

The unstudied ease and grace with which Oronena and her charming sons and daughters received us did not surprise me. I had ceased to wonder at anything on this island. I accepted all as the natural heritage of a race who had, as Selby said, "learned the secret of right living," had materialized ideas in ways which, as yet, were but crude images in the minds of our ablest scientists.

The Oronena's simple greeting was characteristic: "Though you come from unknown parts, we do not look upon you as aliens," she said, "but, rather, as members of one great household, whom the Supreme has sent to us, in furtherance of His divine plan. Our bounty, as you have pleasantly expressed it, is from Him, but—" she smiled winningly—"it pleases us to be the chosen instruments for its dispensation."

Many gems dropped from her fair lips, until Oron rose and invited us to a rose-embowered pavilion in his park.

"I love this spot," he said. "It has pleasing associations. It is a fitting place wherein to tell you of our country and ourselves. You have already learned much from Soratiya, and by observation, but there are special facts and incidents it is my privilege to impart. Do not hesitate to ask questions, or make remarks.

"Our domain is on the top of a mountain several thousand feet in height, about a hundred miles in length, and nearly twenty-five miles in breadth. The surface is somewhat rolling, but mostly, a plain encircled by lofty, precipitous peaks among which we find many minerals and fine gems."

"You are safe from invasion," suggested Tom.

"I do not understand," said Oron.

Hum explained.

"I get the meaning," he said, "but cannot comprehend the event Tooma suggests. Some of our wise men have ascended the accessible peaks, and by the aid of powerful glasses, have discovered that we are surrounded by a hot sea from which vapor continually rises. They believe this water comes from countless hot springs. Its depth is not known. Owing to the vapor, we know but little of the far away shores. Once in seven years a remarkable phenomenon occurs. The water falls rapidly a thousand feet, and at once returns to its former level."

"This is of intense interest to us," I said.

"That frightful shaft must be hundreds of feet in depth. How did you ascertain the exact features of this event?"

"It was in this way, Feanka: Our science men had long noticed periodical changes in our weather tubes that indicated strange disturbances in our atmosphere. After repeated experiments, extended through many years, they formulated a theory which you, and one of our people have found to be correct."

"Do I understand, Oron, that some one from here has had an experience similar to ours?"

"Yes. Near the city of Bacca, there is a natural curiosity, a chasm of indefinite length. Once in seven years, during the protracted rains, the gorge into which it opens becomes, for a brief period, a small lake. This lake soon recedes, leaving the bed of the chasm nearly dry until the next periodical rain. Our theory was that the fissure had an outlet, but not large enough to exhaust the water during the copious rainfall. The man to whom I referred conceived of embarking in a small boat and allowing himself to drift, he knew not where. It was a wild undertaking for a Zoecian, for though not lacking in courage, the spirit of exploration has never possessed us. At one time, the thought of establishing intercourse with the outside world was agitated. Our engineers even went so far as to penetrate to the margin of the slope; in fact, descended a short distance. They found the mountain side nearly vertical; the surface vitreous; two conditions almost impossible to meet."

"We saw these peculiar features when we crossed the lake," I said. "For hours, we sought a landing place. Truly, it would be an almost insurmountable work, yet, could it not be done?"

"Possibly, Feanka—but after all, to what end?"

"Aye, to what end?" said Hum.

"After seven years," Oron went on, "this man returned, with a tale of adventure, marvelous and interesting. It explained some mysteries and, as I said, confirmed our theories. He had reached the lower end of the rift, and found that it communicated through a small opening with a large vaulted chamber filled with water."

As Hum raised his hand, Oron paused. "I have seen that passage," he said, "it was to the left of the one we entered."

"Then it is as I supposed. The dome-shaped chamber is the summit of the shaft so graphically described by Feanka. Curiously, this man came to the place just as the sea level was about to change, and thus reached the basin below."

"Alone, and in darkness!" exclaimed Hum. "He must have been a man of nerve."

"He is," said Oron, "but he was provided with our portable lights—*synnas*, we call them. He went out by the passage through which you entered. No, not so; you came in from the western side?" I inclined my head. "Then, there must be an eastern outlet," he said, "for he crossed the lake to the shore opposite where you embarked."

Oron raised a *kanjoot* to his lips, then went on: "With great astuteness, the man computed the time; reached the mouth of the shaft at the turn of the tide, and rose to the rift, through which he worked his way back to the chasm. How, I scarcely know, as he carried quite a burden. You can imagine our joy, when Termal returned after so long an absence."

A man-in-gray entered bearing a silver salver filled with fruits, nuts, and a flask of wine. With a graceful gesture, Oron said: "May the Father's blessing come with His bounty."

Looking through my glass of golden wine, I reflected: A people with no base motives, no ignoble purposes, no corroding cares, no dread of foes; probably—no dread of death.

"Do you mean to say one can leave this place but once in seven years?" asked Tom. His eyes had an awed, startled expression for an instant, then he smiled, and helped himself to an orange.

"That is the actual fact," asserted Oron, somewhat amused. "It gives us happiness to know that you will be our guests for seven years. I hope it causes you no regret."

His words staggered me for a moment, then I seemed to forget all my past life, and lived only in the present—an experience I now and then passed through.

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed Tom; "why should any one want to leave this paradise?"

Oron smiled.

We rose to meet Soratiya. His musical voice had heralded his coming. "We are pleasantly engaged," said Oron. "Will you join us?"

"No. I will stroll in the park," he said, selecting a bunch of grapes. "Stroll, and meditate. Oh, where is Motoo?"

"At the festival," I replied.

"That is right, Feanka. The boy has fine qualities; the children will like him."

"Oron, will you continue your history?" asked Hum.

"Yes, Audofa. Our country, at a remote period, doubtless, formed part of a vast continent. We have old sayings; do you understand?"

"Yes, we call them traditions, tra-di-tions," I said.

"Well, they are very vague," he went on. "They make us out as having an immense antiquity, and ascribe to us a stature greatly above our present height. Be this as it may, they probably are correct concerning some convulsion of nature that separated our island from the mainland. The other portion of our race must have survived the catastrophe, otherwise, the 'tra-di-tion'—I can speak your word," he smiled—"the 'tra-di-tion' which Audofa received from the African tribe, could not have existed. Being in contact with other nations, their racial individuality must have been lost long ago, while ours, through force of circumstances, has remained. We are a people by ourselves."

"Grandly alone," I said. "Your country rests on a mighty rock of dark gemmed porphyry, crowned with glittering pinnacles and turrets which rise through billows of rose light. We have seen this sublime vision. It is a fitting throne for so royal a kingdom."

Evening radiance was mantling the west. Oron's superb face reflected the mystical glow. "Transcendently glorious!" he exclaimed, as he gazed down the Acacia avenue. A moment of thought, then he went on: "Another ancient assertion is that our race originated from a phenomenal blending of spiritual and human elements. These old sayings, however, are dim with age, yet we certainly are endowed with distinctive physical peculiarities and some occult powers."

Hum's look of absorbed interest changed to one of surprise.

"Oron," he said, "the Hebrew and Christian people have a very old book, a writing that is supposed to give the history of this planet from the dawn of its creation. In it



He was sitting by Oronena and her fair daughters.

is a statement which confirms that tradition. I have read it. Would that I could recall the exact words."

"How astounding!" exclaimed Oron. "Ah, Audofa, if you could but remember!"

A man-in-gray was approaching the pavilion.

Oron rose. "Come, brothers," he said, "let us return to meet my guests. We will resume our pleasant intercourse tomorrow."

I cannot adequately describe the events of that memorable evening. The beautiful harmonies still vibrate in my memory with all their original charm. In thought, I paraphrased the poet's words:

And Zoela's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

It was an assembly of men and women majestic in stature, faultless in face and figure, brilliant and intellectual, yet warmed by an atmosphere of fellowship and unfeigned cordiality.

Soratiya led us through groups of these peerless people clustered on the broad verandas, in the fragrant flower-clad bowers, or in the rose and gold salon. Everywhere, the ardent thirst we had aroused was manifest in their eager questions and urgent invitations. Their importunity, however, never transcended the bounds of perfect courtesy.

Later in the evening, my comrade and I, from a thick covert, watched the strange, fascinating scene. An intertwining of rich colors, dark luminous eyes and flashing jewels, while soft Zoeian accents blended with the delicious strains of the orchestra.

"Hold me, Fean!" cried Tom, "I don't know where I am."

"You are in the heart of Africa, my chum."

"African heart? What are you giving me?"

"Nothing, as yet, my comrade; but you will get a glass of cold water presently. Hey, pull yourself together. You are bewildered by your surroundings."

"That's the truth, Fean. Better get that cooler."

Going for the water, I encountered a bevy of damsels.

"Oh, Feanka," they cried, circling round me with shapely, waving arms and parted lips, "when will you tell us stories and show us th—th—"

"The fire-tubes?"

"Yes, yes!" they shouted, midst peals of laughter.

My own co-ordination was slightly impaired. I sympathized with Tom. "And will Tooma talk to us, and—and—?" They imitated his sketching, causing a cross-fire of jeweled light that dazzled me.

"Oh, yes," I said, "he will talk to you, sing for you, and—and—draw your faces close—to nature, I mean."

I had made a terrible mess of it, and hurried for the restorative. I prescribed one for myself.

Turning from the fountain, a beautiful arm went out and a soft hand rested on my shoulder. It was the Oronena's.

"Feanka, come sit by me," she said, "and tell me of your people. Tell me of your country's fair daughters. Tell me of their religion and their God."

Where the fountain had gurgled, rose delicately tinted walls inclosing a gorgeous chamber. I gazed vacantly as I replied:

"I cannot tell you, Oronena. 'I have forgotten them. They exist no longer.'"

"I understand," she said, with winsome smile. "If Fulma were but here, she could re-form the link between the present and the past."

"Fulma?" I exclaimed.

"Well, anything in that water?" asked Tom, staring at me. "You have been gazing at it some time."

"No, it is clearer than my head, comrade. Now, drink and be off if you feel equal to meeting a crowd of beauties who have asked for you. They are not far from the Rose Pavilion."

"Jove," he exclaimed, emptying the glass, "the restorative power of this Zoeian water is astounding."

* * *

Did these people have no gastronomic claims? Yes, delicacies, in great variety, were served. No games, no dances? Both, my reader, but quite different from those known to you. If you can picture something between a minuet and the lancers, you will have a faint idea of a Zoeian dance or *naja*, a movement at once graceful, appealing, enticing. We joined in three of these *najas*, awkwardly enough I am sure, though our high-bred associates gave no sign of amusement. We were so conscious of our inferiority in more respects than one, that at the end of the third dance Tom whispered: "Frank, I feel as though we should be in our little beds."

"My own sentiment, comrade," I said, "though even there, we might be besieged by these enthusiasts. Look at Hum. Nothing to incite a sense of inferiority there."

He was sitting by Oronena and her fair daughters, Tesia and Isa, while he held a crowd breathless with one of his thrilling tales of the sea.

And Moto? I laugh, even now, when I think of him standing amidst a galaxy of maidens who were loading him with goodies while they listened to his story of the ring.

Happy girls and boys! Happy abode of peace, where love exerted its mighty power! A dream land, through which great, grand Oron shed radiance and affection. Never more impressive than when, with his royal family, he stood on the marble steps as the guests departed and bestowed on each his paternal blessing. "*Yolo, yolo—Subaketa yune.*"

* * *

It all ended at the restafa.

"Well, comrades—?" I exclaimed.

"Don't ask me, Hat," said Tom. "I can't command the proper words just now."

"Not even about the repast?"

"Oh, it was grand! A clear case of beauty without the beast."

"So it was, Tooma," said Hum, turning from the cabinet where he had been absorbed in a large book bound in intricately carved black wood, "but not as grand as this." He pointed to the cover. On raised letters of embossed silver was the title:

"SAYINGS OF KESUA, OUR MASTER."

"H-m, that is curious," remarked Tom.

"I thought Oron was master here."

"Ah—I must study this holy book," said Hum.

"Not tonight," I advised, "it is late; and we are to meet Oron in the morning."

"Just this much, Feanka," urged Hum.

"It is singular! It reads something like this—if a light is covered it will not show. It should be put on a high place."

I met his earnest look. "Audofa," I said, "you and I have read such words before."

"Certainly, we have, my shipmate, that is why it is so strange. Well, it is late," he said, closing the book reluctantly. "*Som-aven.*"

CHAPTER XI

What had the Oronena meant? Who was Fulma? Had I met my regal hostess at the fountain and heard her musical voice in the decorated chamber? Surely, and Tesia had looked at me and smiled when

the name, Fulma, was mentioned. And yet, it was all indistinct.

When I associated this event with others of like peculiarity, the more I wondered under what conditions we were living. Generally they were so realistic, but at times so illusory. What the character of the people so delightfully tangible, yet occasionally beyond our touch? Had we, as Hum expressed it, "not yet found ourselves"?

These and kindred questions banished sleep. I was glad when morning dawned, when actual sunlight warmed my room. It comforted me to receive Oron's hearty greeting at the Rose Pavilion. Even then, I was surprised that he made no allusion to the previous night, but pointed to a flock of birds nestling and carolling in and about the bower. "They are rendering homage to their king," he said, smiling. "Let us listen a moment. There is a spontaneous genuineness in the little songsters not yet attained by their human brothers."

"Not if they have passed beyond earth's limitations?" I asked.

"Yes, if wholly free from the bondage of unreality."

Hum and I looked at each other. "It is a deep question, Feanka. This morning I will tell you of our government."

"A subject of great interest to us," said Hum.

"Our government," said Oron, "is a simple one as compared with those of which you have told us. It is paternal and protective. It owns everything; controls all the activities and products of our country; supplies our needs and—"

"Pays all the bills?" asked Tom.

"I do not understand Tooma's question," said Oron.

I took out some gold pieces and explained the currency system common with civilized nations. "It is intricate," he said, much interested. "I do not see the need of it. If a child asks its father for food, clothes, or shelter, his parent demands nothing in exchange. Why should a government do otherwise?"

"Is there no individual ownership whatever, here?" I asked.

"None, Feanka."

"Then, owing to your peculiar geographical position and unique system, nothing has any real value."

"Value, Feanka? Ah, I think I get your meaning. No, nothing has any worth beyond its power to promote the welfare of my people."

"That's it!" exclaimed Hum, his hand in audible contact with his knee. "That's the true secret of living."

"But, Oron," I said, "in this great family of—" ("about a million," he interpolated), "there must be a diversity of tastes and desires not wholly unmixed with covetousness."

"That might be," he said, "but the feeling you name is not fostered by our system. Although there is no social distinction, we are divided into three degrees. Each person may attain to the highest, but a child born in a family of the third degree must commence his life work in the first. In this degree are those who till the soil, manufacture fabrics, work on the roadways, in the mines, and assist in household affairs, as the attendants at the restafa. I trust they care for you well?"

"Admirably, Oron."

"Those of the second degree organize and direct all labor, distribute the products and keep the records of the nation. In this degree also, are teachers, artists, musicians and others. The third degree comprises but two hundred persons. They constitute the National College. The members of the body are chosen from the second degree by ascertained eligibility, for the higher work of the College. Vacancies are occasioned only by advancement into a loftier life. To this degree belong our science men and our spiritual teachers."

"Oron, how old must a man be to enter this degree?" I asked.

"There is no age limit, Feanka. Ordinarily, one is not qualified under a hundred years."

"A hundred years! To us, that seems a great age."

"Is it so? The average age of our people is two hundred and fifty years."

"Wh-ew!" It was Tom.

"But have you no diseases, no sickness here?" I asked.

"No, nothing that I understand you to mean," Oron replied, somewhat perplexed. "Occasionally, an accident occurs, but very seldom—our people are prudent. If anything happens, our science men know what to do."

"And no one dies from disease or accident?"

"It is rare, Feanka, for one to pass away through those causes."

Tom's lips parted for his favorite exclamation, but suddenly tacked: "Oron, why does any one ever die?" he asked.

"No one dies, as you use the word, Tooma. What you call death, is progression. Our government," he went on, "is administered by a conclave, chosen from the people, who hold office seven years. The head of the nation is the presiding officer during his earthly life."

Drawing from his girdle a thin silver disk on which a golden hand marked the time, our host raised the *kanjoot*. A man-in-gray soon appeared, with fruit and wine.

I placed a gold piece by a pear as I said to Oron: "According to your system, these articles are of equal worth."

"Not so, Feanka. The real and typical value of the fruit exceeds the restricted value of the metal. You must remember that in Zoeia gold has no such importance as you ascribe to it."

Again, Hum made audible approval. A low whistle escaped from Selby.

"How do you account for your great longevity?" I asked.

"I can not, my brother. It had not engaged our thought until you told us of other races. Doubtless, it may be influenced by our mode of life, so different from the conditions described by Audofa and Tooma. It may be the result of our strong desire and united effort for the common good; as this tends to destroy selfishness, and promotes tranquillity."

"Reason enough!" exclaimed Hum; "but there is, I think, another factor, your food."

"Quite likely, Audofa. Our wise men have freed it from impurities and non-essential elements. It is savory and wholesome. You find it so?"

"Well — I — should — say — so!" exclaimed Tom. "Nothing better at the—Palmer House."

In Oron's responsive smile lingered a doubt as to my comrade's meaning.

"This is delicious wine," I remarked.

"Has it any intoxicating principle?"

Oron looked at me inquiringly. I could not convey my meaning.

"Fea, I might illustrate," said Tom.

"Not on your life," I said in English.

Hum looked up with a pleased expression.

"This wine is refreshing and nourishing," continued Oron. "We produce it in large quantity."

"Do all your people have it?" I asked.

"Certainly, Feanka, each is served alike. Our island yields an abundance of everything."

"You mean that every one, irrespective of degree, has the same food?" I asked.

"Why not? We are one flesh and blood."

"In what way is the nation supplied, and by what method do you regulate the amount that each is to receive?" asked Tom.

"By a simple system, Tooma; records are kept of all births, marriages and departures; yearly products and population. These are corrected annually. Everything is distributed to warehouses in the different districts, and from these, families and individuals are supplied."

"Can each one have just what he wants?" inquired Tom. "Don't you keep any book of accounts, or have any debit and credit system?"

"I understand the first part of your question, Tooma, but find it difficult to grasp the remainder. Doubtless, it has to do with meritorious acts. Yes, each child of the government can have as much of anything as he wishes. Our supply always exceeds the demand. Members of each degree require and desire only those things which best fit them for the duties of their particular station. When they pass to another degree, they know that their added duties and needs will be provided for."

"Oron, I would ask a question," I said. "Your answer may explain something difficult for us to understand. Why should not the man, in whose house we have been, on a plantation near Huan, wish for such things as we see here?"

"The answer is easy, Feanka. Happiness does not consist in having, but in being and doing. The man you mention has a house as comfortable though not as large as this, and grounds equally contributive to his happiness, though not so extensive. His requirements and allotments will be in the ratio of his advancement, but his real happiness will not increase. His cup can never be more than full. That it will be full, he has learned from the lips of our Master."

"The complete solution of the socialistic problem!" exclaimed Hum.

"Yes, the sword that cuts the 'Gordian knot,'" declared Tom. "I wish they had it in Chicago. But," he added, "a government thus acting must, like this, be free from all venality."

"Oron, you spoke of a Master," said Hum.

"Yes, Audofa, and it leads me to tell you of the greatest event in the history of our nation. In the period eight thousand, there was born to the house of Kena Rea, of the second degree, a male child of unusual comeliness. He was specially distinguished from other infants by the absence of the racial mark. As he grew in years he displayed an indefinable grace, and became the special study of the National College. While he joined with other children in their pastimes, his highest pleasure was in retirement and meditation; a meditation, at times, so deep as to render him unaware of his surroundings. The boy, Kesua, often spoke of other scenes, places and conditions, in a way that mystified his parents. They watched his mental development with great interest and some solicitude. He made such rapid advancement in his studies, that he was admitted to the National College for higher instruction. Here he amazed his teachers by his clear insight into things concerning the universe and the destiny of man. His repeated reference to his divine origin and mission, his intense spirituality and superhuman knowledge, together with his physical exemption, finally convinced the wise men that he was the *Subagino* (the Manifestation). As such, he was left to his own self-development. At the age of twenty years, he became a teacher, and devoted his life to the spiritual elevation of the nation. His one theme was love and reverence for the Father; reliance upon, and submission to the divine will; with unlimited love for all fellow-creatures. Our entire nation accepted the Master's teachings. They have been our rule and guide ever since.

"At the age of fifty, the Master passed away. Our people bowed their heads in grief—so great was their love for him. His unblemished body was prepared for the burning—as is our custom—and left, for a season, in silence. When the final rite was to be performed, it had disappeared."

"How did they account for that?" asked Hum.

"After years of profound thought by the College, it was revealed to them that the *Subagino* had had a spiritual body, which, through their blindness, they had failed to discern."

Hum leaned back, his eyes closed. "Has there ever been a reappearance?" he asked.

"Not as at first," said Oron, "but every seven years our Master comes to us, or rather, being psychically drawn together, we seem to be lifted to the divine presence, where we receive words of wisdom and instruction. At these periods our spiritual vitality is renewed; it never leaves us."

"Lo, I am with you always," murmured Hum. "It was the Christ!" he exclaimed.

"My brother, did you know of this?" asked Oron astonished.

"Nay, not whereof you have spoken, but of the great event in Palestine when, two thousand years ago, our Christ was born. His teaching was the same as was given to you."

"Audofa, you spoke a name—what is its meaning?"

"Christ — Christos," said Hum—"the Anointed—the divine manifestation."

"Wonderful! Won — der — ful!" exclaimed Oron. "Our word has the same signification. Astounding! Have you a history of your Master's life and words?"

"Yes, a sacred book read by all Christian people."

"Oh! if I could but compare it with our precious volume," said Oron. "Audofa, had your Master many followers?"

"Not during his life, but since his ascension, one-third of the earth's population has accepted his doctrines."

"Are the nations you told us about of the number?"

"Yes, nearly all," said Hum, with an air of sadness.

"Incredible!" exclaimed Oron.

"Alas, it is true!" said the Hungarian.

* * *

I sat in a cozy corner of our apartment and watched the evening light gather on the face of my old shipmate as he searched the sacred book so dear to him. Tom had remained at Oron's to have some music with the young people; but Hum and I had returned to review what we had heard and further endeavor to "find ourselves."

"Audofa, we have had a wondrous day," I said.

"Yes, Feanka, a notable day. An amazing day!"

"I can scarcely understand it all," I said.

"Well, I think I can. The entire nation drank of the living water. There was a grand, united reception of our Lord. He came unto his own, and they received him. They are showing forth his works in their lives."

"But their story of the advent is so different from ours," I said, "especially at the close."

"What matters it, my friend? After the lapse of centuries a veil of obscurity gathers about such histories. Besides, the conditions were entirely different. It is enough to know that the power of God was upon them; that the spirit of the Most High has guided and comforted them ever since. I bow low when I think of my own race."

"Poor exponents of the Christian faith, I admit, Audofa; but we must remember that the soil on which the divine seed fell in Judea lacked the fertility that exists here. Besides, the receptivity of this race is in great measure due to their peculiar endowments. You and I have had too many experiences not to realize how different these people are from the human family as we know it. They have not only high attainments, but they possess certain powers to which we can bear witness, and, I doubt not, many others unknown to us. This reminds me of something I have long wanted to ask you. It concerns our terrible experiences at the crevasse and on the plateau."

"I know what you would ask," he said. "I have oftentimes wondered that you did not ask. Until it was needed, I was not aware of the power you saw exhibited. It was, at once, a revelation and an endowment. It was the outcome—" he hesitated, as if doubtful what meaning his words would convey—

"Of what?" I asked.

"Of my firm conviction that I was guided to exterminate evil by the divine power—that power which has guarded our footsteps to this Celestial City."

"You should have been a Zoeian, Audofa!"

"Nay, my fellow-pilgrim; in the distribution of our Master's talents, I was not deemed a worthy steward."

I looked at him, as I recalled Oron's al-

lusion to the origin of his race, and the Hungarian's succeeding statement. Then I asked him regarding both.

"Have you never read it in your Bible?" he asked.

"Never," I confessed; "what was it?"

"It confirms the tradition," he said. "I cannot repeat the verse, but can give you the substance; though I could not explain it to Oron in Zoeian. It is this—some one calls you on the *kanjoot*, Feanka."

"Yes, it is Oron," I said. "He wishes to see me."

"Then go at once, my shipmate!"

"And you?"

"I will try to recall the Hebrew's words; then read on in this priceless book. It is filled with the bread and the water of life."

* * *

As I entered the hall, Tom, with Geando and Relso (Oron's sons), were passing to the music room. "Oh, yes—I sing," Tom was saying, "but I strained my voice singing 'desert airs' while crossing the continent."

"Not to the breaking point, I hope," said Geando. "The girls are waiting for us."

With well-curved lips and slender, tapering hands, the Oronena gave me gracious greeting. Her eyes? Well—she had violet eyes. More I need not say. Their soft light held me captive, as at the fountain; but it did not, as then, fade away. Instead, I felt the sweetness of her warm adieu, as she turned to join her daughters.

"Oron will meet you in the library," she said. "Let us see you before you leave."

"Feanka, I wished to see you alone," Oron said, closing the door. "Tell me all you know about Audofa. Everything you can recall."

I told him of my experience with the Hungarian from our first meeting until we reached Zoeia; of his parentage, his courage, fidelity and resourcefulness; ending with an account of the battle with the Mahale robbers, and the affair on the Mohegan.

"And you saw this figure—saw him deal with the robbers?"

"As plainly as I see you, Oron."

He sat by the table, his head against his hand. "It is strange," he said, "exceeding strange. And you tell me his mother was a native of India?"

I assented.

"Feanka, from what I have learned of this

man, through his address, your history, and my personal observation, I cannot put away the thought that a remote ancestor of his was of our race."

"A Zoeian!" I exclaimed. "Could such a remarkable thing have been possible?"

"Yes, it was possible, though not probable. The other portion of our race was lost to us. Audofa's mother might have descended from one of them. Her ancestor, if a Zoeian, must have been advanced, or he could not have transmitted such a heritage to this man. It would have been a case of—of—I do not quite know how to express it."

"Return to the original type?" I asked.

"Yes, that is it, Feanka."

"Our term for that is atavism, Oron."

"At-a-vism," he repeated slowly. "Ours is *mootupa*. Then, his name, Adolph; Soratiya tells me it is the same as Audofa; an old name with us. It is remarkable! Well, I think we may be able to prove or deny my impression. We will meet at the pavilion tomorrow."

"And Tooma?" I asked.

"I—think—not. No, I will arrange with Tesia to have some music."

"Listen!—it is fine! Let us join them."

The sweet strains of well-harmonized voices came to us. Tom's fine baritone was at its best.

"Ah, my brother," he exclaimed, his tall form erect, his grand head thrown back—"It is angelic! It is an inspiration!"

"I will not tarry longer," I said. "Audofa has much to say to me."

"Then go, Feanka—*Somaven!*"

* * *

"Such a good time!" exclaimed Tom, as he burst upon us an hour later. "Such a jolly good time! How could you leave?"

"My musical prodigy," I said, "when Oron and I left the library, you were running through the bars pretty lively."

"Correct, Fean, I was seeking a place for a rest, so I couldn't pause. I felt shaky, but there was no staff to lean on. Their music is awful queer."

"Dear boy, you are very sharp."

"Think so, Hat? In that case, I must lower my tone. At the dinner table, I really thought I was—flat."

"Only native, I presume, my chum."

"Hello! Key of D. Who would have thought it, from mon cher Francois. The

girls? Oh, they are simply delightful! Tesia is stunning and Isa is cunning and we are all to meet in the morning—ho, ho! Well—I have found out why these folk are so high bred." Hum and I looked up inquiringly. "It's their altitude."

"Better say their rectitude," advised Hum. "Thanks, old shipmate, amendment accepted. *Somaven* all!"

* * *

The morning beams crept through the roses on the bower and rested on a man with perfect features in superb repose. His face was illuminated by his soft, lustrous eyes—the eyes of a scholar. He was waiting for us.

"Loredo," said Oron, as we entered the pavilion, "you have met our brothers before."

"Frequently," he said, giving us his hand, "and I meet them again, with pleasure."

"Let us walk," said Oron, "and breathe the fragrance of the morning."

We passed down the Acacia avenue to a lake nestled amid rich foliage. Here and there were clusters of narcissus, camellias, azaleas, and other flowering plants. On the lake, black and white swans were floating. Above circled bright-robed birds carolling their joy—sometimes sporting on the mirror surface from which they tossed aloft miniature cascades of iridescent light.

"They rejoice!" exclaimed Oron.

"Yes, with songs of praise," smiled Loredo.

The Hungarian's face grew radiant. "It is good to be here," he said.

"Truly, Audofa," said Oron, "but we must not longer tarry. Our thoughts must be otherwise engaged."

Again, he led us through places of rare loveliness, nor paused until we reached a high mound where stood a septangular building embosomed in trees flanked by an esplanade.

"Loredo, you know this place," said Oron.

"Well, indeed," he said; "the house of meditation and aspiration."

There was not a sound save the occasional trill of a bird. It was the abode of absolute peace. As vividly as then, I can see Loredo standing by Oron, grave, thoughtful, expectant; his eyes, full of hope, resting on Hum's bent form and lined face.

"Audofa," said Oron, "that which brings us here pertains to you."

"To me?" cried the astonished man.

"Yes, Audofa. From what I have ob-

served, and in other ways learned, I have a hope and a belief. Please bare your arm and leg."

The two Zoeians examined each member closely.

"It is unmistakably present," said Loredo.

"Yes," assented Oron, "it is faint, but definite."

"It could not be as plain as in direct descent," said Loredo. "It must needs be a case of *mootupa*, but it is well marked."

Noticing the Slav's extreme agitation, Oron said, "Do not give way to undue emotion, my brother."

"Pardon me," implored Hum. "From childhood I have known that mark, but its import! No, no!" he cried, "it cannot be possible!"

"Loredo, might the other token be present?" asked Oron.

"I think not," he replied, "still, this is a pronounced type. Let us search."

They bent long and critically over the bowed head.

"It should be here," said Loredo, placing his finger on the crown, "but, under the circumstances, it might be elsewhere."

Oron bent low as he worked in the thin hair. Suddenly he asked Loredo for the lens. "See!" he cried.

"It is there!" exclaimed his associate.

Oron again adjusted the glass. "Feanka, what see you?"

Slowly I replied, "I see three, short, faint lines, in the form of a—"

"Look closely," he said.

"Yes. They seem to form a triangle."

"It is enough!" he exclaimed joyfully.

"I am satisfied," said Loredo.

"Audofa," said Oron, grasping the old sailor's hand, "it gives me joy to tell you that one of your ancestors was of our race. From what I know of certain powers you possess, he must have been of the third degree. Thou art one of us, my brother!"

The agitated man fell on his knees at Oron's feet. Loredo stood behind him. Both laid their hands on his head.

"And now, Audofa," declared Oron, "I pronounce you a Zoeian of the second degree. Henceforth, all the benefits and privileges of our race belong to you."

As I followed Loredo to the terrace, a rapturous note trilled heavenward.

"Listen, Feanka," he said.

(To be continued)

THE STORY OF "LITTLE HELPS"

By THE EDITOR

LITTLE did we imagine years ago when the Home Department was started, in the most inconsequential way, that it would develop into one of the strongest features of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. It was at the suggestion of a number of loyal lady subscribers, whose letters seemed to have been timed to arrive at the same time at the editorial desk, that the new department was started. They said that the housekeepers of the NATIONAL wanted just a little corner where they could get off by themselves and have a good talk every month. Then consternation devastated the editorial staff, for no one knew who could edit this new feature. Our thoughts ranged far and wide among the pencil pushers who had won praise and high salaries as the high priests of such monthly offerings on the household altar, but there is only one Bok, and he sits on an Olympus of success amid the incense clouds of myriads of feminine admirers. Finally in utter despair it was committed to a young man of thirty-five summers, who wore a pink shirt and smoked a cob pipe. He called and selected the home hints in fear and trembling, and was enchanted when his work proved satisfactory, and it was decided to continue it. One of the earliest developments in this new department was incontrovertible proof that housewives of America sincerely consider the desires of the "mere man" in the making of a home. Over ten thousand practical, common sense housekeeping contributors have an interest in the Home Department.

As the department grew, the contributors began to say: "Why not make a book—how useful such a volume would be." Strange to say, the men were quite as interested as the women; they observed their wives, sisters and other lady friends carefully cutting these "Little Helps" from the magazine and pinning them up against the walls for future reference. So to preserve complete files of the NATIONAL the gentlemen ordered duplicates and suggested that the

"little helps" be collected in a book for the ladies, while they preserved all the reading matter. Little by little the idea grew, until it has finally crystalized into a real book—a handsome book, as those who have seen it have pronounced it, insisting that it is an incomparable home handbook of varied information. As the name implies, it is neither a cook book, a medical book, or a book of information as to the care of children—but contains all sorts of practical information and recipes, and is more interesting than either could be by itself. It also contains hints from the girls and boys that the young people will enjoy as well as their elders, all conveyed in simple phrases that speak of home. Thousands of mothers, grandmothers, aunts and cousins, expert in household lore, and in all the arts of making home happy have contributed their favorite recipes and with them a glimpse at the heroic efforts of American women in isolated places where "necessity is truly the mother of invention."

Orders already received indicate that a second edition will be required very shortly. There is no doubt that this book will become a standard of practical information for the American home. In order to introduce into as many families as possible we are offering the remainder of the first edition—about eight hundred copies—at \$1.50.

The book is handsomely bound in garnet cloth, illuminated; is the same size as "Heart Songs" (the size of the NATIONAL), and is printed on heavy paper. As one lady remarked: "It is a book to grace the library table of any home, and is suited not only to the library but to the dining room, the bed chamber and every room of the house."

"Little Helps" is the work of over fifteen hundred individual contributors, whose contributions have been chosen from among the ten thousand received within the past six years. The very atmosphere of the home has pervaded this department and is

now found in the book. Grandma with her cup of tea and her spectacles waits to offer the treasures of her experience to the young folks who are just coming into the cares of home life. Mothers and grandmothers, who are always ready to give their loved ones the treasured secrets that have won their own simple triumphs, have made this book. The spirit of helpfulness has created it, and it is full of the great-heartedness of the good neighborly folk who are always at hand in either joy or sorrow, ready with help or sympathy to rejoice at a wedding or mourn when grief has come to the home. It is a pretty good thing to have such friends, and if you can't always have them, it is not a bad thing to have their advice bound into a book where you can get it easily.

Men and boys will find many valuable suggestions and recipes of value in the workshop, the stable and the field. They will also find much to help them when, as often happens, the good wife for a while needs help at her task. Such aid helps to bring husband and wife closer together in "their own little home." The possessive case makes all the difference when it comes to domestic ties and home.

True, it was an irksome task to the boys long ago, when mother insisted on "making girls" of her boys, and they blushed with shame when they were caught by "other fellows" with an apron on, dusting, sweeping or bed-making. But when mother was ill how glad they were that they knew how to keep house, and that she need not worry about things downstairs. There was a great satisfaction at such a time in understanding

how to take care of the little brothers and get them enough to eat—and how it strengthened the home ties! It was not all hard work—they could make "play" of folding the table cloth by "pretending" that they were doing up a dry goods parcel—when they ironed that flats were imitations of railroad engines, with the cow catcher well displayed in front. Running the washing machine was supposed to be wielding a hand fire engine. The hardest part was dish washing, for nothing could be imagined that was at all like it. Churning, too, was never a welcome task, and how earnestly the boys watched to see those crumbs of butter that denoted it had at last "come." The making of beds was always attractive because they could imagine they were Pullman porters at their work.

From such a home comes the young man who is described by the wife, with a glow of pride, as "making real good coffee." Few American men but can do some one thing in housekeeping well—whether frying fish, learned in forest or seashore camp, or cooking beefsteak or preparing the Sunday dinner. Strange to say, many a man is more proud of his prowess in some such matter, than of any commercial achievement, like the millionaire who longed to get away to the mountains that he might exhibit his one culinary triumph—he could make lovely toast. Some day we may start a contest for men in the line of housework.

The following are among the contributors who have helped to make the book "Little Helps for Home-makers," such a great success:

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 Bell, Mrs. J. H., Waynesboro, Va.
 Pierce, Mrs. C. G., Deerfield, Mass.
 Lockhart, Mrs. E. M., Neodesha, Kan.
 Liggett, Jessie, Ostrander, O.
 Grimm, Carl R., Oliver, Pa.
 Morrisett, Pearl, Danville, Va.
 Allison, Mrs. Archie, Cheyenne, Wyo.
 Snelder, Mrs. J. H., White Bear Lake, Minn.
 Sisson, Harriet L., Unadilla Forks, N. Y.
 Bailey, Mrs. M. J., Custer, S. D.
 Robinson, Mrs. W. J., Lapeer, Mich.
 Severin, Mrs. Abbott, W. Va.
 Ball, A. G., Mason, Mich.
 Lamson, Mrs. M. M., Windham, Vt.
 Peterson, Edwin, W. R., Rural Valley, Pa.
 Kerschner, Rev. W. H., Rock Valley, Pa.
 Cole, Lilla, Bellevue, Ia.
 Rose, John C., W. Va.
 Johnson, Mrs. Polk G., Clarksville, Tenn.
 Stubbfield, Blanche, Stevenson, Ala.
 Butler, J. R., Marburg, Ont.
 Speed, Mrs. H. B., Free Hill, Wash.
 Peintner, Mary, Lacon, Ill.
 McNair, Rachel E., Willow Hills, Ill.
 Stuart, Mrs. F. A., Palo Alto, Cal.
 Oplinger, Elwood, Altentown, Pa.
 Weir, Mrs. J. C., Newcastle, Ind.
 Washburne, C. E., Cooke, Mont.
 Bell, Mrs. Chas. H., Portland, Conn.
 Ralph, Mrs. Orrin, Confidence, Cal.
 Roberts, Mrs. W. G., Fox Lake, Wis.
 Kelley, Mrs. S. M., Apporth, N. H.
 Fuller, N. T., Walpole, N. H.
 Andrews, Mrs. W. J., Cheshire, Ct.
 Cleveland, Grace, Arizpeka, Fla.
 Southworth, M. K., Helena, Mont.
 Fitzpatrick, Mrs. F. W., Lostine, Ore.
 Miller, Rev. Edgar G., Columbia, Pa.
 Oransby, Mrs. H. H., Alma Center, Wis.
 Burton, Mrs. M. Bettie, Bellevue, Va.
 McLain, Mrs. Alma G., San Antonio, Tex.
 Fliton, Mrs. H. H., Santa Ana, Cal.
 Wooding, Lillian B., Lever Run, Pa.
 Terry, Mrs. A. T., Ironton, Wis.
 Tatum, Mrs. Isabelle, Dallas, Tex.
 Longstreth, W. B., Gratiot, O.
 Burke, Mrs. Paul D., Va.
 Smith, Mrs. D. D., Yorkshaire, N. Y.
 Harris, A. D., Williamstown, N. Y.
 McCann, Ella, Comox, B. C.
 Thornton, C. W., Nome, Alaska.
 Page, S. E., Atkinson, N. H.
 Hart, Anna, Pasadena, Cal.
 Allen, Rev. J. S., Grand Isle, Vt.
 Bates, Mrs. C., Unadilla Forks, N. Y.
 Denny, Mary B., Greencastle, Ind.
 Bell, Mrs. C. H., Ossian, Ind.
 Tobey, Mrs. C. L., Fairport, Me.
 Shaw, Mrs. Nell, Lumber Bridge, N. C.
 Weatherly, Josephine, Emporia, Kan.
 Bozell, Annie C., Saco, Me.
 Twombly, E. J., Pasadena, Cal.
 Manning, Mrs. E. M., Milford, N. H.
 Sewell, Mrs. J. M., Pullman, Wash.
 Hokin, Hattie K., Frankfort, Kan.
 Scott, Nellie M., Raynolds, N. H.
 Everett, Mrs. D. H., Kendall, Wash.

- Gwin, Agnes, Appleton City, Mo.
Smith, Lela, Schoolcraft, Mich.
Grogan, Emma L., N. Petersburg,
N. Y.
Carlisle, Mrs. L. H., Mattawan, Mich.
Young, Theo. F., Huntsville, N. J.
Miller, Mrs. Frank, Florence, Wis.
McCormick, Mrs. A. D., Onekama,
Mich.
Robinson, Elizabeth M., Iowa City, Ia.
Jackson, Mrs. R. S., Toledo, Ia.
Phillips, Mrs. C. H., Cassadaga, N. Y.
Cutler, Dudley S., Meadville, Pa.
Barry, M. J., Knowlesville, N. Y.
Jickels, Lillie, Charlotte, Mich.
Ross, Mrs. C. Robert, Naranja, Fla.
Hilands, Mrs. I. E., Bainbridge, Ind.
Russell, Mrs. J. C., S. Pittsburg, Tenn.
Ingram, Buelah L. R., Hopeville, Va.
Sargent, Mrs. W. S., Draper, S. D.
Lehnher, Hattie W., Canas Valley,
Ore.
Bowman, Amelia D., Lancaster, Pa.
Snell, Mrs. W. J., Ortonville, Minn.
Neff, Ada M., Attica, O.
Linsley, Faith M., Manchester Depot,
Vt.
Bacon, Mrs. Frank, Moore, Mont.
Harmer Mrs. J. M., Fond du Lac, Wis.
Day, Cora S., Hudson, N. Y.
Hyde, Harriet O., S. New Lyme, O.
Lowe, Etta L., Hudson, Mich.
Durbin, Mrs. Wm. J., Falmouth, Ind.
Briggs, Alice E., Melanora, Ill.
Thornton, Mrs. D. E., Franklin Grove,
Ill.
Hammer, Mrs. E., Bradley, Ark.
Sprague, E. R., Lamoni, Minn.
Jamison, Mrs. M. J., Columbus Junction,
Ia.
McBride, Ralph A., Slippery Rock, Pa.
Sweet, Mrs. Ellen S., Brookline, N. H.
Dice, Maria, Stronghurst, Ill.
Crickenberger, Mrs. H. E., White
Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
Martin, Mrs. Alice, Bement, Ill.
Andrews, Mrs. W. J., Cheshire, Conn.
Taylor, Mrs. N. E., Perry, Okla.
Ruel, Mrs. H., Mount City, Ia.
Samuelson, Nannie, Cereso, Neb.
Merrill, Mrs. J. M., Grant, Mich.
Collins, Mrs. N. B., Prairieville, Ala.
Williams, Belle, Gazette, Cal.
Biggerstaff, Mrs. Elsie J., Seattle,
Wash.
Coffield, Mrs. A. S., Everetts, N. C.
Lean, R. J., Ekkard, N. Y.
Warren, Mrs. G. M., Dillonvale, O.
Lambertson, Eva G., Lander, Wyo.
Barker, Mrs. A. F., Salem, Va.
Murray, J. W., Mulford, Utah.
Rice, Lena W., Underhill, R. F. D. 1,
Vt.
Sewell, Mrs. J. M., Pullman, Wash.
MacGregor, Mrs. James, Ansonia, Ct.
Nelson, Mrs. Rena, Marshall, Ind.
Badger, Mrs. A. S., Waukesha, Wis.
Love, Mrs. M. J., Sandusky, O.
Van Veghten, Mrs. Fred, Columbia
Roads, Bradford Co., Pa.
Brown, Annie E., Breckenridge, Minn.
Thrap, Mrs. C. B., West Lafayette, O.
Buckford, Mary P., Muskogee, Okla.
Chandler, E. Hope, Presque Isle, Me.
Miller, W. W., Concord Junction,
Mass.
Fulcomer, Rev. M., Blue Springs, Neb.
Barrett, Mrs. M., Jacobsburg, O.
Warren, Mrs. G. M., Dillonvale, O.
Hallett, Margaret A., New Richmond,
Wis.
Jones, Mrs. A. J., Prairie City, Ia.
Magee, Mrs. Chas. F., Kenton, O.
Moss, Genevieve, Laramie, Wyo.
Armstrong, Mary E., Prairie du Chien,
Wis.
Marshall, Wm. P., Punta Gorda, Fla.
Crownshield, Theron, Colorado
Springs, Colo.
Leiter, C. D., Ashland, O.
Forbes, Mrs. Guy O., Plandreau, S. D.
Bird, Carlo A., Plainfield, N. J.
Barrett, Mrs. M., Jacobsburg, O.
Webb, Mrs. D. Frances, Rockingham,
Vt.
Barge, Mrs. G. W., Union Center, Wis.
Whitford, Marjorie E., Brandon, Wis.
Davis, Mrs. W. A., Weeping Water,
Neb.
Barber, Mrs. E. C., Sibley, Ia.
Shope, Mrs. B. R., Mechanicsburg, Pa.
Weir, Mrs. J. C., Newcastle, Ind.
Gilmore, Rev. C. H., Rock Rapids, Ia.
Dryden, Mrs. L. E., Albert Lea, Minn.
Gilkson, Mrs. S. T., Springdale, W. V.
Smith, Ella M., Franklin, Pa.
Engl, Mrs. Erlend, Dallas, Wis.
Baker, Mrs. A. J., Orleans, Neb.
Garrison, Mrs. W. T., Columbia, Pa.
Johnson, Retta E., Brooklyn, Wis.
- Winship, Harriet, Shellrock, Ia.
Bradbury, Mrs. H. K., Van Buren, Me.
McMaster, Winnifred, L. Creston, Ia.
Stiles, Clara, Center Strafford, N. H.
Wonzor, Mrs., Monticello, Minn.
Bailey, Mrs. Steele, Stanford, Ky.
Van Baskirk, Mrs. F., Stockton, Mo.
Pomroy, Mrs. F. S., Alma Center, Wis.
Tibbets, Myrtle, W. Concord, Minn.
Winn, Mrs. A. C., Tomales, Cal.
High, Mrs. E. N., Norwood, O.
Collins, Elizabeth, Barton, Fla.
Johnston, Olive, N. Jackson, O.
Sanders, Estelle, Columbia, Ala.
Patterson, G., Vesta, Minn.
Rosskopf, Pearl, Heno, O.
McWhinney, Mrs. J., Mansfield, S. D.
Pound, John, Dover, N. H.
Kuel, Mrs. Henry, Mason City, Ia.
Parks, Sallie J., Sandhill, Tenn.
Moore, Mrs. Harvey L., Garland, Utah.
Pollard, Mrs. R. N., Cumor, Va.
Tanbert, Mrs. Fred, Aberdeen, S. D.
Flelding, Percy, Ithaca, N. Y.
Clark, Mrs. G. A., W. Deerfield, Mass.
Lease, Mrs. Rufus, Dunkirk, O.
Hofer, H. A., Boyceville, Wis.
Page, Kate B., Cantanduanes, P. I.
Brown, U. B., Morgantown, W. Va.
Archer, A., National Soldiers' Home,
Ind.
Linton, Arthur, Bladworth, Sask.,
Can.
Eates, J. H., Ripley, Tenn.
Douglas, Mrs. Jno. T., Selin, S. D.
Prince, U. P., Wadsworth, O.
Bixler, Mary Hunter, Meeker, Okla.
Kinner, Dora L., Watkins, N. Y.
Tomlinson, Mrs. D. C., Savanna, Ill.
McDaniel, Edie, Greenwood, Tex.
Liebenburg, C., Kecksdort, Tridysvaal,
Underwood, E. E., Blackwood, Pa.
Baker, Mrs. E., Elmira, N. Y.
Fleek, Mrs. Howard, Okdale, N. D.
Warner, J. E., Benton, Mont.
Howe, Mattie E., Georgetown, Mass.
Fowler, Mrs. W. W., Walter, Okla.
Petty, Florence, Olive Hill, Ky.
Rice, J. J., Duke Center, Pa.
Hanger, Grace Elaine, Lombard, Ill.
Hicks, Fred A., Warren, Ill.
Richards, Mrs. J. W., Mechanicsville,
Ind.
Keyes, Mrs. E. D., Hamilton, O.
Ham, Rosa Dean, Bellingham, Wash.
Freeland, M. L., Delevan, N. Y.
Schuster, Mrs. M., Palmyra, N. Y.
Van Doestyn, Mrs. F. H., Hillsdale,
Mich.
Ayer, Annie, Montville, Me.
Van Tyne, Sadie E., Chelsea, Mich.
Ritchie, Mrs. J. L., Northfield, O.
Early, Allen, Waco, Tex.
Yale, Mrs. J. W., Middletown Springs,
Vt.
Rose, Mrs. T. A., Sioux City, Ia.
Courtney, Mrs. J. G., Washington, Ind.
Riggs, Mrs. A. M., Verdun, Minn.
Kincaid, Mrs. Wm., Easton, Pa.
Cox, Mrs. M. A., Brookline, N. H.
Becker, Myrtle, Emporia, Kan.
Bartlett, Minnie M., Waterloo, Ia.
McCoy, L. M., Rapid City, S. D.
Morgan, Mrs. Charles, Culebra, Pana-
ma, Canal Zone.
Malloy, H. M., Moorhead, Minn.
Morrison, Mrs. F. J., Corydon, Pa.
Finney, J. E., Paxico, Kan.
Seeley, Frances O., Bridgeton, N. J.
Eaton, Mrs. L. D., Mount Dora, Fla.
Morrison, Mrs. L. C., Brunswick, Me.
Bramble, Mrs. E. C., Muskegon Hts.,
Mich.
Sodal, Mrs. O. S., Hudson, Wis.
Johnson, Elizabeth, Jamestown, Pa.
Eby, Mrs. Grace, Falmouth, Ind.
O'Donoghue, Mrs., Albion, Mich.
Lawrence, Winifred, Newton Falls, O.
Jacoby, Mrs. C. E., Sioux Rapids, Ia.
Leary, Lean B., Mattauas, Va.
Richie, Alice J., Nora Springs, Ia.
Hunt, Helen, Glover, Vt.
Dungan, Dr. F. S., Indianapolis, Ind.
Douglas, Clara, Livonia Center, N. Y.
Gillette, Mrs. L. G., St. Charles, Mo.
Strange, Mrs. S. A., Kendall, Wash.
Greene, Mrs. C. E., Riley Center, Mich.
Metcalf, Mrs. F. J., Isabella, Okla.
Hodges, Mrs. J., Mentor, O.
Johnson, Elizabeth, Jamestown, Pa.
Taft, C. M., Waterloo, Ia.
Hollister, Mrs. LaRoy, Binghamton,
N. Y.
Hull, W. N., Youngstown, O.
Hobart, Sarah D., Fall River, Wis.
Bradford, Mrs. J. S., Miami, Fla.
Paxon, Mrs. Ida M., Hanesck, Wis.
Thorpe, Mrs. Josie C., New Iberia, La.
Woodcock, Mrs. Ella, Winchendon,
Mass.
- Howe, Mrs. N. E., S. Merrimack, N. H.
Dunbar, Lila I., Jason City, Ia.
Sweet, Mrs. Samuel, Brookline, N. H.
Bodine, Miss Marion, Auburn, N. Y.
Bruner, Alice, Tama, Ia.
Gallagher, Mrs. J. N., Inkster, N. D.
Ellis, Mrs. A. E., Plymouth, Vt.
Rose, Mrs. T. A., Sioux City, Ia.
Ives, Mrs. Anna R., Portsmouth, O.
Coen, Mary, Warsaw, Pa.
Fiebig, Chas. F., Candor, N. Y.
Kathrens, M. B., Medicine Lodge, Kan.
Cannon, Mrs. G. X., Youngstown, O.
Wiser, Mrs. E. J., Carlton, Ore.
Lichty, Mrs. Armon, Pennsylvania, Pa.
Watson, Mrs. W. N., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Reed, M. D., A. P., Naples, Me.
Whitford, Mrs. W. J., Brookfield, N.Y.
Shean, Mrs. E. E., Butte, Mont.
Strunk, Ruth S., Sunbury, Pa.
Rose, H. D., South New Lyme, O.
Sprague, Carrie L., Erie, Pa.
Lyons, Mrs. B. J., Odessa, Wash.
Kleider, Anna, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Bundy, Florence, Atlanta, Kan.
Shuler, Mrs. Carol, Seattle, Wash.
Skillman, Mrs. Wm., Blue Mead, N. J.
Curry, Mary W., Newton Center, Mass.
Engl, Mrs. Erlend, Dallas, Wis.
Smith, Mrs. E. C., Edgewood, N. Y.
Perelval, Helen M., Glover, Vt.
French, Mrs. S. E., Brookline, N. H.
Browne, Grace C., Bluford, Ill.
Newton, Mrs. O. C., Edgewood, R. I.
Stout, M. W., Old Bridge, N. J.
Imlay, K. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wells, Mrs. W. W., Juneau, Alaska.
Abbott, Arthur, Owen, Idaho.
Carson, Mrs. M. L., Chino, Cal.
Tomlinson, Mrs. D. C., Savannah, Ill.
Lisk, Mrs. S. T., Grammesville, Fla.
Kennedy, Lettie, Leno, Pa.
Robinson, W. B., Knoxville, Ia.
Lawrence, Cynthia, Torrington, Conn.
Burke, A., West Point, S. D.
Cornell, Mrs. M., Harding, S. D.
Whitford, Mrs. W. J., Brookfield, N. Y.
Hunt, Mrs. Edward, Ored, N. Y.
Duggett, Mabel C., Clinton, N. Y.
Berkshire, Mrs. J. W., Terre Haute, Ill.
Brooks, Jennie, Stafford Springs,
Conn.
Robinson, Mrs. James, Greenwood,
Ind.
Riddle, Dora, Etty, Ky.
Lyon, J. Russell, Norfolk, Va.
Lewis, Jessie B., Mohawk, N. Y.
Kent, Mrs. L. G., Pittsfield, Ill.
Fowler, Mrs. Sallie, Liberty, Ala.
Cornell, C. M., Harding, S. D.
Gorman, Mrs. W. C., Palestine, Tex.
Odell, Mrs. H. F., Corning, Ia.
Williams, Mrs. Mabel, Harvard, Ill.
McDonald, Mrs. Edward, Norwalk, O.
Sackett, Mrs. S. T., Tartown, N. Y.
Rowley, G. S., W. Palm Beach, Fla.
Cox, Mrs. A. F., Ogden, Ill.
Evans, Mrs. Cora, Oronowa, Ia.
Tuthill, Ella, Flushing, Mich.
Stoner, Mrs. E. D., La Land, N. M.
Hawkins, H. H., Cimarron, N. M.
Wightman, Clair, Farmington, N. M.
Benson, Ida F., Wadsworth, Nev.
Harrington Olive E., Altamont, Kan.
Cumming, Clara M., Centerville, S. D.
Cheney, Alice, Wayne, Me.
Dutton, Winnie F., New Sharon, Me.
McAllister, Mrs. J. B., Richmond, Me.
White, Mrs. Anna M., Richmond, Me.
Pittman, Leone, Enard, Ill.
Van Tyne, Sadie, Chelsea, Mich.
Combs, Mrs. Sara B., Fowler, Colo.
Pettigrew, Josephine, Bolckow, Mo.
Beddome, Jeannette, Minnedosa,
Manitoba.
Nachtrieb, Mary, Cascade, Ia.
Bacon, Mrs. L. W., Valley Springs,
Cal.
Jay, Mrs. Gertrude, Creston, Ia.
Sinnott, Lele Moore, Randallia, Ia.
Koken, H. S., H. S., H. S., H. S.
Maxwell, Mrs. F. B., River Forest, Ill.
Ainslie, Mrs. M. S., Cypress, Tex.
Goodwin, Mrs. Almon, Fairfield, Me.
Fritchard, Mrs. Dudley B., Perryville, O.
Seammell, Mrs. A. D., Bellevue, O.
Birch, Nina, Xenia, O.
Wetherly, Josephine, Emporia, Kan.
Curtis, Mrs. Joseph, New Lisbon, Wis.
Ellis, Myra, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Rasmussen, Mrs. C. A., Putney, S. D.
Ward, Annis E., Edlington, Me.
Robeson, Mrs. Dudley B., Perryville, O.
Norman, Mrs. G. W., Hawesville, Ky.
Davis, Mrs. Jeff, Guitman, Ga.
Van Nostrand, Marie, Merrill, Wis.
Connor, Mrs. Baxter, Spring Lake, Mich.
Fogg, Ada Oklone, M. D., Portland,
Me.
Ketcham, Mrs. A. H., Islip, L. I.

Walton, J. Y., Shaw, Miss.
 Adams, J. W., Addison, Va.
 Wemyss, Mrs. Winnipeg, Man.
 Tobey Mrs. G. W., E. Jefferson, Me.
 Francis, Mrs. Chas. C., Pollok, Tex.
 Boynton, Mrs. P. M., Claremont, N. H.
 Betts, Norma, Wallace, N. S.
 Wilson, Mrs. D. T., Deer Creek, Ill.
 Jensen, Mrs. N. C., Commonwealth, Wis.
 Underwood, W., Hazelton, Pa.
 Robinson, Mrs. W., Lapeer, Mich.
 Morley, Zelle A., Ashville, N. Y.
 Parr, E., Rock Springs, Wyo.
 Connolly, Mrs. A. M., Ashville, N. Y.
 Bathey, Mrs. F. H., Armada, Mich.
 McKelvy, Mr. Wm., Sulphur Springs, Colo.
 Coyte, Mrs. Nancy, Smith's Creek, Mich.
 Woodcock, Mrs. Ella, Winchendon, Mass.
 Hamblin, May, Parsonsburg, Md.

Goudy, Etta, Walkerville, Mich.
 Wheeler, W. A., Montour Falls, N. Y.
 Hubbes, Helen, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Colt, Sarah Isham, Roxbury, Conn.
 Lawson, Mrs. K. E., Fort Lee, N. Y.
 Willson, A. E., Hanover, Ill.
 Dorsey, Mrs. Harvey, Moro, Ill.
 Inslee, Mrs. E. E., Hazlehurst, Miss.
 Larkin, Mrs. A. E., Ontario, Cal.
 Woodman, Addie F., North Leeds, Me.
 Conover, Mrs. Lon, Covington, O.
 Peacock, Nola Mae, Mattawan, Mich.
 Vall, L. G., Ravenna, O.
 Jarmer, Grace E., Fond du Lac, Wis.
 Clark, Maria H., Galena, O.
 Schooler, Bartie E., Fairfax, Mo.
 Darrington, E. M., Yazoo City, Miss.
 Crandall, Ada, Union City, Mich.
 Flanders, Josephine, Clear Lake, S. D.
 Eshelman, Mrs. S. M., Elgin, Ill.
 Greer, Mrs. C. J., Dundee, Ore.
 Sayre, Mary E., Stuart, Ia.
 Smith, Mrs. A. P., Waterloo, Ia.

Darling, Mrs. Florence A., Canandaigua, N. Y.
 Sturtevant, Susa Humes, Oshkosh, Wis.
 Huen, Mrs. A. W., Cardl, Ga.
 Buckner, Mrs. M. M., Fairfax, S. C.
 Mims, Carrie, Elliott, Ga.
 Hanson, Mrs. T. A., Pontiac, Mich.
 Eldridge, Grace R., Grand Ridge, Fla.
 Wagenseller, Mrs. H. W., Fairbury, Ill.
 Holbrook, O. A., Red Bush, Ky.
 Gladman, Mrs. M. K., Richland, Kan.
 Dunbar, Lila L., Mason City, Ia.
 Jackson-Biggerstaff, Effie, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Gowdy, Etta, Walkerville, Mich.
 French, T. R., Marie, Mich.
 Chappie, Mrs. B., Wilmette, Ill.
 Fowler, Kate, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
 Wood, L. R., Spartanburgh, S. C.
 Adams, Mrs. L. T., Drakola, S. D.
 Goiding, Mrs. Maude, Hatfield, Mo.
 Jacoby, Mrs. Martin, Logan, Mont.

THE MINER

By HENRY DUMONT

FAR down in darkness, underneath the day
 He delves, the reaper of the under-sown,
 Whose toil extorts from hoarding earth the stone
 Wherewith mankind may pave the better way.
 Poor human mole! Above, the planet's ray
 Passes unfelt; in beauty all unknown
 Day sleeps and wakes again, while on its throne
 The lark, unheard through intervening clay.

At what expense the greater good is bought!
 For ampler freedom some must bide the bars.
 So from the miner's sacrifice is wrought
 A fairer hour freed from the toil that mars;
 So from his darkness springs a ray of thought
 And through his blindness we may see the stars.





THE event of the great Caruso entering into a twenty-five year contract with the Victor Company settles the fact that his voice will henceforth be heard on Victor records exclusively. The amount paid to guarantee this service is astonishing to one unacquainted with the values which are placed upon the work of such artists.

The Columbia Company, in addition to John McCormack, the young Irish tenor who has made a decided hit at the Manhattan Opera House this year, has secured David Bispham, known far and wide. These two singers are indeed a valuable acquisition, for in addition to the Grand Opera roles, they render the famous ballads of the English-speaking people.

For years the Edison Company has served the public with the best of secular and popular music, but has only recently put out Grand Opera records to any extent. The new Amberol records of Slezak, the powerful German tenor, are a promising beginning.

* * *

With the addition of several four-minute indestructible cylinder records, the Columbia Company presents a most comprehensive list for February. Two double disc records by John McCormack, embracing four popular songs, are perhaps the most notable of the collection. "I Send My Love Two Roses," "Absent," "I Know of Two Bright Eyes," and "A Farewell," comprise a valuable repertory of English songs. With this exception the list is made up of the usual grist that comes from the mill of record-making, all good in its kind, from the humorous songs of Albert Whelan, "I Can Say

Truly Rural," to the merriment of the German Band. Mrs. A. Stewart Holt, whose strong

contralto voice has been heard in many Columbia homes, renders three new selections, of which Siebel's air from Faust, "When All Was Young" is wonderfully expressive. Prince's Band gives two selections from "Carmen" with virility and brilliance, and Lacalle's Band starts the four-minute cylinder records with "In Sousa-land," which includes the striking themes of "Stars and Stripes Forever," "El Capitan," "Washington Post," "King Cotton," "High School Cadets," and "The Thunder,"—truly a remarkable showing of the scope of the four-minute indestructible cylinder records.

Among the old "heart songs" are "Auld Lang Syne," a baritone solo sung by Frank C. Stanley; "Good Night, Dear," by Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, soprano; and "Silver Threads Among the Gold," a tenor solo by Harry A. Ellis. A new farmyard medley bears out with clever impersonation the strange sounds incident to farm life. One of the best duet records yet issued is "The Star, the Rose and the Dream," a tenor and baritone duet by Henry Burr and Frank C. Stanley; whose voices blend in exquisite harmony. Very effective also is Mr. Burr's rendition of the familiar hymn, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go."

* * *

A leading feature in the Victor list for February is the offering of four selections, on two double-faced records, by the well-known Fisk University Jubilee Quartet, famous for nearly half a century. People all over the country have heard the Fisk

singers, and it will be a pleasure to have their records in the home. "Old Black Joe," "When Malindy Sings," "Little David, Play on Yo' Harp," "Shout All Over God's Heaven" and "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" seem peculiarly appropriate for these famous church singers. To the lovers of Stephen C. Foster, the medley of Foster songs by the Peerless Quartet will be particularly appreciated. Six general favorites are included—"My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," "I'se Gwine Back to Dixie," "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground." This medley, in combination with the Virginia Minstrels (Victor Minstrel Company) opening with the chorus "Virginia," followed by some old and new darky jokes and the song "The Humming Coon," ends with the grand finale, "Climb Up, Ye Little Chillun," and makes a pleasing accumulation of the famous old darky melodies. As if to complete the coon song list, Pryor's Band renders an educated rag-time selection, "The African 400," with all the flourish and scintillation common to negro music.

An interesting record is "Elizabeth's Prayer," from Tannhauser, sung by Elizabeth Wheeler, the reverse side containing the duet, "A Night in Venice," sung by Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler. A new counter-tenor, Walter Anderton, is introduced for the first time to the Victor public through two records, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" and "Sing Me to Sleep." His voice seems singularly well suited to record-making.

No Victor list would be complete without some representation of Ada Jones and Billy Murray, and this month finds them with the darky duet, "Emmaline." Josie Sadler, always extremely funny, sings a comic song, "I'd Like to Make a Smash Mit You," that is especially amusing. The operatic medleys, "Gems from Robin Hood" and "Gems from Algeria," complete a rather formidable list of attractions for the Victor public. The Pryor Band selections include "The Cavalier March," "Love's Dream After the Ball," and a timely and effective barn dance, "Autumn Leaves." Selections from the well-known "La Source Ballet" are rendered by the Victor Orchestra. The Vienna Quartet stars in a beautiful rendition of Herbert's "Badinage" and Strauss's "Artist's Life

Waltz." The Whitney Brothers Quartet, long and favorably known in connection with sacred music, have rendered two sacred selections, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me" and "Light of Life." The Baritone solo, "Face to Face," by Percy Hemus is another valuable number on the sacred program.

Among the Grand Opera singers represented are Geraldine Farrar, who sings "Dost Thou Know That Fair Land" in French; Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Gounod's "Oh, My Immortal Lyre" in French; Nicola Zerola, Verdi's "Tremble, Ye Tyrants" and "Forever Farewell," in Italian; Emilio de Gogorza, "The Feast of the Hermitage," in Spanish, and "Mi Nina"; Blanche Arral, the "Jewel Song," from Faust, in French; and Evan Williams, Meyerbeer's "Oh, Paradise" and Donizetti's "Furtive Tear," in English.

* * *

The Edison list for February offers an exceptional opportunity for selection. In addition to the popular and ever appreciated records by Victor Herbert and his orchestra, which for February includes "Rose of the World" and the "Venetian Love Song," the American Symphony Orchestra has contributed several beautiful selections, among which are the "Forosetta-Tarantella," the "Ciribiribin Waltz" and a novelty record containing choice bits of negro dialect, "The Darkies' Jubilee."

Sousa's band has one of the best records yet issued, "The Benediction of the Poignards," which deserves probably the highest credit of any record on the February list. In addition to this, the Band also plays "The Dancing Girl," one of Mr. Sousa's own compositions. Among the pieces in lighter vein, the best is undoubtedly Bessie Wynn's rendition of "My Pretty Little Piece of Dresden China." This charming actress puts much of her serio-comic personality into the three verses and choruses that make up an unusually refreshing little song. Harvey Hindermeyer is at his best in the comic melody, "Hello, Mr. Moonman, Hello!" and Reed Miller renders in faultless tenor, "If I Had the World to Give You." A thread of sadness runs through "When the Bloom is on the Cotton, Dixie Lee," sung by Manuel Romain, while Billy Murray's "That's the Doctor, Bill!" furnishes a coon song of an exactly opposite

character. Ada Jones sings "My Dad's Dinner Pail," in her inimitable conception of the Irish brogue, and joins Mr. Murray in the conversational duets, "I'm Glad I'm a Boy," and "I'm Glad I'm a Girl," which won favor in the "Follies of 1909," also the waltz-time song, "Telling Lies."

Edward M. Favor delights his large following with the catchy absurdity, "Ireland Isn't Ireland Any More," and "I Think I

Hear a Woodpecker Knocking at My Family Tree," a character song from the "Golden Girl." Collins and Harlan are represented by an interesting coon duet, "Slip on Your Gingham Gown," which happens in this case to be a princess gown with forty buttons down the back, and the theme progresses with the usual humorous conversational interruptions that invariably accompany the Collins and Harlan duets.

AN ENDORSEMENT OF "HEART SONGS"

PROBABLY we may find as fair a test of the ordinary American musical taste as can be found anywhere in a new collection of old music, "Heart Songs," published by the Chapple Publishing Company in Boston. Mr. Chapple's NATIONAL MAGAZINE offered prizes for songs full of heart interest, songs dear to the people. Contributions were received for four years. There were more than twenty thousand contributors, mostly Americans. The result is a book designed as a companion to "Heart Throbs," previously published by Mr. Chapple, a selection of prose and verse commended by a multitude of readers.

As might have been expected, the book contains nearly all the favorites of an earlier and less sophisticated generation. Old, yellowed sheets of music published "before the war," and the songs of the war itself; love songs and college songs, and the hymns that are dear to a plain people were sent in by the competitors. Yet the proportion of music that is really good music is not small. The "Tannhauser" song of the "Evening Star" is sandwiched between Raymond's "Take Me Home" and George Cooper's "Sweet Genevieve." The classics of popular song, from "The Campbells Are Coming" and "Annie Laurie," the folk songs that have withstood a sea change, the persistent airs of Michael William Balfe, are as inevitably in such a book as Stephen Foster's

once-familiar tunes, and the old American love songs of the "Bonny Eloise" and "Juanita" type. Nobody would expect to miss here, of course, a single song of Franz Abt. They are all in evidence, including "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." But Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," Mendelssohn's "I Would that My Love," Schubert's "Sylvia" and the familiar setting of Ben Jonson's "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," are music of a different quality, music that no cultivation of the ear and the mind can ever banish to obscurity. Of course we have the "Lohengrin" bridal chorus, and Verdi's "Trovatore" melodies, with adapted words. They are surely among the popular songs.

One may pick up the book at random and surely encounter an old friend by merely turning the page. Words and music alike are given.

There are melodies whose origins are forgotten. There are songs of the present hour by Victor Herbert. "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Bohunkus" jostle each other, with the "Erminie" lullaby, "When the Springtime Comes, Gentle, Annie," and "I Lost My Money on a Bobtail Nag" close at hand. "Barbara Allen" and "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms," are side by side. The book has a positive historical value.—*New York Times*.



THE initial Gridiron dinner of the season, one of the largest ever given in the city of Washington, heralded the advance of the Congressional season, and the array of distinguished guests included the President and the members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court and many well-known men in official Washington. Never before had so many persons sat under the glare of the electric Grid.

To the large, well-rugged reception room, furnished throughout in bright red, proceeded the foes, the insurgents and regulars, owing to every phase of political belief and conviction. The great green curtains shut out the dining room, and the rustling of palms indicated that if the weather outside was cool, there was a "warm time" promised inside.

Upon the arrival of Cook and Peary, their records were taken from their slates, and they were cross-examined. Commander Peary being asked if he had ever ascended Mount McKinley, replied, "no, but I have climbed Capitol Hill to see the Committee on Appropriations." There was some twitting on the appointment of a minister to China, and it was insisted that he must have whiskers to please Secretary Knox. Then the messenger boy arrived breathless, with a dispatch from Theodore Roosevelt, giving authority for Cook to join the Ananias Club. The two men representing Cook and Peary were declared to be impostors and were promptly removed from the room, while the chorus of "buncoed" rang through the air.

The two explorers having been decreed "fakes," the barber was ordered in, and after he had shaved them they were discovered

to be smooth-faced young members of the Gridiron Club and were duly welcomed.

When the old-fashioned dinner bell was rung the guests were drawn toward the electric gridiron which flashed out in a drapery of roses for the first feast of the season.

The "Gridiron Dream Book" was at each place and, as usual, the fun started with the soup. Mr. Scott C. Bone, editor of the *Washington Herald*, is the newly elected president, and the last meeting under the old officers was made a signal event in regard to chaffing the officers concerning the current topics of the day. Public men, including the President of the United States, who was there in person, were ready to meet the shafts of satire. A plate of hash, designated as the "Roosevelt policies," was brought in and dropped, the official who had carried it being roundly scolded. The songs and glees were as cheery as ever, and the speeches recalled the fact that prospective presidential timber is frequently tested at Gridiron dinners. Then the lights were extinguished and a number of private views given of the statues proposed for the National Valhalla, among them being one of "Uncle Joe," perched upon a pedestal, with his usual frock coat, slouch hat and cigar, cheerfully gazing at the crowd. "Uncle Joe" was present and joined heartily in the universal roar of laughter. Other classic characters were also thrown on the screen. A take-off of the various banquets given to President Taft was announced as the "Pure Food Act."

Handbills were distributed announcing a battle royal, and six men, enveloped in bath robes, were introduced as "top liners." It

was said they had fought in print so long that it had been considered wise to settle their differences there and then. They were "Battling" Nelson Aldrich, a Rhode Island terror; "Kit" Cummins, the Iowa demon; Achilles Ballinger, the Siwash sirocco; "Giff" Pinchot, the fighting lumberjack; "Herby" Parsons, the candy kid, and "Joe" Cannon, the Danville bantam. District Commissioner West, who has charge of the Washington police, interfered with the

they always went where they were not wanted. Finally they were officially "shooed out."

The good old song composed by Julian Jordan—"The Song that Reached My Heart"—was sung by the Gridiron chorus, and the sweet, plaintive strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were heard as the guests left, carrying with them memories of another notable gathering about the famous Grid.

* * *



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Wash.

SCOTT C. BONE
Editor of the *Washington Herald*

pseudo-pugilists, who greatly resented the failure of their plans.

Eleven o'clock was the hour set for the chief feature of the evening. Suffragettes, each leading in a subdued and meek-looking husband, entered with a rush, with cries of "Votes for women." At this demand the president of the club replied, "Goats for women—we have no goats here." "Yes, you have," replied a stylishly attired suffragette, from under "his" picture hat. The president asked why they had come to a private dinner without an invitation, and the leader answered that they came because

THE first edition of "Little Helps for Home-Makers" has been published, and from all over the country we are receiving unstinted praise for the book. Selected from the contributions of over ten thousand home-makers it has been five years in the making. Just the information needed by a home builder is there in concrete and concise form. It is not a book of recipes; neither is it a medical book, nor even a book of the usual "useful hints." It is a combination of all the everyday, manifold needs of a home, those things that might be overlooked by a single editor or board of editors. It covers the gamut of good housekeeping from how to take out a grease spot, or wash delicate fabrics, to the best way of putting up preserves and teaching a child how to memorize—everything a young or even veteran housekeeper should know. Going over thousands of contributions, it is felt that, despite the fact that they seem to have included everything of practical use, one thing we desire to emphasize still more in the future is more direct words from the mothers to daughters.

There is no other feature more fascinating than a concise summary of counsel from the mother, the grandmother or the aunt, who knows what the young home-maker has to contend with, and just what advice ought to be given. We want more of this kind of material, and we are offering a prize of five dollars for the best letter of general counsel, such as a mother or a dear aunt would give a young housekeeper.

Let every woman reader possessed of household experience sit down and recall what she had to contend with when she first started to "keep house." Then write as you would to an inexperienced friend, the daughter, granddaughter, the niece or young acquaintance, what you would say if you knew she was about to make a home—the

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soda crackers when and where you will, there is only one way by which you can absolutely depend on their freshness and goodness, and that is to say

Uneda Biscuit

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

LET'S TALK IT OVER

fundamental things, as it were. No one topic is of more vital consequence to the country than the management of the homes, which includes not only cooking and sweeping and dusting, but all those other details known only to those who have reigned supreme in this great realm. Tell of those fundamental propositions; give the young readers a glimpse of that which was imparted into your own housekeeping from the lips of some good friend, whose memory has always been held sacred in your heart. Make the treasure trove of home-making as permanent as possible.

We hope for a prompt and hearty response from the mothers, the older relatives and the experienced friends, who can understand just what is needed to properly introduce these "Little Helps" to budding womanhood. The NATIONAL readers will make this a standard work of the home for generations to come, and no pains will be spared to make everything in "Little Helps" as broad and comprehensive as possible.

Send to the Home Department not over one thousand words of clearly stated counsel on home-making, and don't fail to affix your name and address. A special contributors edition will be printed including the names of those whose contributions of "little helps" have been published in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Now who will write the introduction to this popular and standard work on home-making? The first edition is going very rapidly.

* * *

MEEETING one of the Senators from the Green Mountain State recalls the "good old summer time." When crossing the border in search of a cool retreat, one realizes that Vermont excels in fine products which for years have given her reputation and prestige among her sister states, for they are all of the pure food brand and the highest standard. This is especially true of Vermont marble and granite, which figure so largely in the most important architectural developments of the country.

Again, what can supersede or even replace pure Vermont maple syrup and sugar, which never fail to appeal to the insatiable American love of delicious sweets? The tariff did not affect these staples and now the Senators

and Congressmen from the good old state are dreaming of the time when the "sugar snow" covers the earth with soft crystals, when the maples give their sap freely, when the snow gently melts away and the sugar and syrup remain as trophies of many a jolly hour spent in the woods and farms "sugaring off."

A fifth unrivalled product of Vermont is sterling, honest, life insurance. Despite all the aspersions cast on American Life Insurance in the past, and amid the most stringent investigations, Vermont Life Insurance retained the confidence of the people of that state and remained deeply rooted in their hearts. Steady, substantial as her own granite cliffs, Vermont Life Insurance represents the sterling, severe honesty of such men as followed Ethan Allen to Ticonderoga, and fought under Stark at Bunker Hill—the man who did not have to leave Molly Stark a widow to secure his title as a hero.

It is now quite the fad for every Vermonter to wear a sprig of green in his coat, suggestive of the thrill of pride he feels when the good old Green Mountain State is mentioned.

* * *

CONFESSION is good for the soul of even a United States Senator. He was relating the incident to show how advertising sooner or later catches the stray pennies.

"Was in a hurry to catch a train and happened to dash off without a cake of soap and a tooth brush in my bag. I soon discovered the omission, and when near the station, having four minutes to spare, shot into the nearest drug store.

"What kind of soap—what sort of tooth brush, sir?" said the clerk.

"I was nonplussed. My wife always bought my supplies. Seldom have I felt so foolish—not a single kind of soap could I name and on the tooth brush question my mind was a blank.

"Glancing wildly around the store, for a ray of light—it all came to me.

"Pear's soap,—of course,—another wild glance for something in tooth brushes—'Kleanwell' caught my eye. Immediately I was supplied with a 'Kleanwell' brush, and once more advertising had saved my senatorial dignity."

MBIA



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"No one thing will give so much pleasure, to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost, as a Columbia Graphophone."

Every successive development of the so-called "talking-machine," from its very first experimental stage, has been made by this Company. The Columbia Graphophone was the first practical

sound-recording and reproducing instrument. The first so-called "phonograph" was an entirely different machine, and it never became commercially possible.

Columbia Cylinder Graphophones are more compact than similar instruments of other makes. All other cylinder machines must use an awkward horn-crane. The Columbia is the only cylinder machine that has the patent Tone-Arm, which perfects the tone and allows the horn to swing over and above the cabinet in any direction. All the way from motor to enamel the same superiority is evident and unmistakable. Prices, \$20 to \$200.

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HER LETTER TO PAPA

By DR. H. Y. OSTRANDER

IT was a pleasant privilege of mine some time ago when the performance of professional duty permitted me to enjoy a most delightful visit at one of the old, scholastic homes in the historical university town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to come into close, sympathetic association with one of those beautiful, promising young souls, who was slowly and questioningly and wonderingly groping through the dark of mystery and miracle and marvel—feeling her way, as it were, alone, through the maze and bewilderment and surprise of life's awakening aspirations and emotions, yet bravely confident and trustful, with a sublime assurance and faith that the *via dolorosa* of her sorrow and her sadness would somehow lead at last into the joy and sunshine of His perfect peace.

The academic duties of her father, a most accomplished scholar and *delightful* pedagogue (*erudition saved by culture!*) necessitating his departure for Southern California and a lecture sojourn therein during three long months, the little girl naturally became very homesick without him, the more so, particularly, because of his enforced absence occurring during the joyous season of Christmas cheer and holiday

festivity, and was often wont to satisfy the wistful longings of her lonely heart by childish efforts to transcribe into literary language of some simple metrical form the plaintive hunger of that aching void.

Her moods of mind and states of soul were altogether too refined, too sublimated, too spiritually mystical to suffer interpretation by any gross, prosaic phraseology—unimaginative, uninspired—by any insipid, commonplace diction fit only for the trite, platitudinous definitiveness of a scientific materialism.

Ah, no! Those vague, dreamy, sentimental moods of creative reverie and poetic feeling—like “tears from the depths of some divine despair”—can never be reduced to the sordid, vulgar terms of any algebraic formulation.

From one of our cold, bleak, storm-beaten, gray New England towns to that balmy Californian land of song, of sunshine, and of flowers is a far cry, and this lonely child's tender, affectionate little epistles seemed to me to contain a *prayer* and a *message* from our wind-swept, tempest-tossed Atlantic seaboard all the way to those far off garden valleys of the Pacific coast.

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MATTRESS
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see page 139, as shown



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An exceedingly luxurious, soft, springy, round-cornered mattress of extra weight, much thicker than regular.
Five Inch Inseamed French Edge Border.
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Weight, full 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular.

Coverings, beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills—finest quality, pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender, plain or figured. High-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect, or the good old-fashioned blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

These Mattresses are the very softest and most luxurious we can make, built in the daintiest possible manner by our most expert specialists; represent, in the very highest degree, the celebrated OSTERMOOR merit of excellence, and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.

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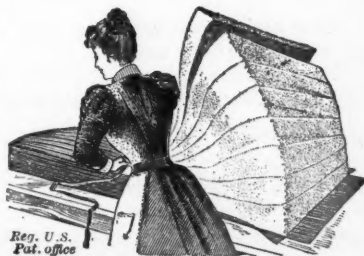
Regular Ostermoor Mattress, 4-inch border, 4 ft. 6 in. size, in two parts, costs \$15.50. The \$30 French Edge Mattress is two inches thicker, weighs 15 lbs. more, has round corners—soft Rolled Edges—closer tufts, finer covering, and is much softer and far more resilient.

Send your name on a postal for our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 144 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated; it's well worth while.

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THE HOME

If I may have succeeded even in remotely suggesting something of the sweetness and the beauty and the loveliness of girlhood's dreams and moods and feelings in these few following stanzas, then I shall feel that that other "Light" which "never was on sea or land"—the inner vision and the glory-gleam—"at evening time" has not yet wholly *jailed* nor *set* at sundown, with the winter's day!

PAPA'S LETTER

A Prayer and Its Message

When the glow of morning's vistas,
Fading, leaves me lorn and lone,—
Toward the night-time something whispers:
"Cheer a loved one far from home."

Shades of golden softly falling,
Sundowns at the close of day,
Sound again that angel calling:
"Cheer some loved one far away!"

Firelight of sunsets burning
Coronation's rainbows limn;
Bright with shining hours, yet yearning
Through the evening's hush for him.

Once again with warmth returning,
Memory's kindling embers blaze;
While grief's sorrow-songs I'm learning,
Let me sing Life's gladder lays.

So, from out the vesper gloaming—
Wonder's dream-time, dark and dim,—
'Neath the wings of angels, homing,
Shall my prayers go up to Him.

Folded in the shadowy twilight's
Deepening dusk and gathering gloom;
Leaving with departing daylight's
Dreary, winter afternoon:

Laded with Love's tender tidings,
Freighted trains of happy thought;
Filled with childhood's sweet confidings,
And with fond affection fraught:

Over land, O prairie stages,
Safely bear this little scroll;
From its scrawl of scribbled pages
Glint the gleams of girlhood's soul.

Often when I pine and ponder
In the shadow's chill and gloom,
Fancy's footsteps fondly wander
Where the roses blow and bloom.

For it's always "light at even"

Where love's heart grows never cold,
'Mid that garden-world of Eden
In God's sunset-land of gold!

And though Fate may forge our fetters,
Peaks and desert-plains apart;
Make him feel in "papa's letters"
Love-throbs from a daughter's heart!

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

PREVENTING DISEASE

By M. F.

The importance of vacuum cleaners is not yet fully comprehended by most folks.

Tuberculosis, which numbers one-seventh of the whole population, is usually contracted and spread by inhaling germ-infected household dust into the lungs. Many other diseases are disseminated in the same way.

The carpet sweeper was a great improvement upon the broom, but the "Santo" Perfection Vacuum Cleaner catches all the dust and dirt, and with it all the microbes.

FOR DRESSMAKERS

By Mrs. J. M. Stevens

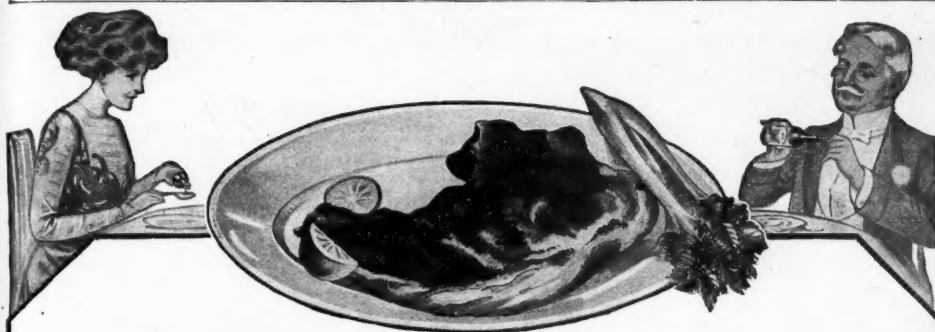
Below is a "Little Help" which I have found a "Big Help" in the course of many years in the dressmaking business.

When turning the hem of a plaited skirt, baste the plaits clear to the lower edge of the cloth, before turning up the goods; then make the first turn of the hem; baste and thoroughly press the turning; now pull out all the edge bastings, also those from the plaits as far up as necessary; refold the hem in the creased line and finish upper edge as preferred; tack in plaits again, if necessary, and give final pressing. By this means, all unevenness and unsightly points poking below the edge are avoided and time and temper saved.

FOR CHICKEN RAISERS

By Edwin H. Crosson

For the benefit of chicken raisers I send a "help." To exterminate lice and mites, put some moth balls in the nest when setting the hen; you will find the insects will not bother.



STEAKS A perfect seasoning and a royal relish for steaks is

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Roast Meats, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebits and Salad Dressings are improved by its use.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair. Price \$1.00, by mail.
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City



If you are contemplating the purchase of a new piano—if you would consider the exchange of your old piano for a new, send for this book to-day. It points the way. Sent free postpaid.

Ernest Gabler & Bros., 707 Whitlock Ave., New York

TO TIGHTEN FRUIT-JAR LIDS

By A. W.

Break white of an egg into a saucer and dip the rubber and lid of jar into the egg and place them on the jar and tighten; there will be no danger of the fruit fermenting.

Mexican Hash

This is a Mexican dish and is delicious as well as economical: Put through the food chopper three cupfuls of cold roast, or any cold meat you have; one cupful of bread crumbs, four or five pods of green chili (canned is good if you do not have the fresh) and a small piece of cheese; add salt and pepper, stir all well and turn into a buttered pudding pan; press down firmly with the hand, spread a tablespoonful of soft butter over the top and bake a light brown.

Note—Chili is a kind of red pepper.

To Remove Spots

To remove stains from furniture, especially dining tables, heat an ordinary fire shovel and hold same over spot within an inch of the stain for about one minute; then apply furniture polish or olive oil; this will restore a glossy finish. Should you fail to remove the spot the first time, repeat it and you will be sure to succeed.

Hint for Dressmakers

A skirt can be finished in the same way a tailor finishes men's trousers. The skirt binding braid is stitched at the bottom in the usual way, but when turning it up to baste, put in a strip of mending tissue the width of the braid and press with a hot iron; fasten the braid at each seam and you have a much neater finished skirt than by the old methods.

Castors Made Fast

If you are troubled with having the castors drop out, as is the case where you use gas, invert the chair, table, or whatever it may be, run melted sealing wax in the hole, insert the castor, and it will be as substantial as ever.

New Way to Cook Peas

A delicious way of cooking peas is to take the outside leaves of lettuce and lay them in the bottom of the saucepan; then put the peas on top of them and gradually bring them to a boil; the juice from the lettuce leaves is sufficient to cook them without the aid of water and gives them a delicious flavor. Cook them on a slow fire; before serving them, put a piece of butter about the size of a nutmeg on top of the peas.

A HELP FOR WASHING DAY

When rinsing clothes, shake the towels smooth, fold as you would to iron and run through a tight wringer; by unfolding carefully when you hang them on the line, they retain the smoothness and creases and are ready to fold and put away as soon as dry. The same is true of many coarse flat things.

DOUGHNUTS

No more greasy doughnuts! And why? Because, when frying them, have a kettle of boiling water near and dip each cake instantly in and out of the hot water as you take it out of the fat; this makes the cakes keep moist longer as well as removing the extra fat.

FOR CAR SICKNESS

By "Patience"

I always used to be car sick when traveling, even for a short distance, until I noticed that I felt much worse when leaning back against the seat. Then I sat up straight, not touching the back of the seat at all, and gradually grew easier; when getting tired of that position, I turned and placed my shoulder against the back of the seat and found I could ride very comfortably in that position. Now I can ride all day if I do not lean back and not be at all sick; I cannot tell why it is so, but others whom I have told have tried it with the same success.

Sharpening Knives and Shears

To sharpen kitchen knives, I use a rifle (a strip of wood covered with emery) such as farmers use to sharpen scythes; they are easily obtained in the country, cost but little, are easy to use, do not take up very much room, and I have never found anything I like as well; it sharpens shears as well as knives.

A Help in Canning

When you are almost done canning and run short of jars, do not bother to buy more, but take any you may have without tops; I also use large pickle bottles; cut paper rounds out of good brown paper, two or more inches larger than mouth of bottle or jar; have ready flour paste; paste round the edge of one and place over the mouth of the jar, then paste another all over, place on the other and tie firmly in place; while the fruit is still hot rub lard over the mouth of the bottle, which makes it airtight, and it will keep as long as you wish.

A Shoestring Help

When getting ready to go away one day, I found one of the tips missing from my shoestring, and as there was no store near where I could purchase one, and I had none in the house, it had to do duty; so I took a needle and thread, took a stitch about an inch from the end and wound the thread around two or three times, took another stitch and wound the thread firmly and closely around and continued till the end was reached, then took more stitches to hold firmly and retraced in like manner until the starting point was reached. I like it better than the original, and it will neither fade, lose or break.

STRENGTHENING WEAK BED SPRINGS

By Jessie Redfern

Make a bag of muslin eighteen inches wide and as long as the bed is wide; fill with enough straw to make the bed even, when occupied; place on the springs center and crosswise of the bed and you will be as agreeably surprised as was I at the improvement of the bed.

Magic Stick

When boiling something which boils over easily, place a stick of wood across the top of the vessel and it simply cannot boil over. For exceptionally large vessels use two sticks.

BUTTER THE SPOUT

By Mrs. O. McCastor

Butter the spout of the cream pitcher and the cream will not drip.